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CONTENTS.

Aláno.—*Harold Dijon*, 459
Annals of a Vendéan, The.—*Louise Imogen Guiney*, 152, 355
Aqua Pura.—*John A. Mooney*, 651
At the Cross-Keys.—*Agnes Power*, 204, 325

Beer-Drinkers' "Trust," The.—*John A. Mooney*, 482

Catholic Aspect of Home Rule, A.—*Orby Shipley*, 433, 630, 753
Catholic Universities of France, The.—*Right Rev. John J. Keane*, 289
Catholic Young Men's Societies.—*Rev. M. J. Lavelle*, 400
Church and the Classes, The.—*Rev. Patrick F. McSweeny*, 470
Clear Case of *Suppressio Veri*, A.—*Rev. Edward B. Brady*, 18
Colonel's Story, The.—*P. F. de Gournay*, 29
Country Negro Mission, A.—*Rev. John R. Slattery*, 738
Creation and the Classics, The.—*W. Marsham Adams*, 304

Dogma and Symbolism.—*Rev. William Barry, D.D.*, 4
Dom Muce.—*B. B.*, 807
Down on the Don'ts.—*M. T. Elder*, 601

Early Days of Notre Dame.—*Arthur J. Stace*, 316
Electric Motors.—*Rev. Martin S. Brennan*, 444
Evangelical Conference at Washington, The.—*Rev. Walter Elliott*, 641

Heroes of Mexican Independence, The.—*Mary Elizabeth Blake*, 184
Heywood's Dramatic Poems, 240
"History of the Baptists."—*Rev. H. H. Wyman*, 764
House Deadly, The.—*John A. Mooney*, 198
How to obtain Congregational Singing.—*Rev. Alfred Young*, 721

Irish Poet, An.—*John J. à Becket, Ph.D.*, 164
Is Protestant Unity Possible?—*Rev. Alfred Young*, 297
Is Russia Nearer the Church than it used to be?—*Arthur F. Marshall*, 109
Is there "No Reason for a Compromise"?—*Rev. Patrick F. McSweeny*, 794
Is there Salvation Outside the Catholic Church?—*Rev. John Gmeiner*, 145
Italians in New York, The.—*Bernard J. Lynch*, 67

John R. G. Hassard.—*Very Rev. I. T. Hecker*, 397

John Van Alstyne's Factory.—*Lewis R. Dorsay*, 82, 246, 379, 519, 666, 819

Kaiser and Kulturkampf, The late.—*Rev. J. A. Birkhaeuser*, 232
Key of the Position, The.—*Rev. William Barry, D.D.*, 172

Laity, The.—*A Layman*, 12
Let us Study the Land and Labor Question.—*Rev. John Talbot Smith*, 51
Liquor and Labor.—*Rev. John Talbot Smith.* 539

Mexican Journalism.—*Charles E. Hodson*, 450
Mrs. Simpkins's Instincts.—*Harold Dijon*, 775
Music of Ireland, The.—*Rev. John M. Kiely*, 74
Mystery of the Outposts, A.—*T. F. Galwey*, 608

Open Letter from a College President, An, 215
Open Letter to a Nun, An.—*Rev. Alfred Young*, 95
Origin of Private Property, The.—*James A. Cain*, 545
Our Drinks and our Drunkards.—*John A. Mooney*, 346

Present Standing of the Catholic University, The, 577
Priest and the Public, The.—*Rev. Edw. McSweeny*, 743

Scientific Freedom.—*B. B.*, 225
Send the Whole Boy to School.—*Augustus D. Small*, 589
Shrine of St. Martin, The.—*William Price*, 495
Siena and her Saints, 333
Star of Bethlehem, The.—*Rev. George M. Searle*, 59
St. Patrick and the Serpents—*C. M. O'Keeffe*, 41

Talk about New Books, A, 120, 261, 408, 554, 693, 844
Tempered with Mercy.—*Florence E. Weld*, 499
The Things that make for Unity.—*Very Rev. I. T. Hecker*, 102
Two Prophets of this Age.—*Very Rev. I. T. Hecker*, 684

Wage-Earner and His Recreation, The.—*Edward Priestley*, 510
Wilfrid Scawen Blunt.—*Katharine Tynan*, 370
Winter in the Latin Quarter, A.—*E. J. Farrar*, 799
With Readers and Correspondents, 128, 271, 418, 562, 703, 853
Workmen should not only Act but Think.—*Rev. J. Talbot Smith*, 838

POETRY.

Alone with God, 369
At the Church Gate.—*Louise Imogen Guiney*, 752
Divine Lodestone, The.—*A. Y.*, 151
Ecce Homo!—*Henry C. Walsh*, 81
Faith.—*George Rothsay*, 588
Hymn to the Saviour of Men, A.—*W. G. Dix*, 28
In the Reign of Domitian.—*Charles Henry Lüders*, 773
Jesus Hides Himself.—*A. Ewing*, 806
Little Children.—*Margaret H. Lawless*, 443
Motherhood.—*George Rothsay*, 58
Priest and the Blessed Eucharist, The, 518
Revelations of Divine Love, 1
Snow-Storm, The.—*H. A. B.*, 214
Sphinx, The.—*Rev. Alfred Young*, 481
Thank-Offering, A.—*Rev. Lewis Drummond, S.J.*, 600
To Mafra, a Daughter.—To Mafra, a Bride.—*Thomas Wm. Allies*, 182
Two Singers.—*Margaret H. Lawless*, 41
Via Crucis.—*Lucy Agnes Hayes*, 742

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Andiatoroctè, 567
At Home and In War, 1853-1881, 858

Bad Christian, The, 139
Bible Doctrine of Inspiration, The, 858
Biography of Lieut.-Col. Julius P. Garesché, A. Adj.-Gen. U. S. A., 426
Blessed will Know Each Other in Heaven, The, 139

Canons and Decrees of the Sacred and Œcumenical Council of Trent, 281
Christianity in the United States from the First Settlement down to the Present Time, 567
Cloud Rifts at Twilight, 567
Commentary on the Holy Gospels, A, 567
Consoling Thoughts of St. Francis de Sales, 713

Daughter of St. Dominic, A, 567
Discours du Comte Albert de Mun, Député du Morbihan, 713
Drops of Honey, 713

Early Days of Mormonism, 713
Essays on the Development of Theism, 567

First Book of Samuel, The, 567

Gabrielle: A Story, 139
Geological History of Plants, The, 426
Grammar of Volapük, A, 858

Handbook of the Lick Observatory of the University of California, 713
Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries, 281
Historical Sketch of the Catholic Church in New Mexico, 281

Irish Music and Song, 281
Irish Wonders, 567
Is One Religion as Good as Another? 858

Kensington Junior, 426

Letters of Charles Lamb, The, 713
Letters of Frederick Ozanam, The, 281
Life of St. Patrick, The, 281
Literary and Biographical History, A, 426
Lives of the Deceased Bishops of the Catholic Church in the United States, 281

Manual of Christian Evidences, 713
Meditations for Every Day in the Year, 858
Mirror of the Virtues of Mother Mary of St. Euphrasia Pelletier, 139
Modern Novels and Novelists, 858
Mores Catholici, or Ages of Faith, 567

Nannette's Marriage, 713
New Sunday-school Companion, 858

Our Thirst for Drink, 713

Palestine in the Time of Christ, 426
Percy's Revenge, 426
Practical Question Book, The, 713
Prairie Boy, The, 567

Requiescant, 139
Robert Emmet, 426

Sacred History from the Creation to the Giving of the Law, 858
Sermons from the Flemish, 713
Sermons on Devotion to the Sacred Heart, 426
Seven of Us, 713
Solitary Island, 713
Spiritual Retreats, 281
St. George and the Dragon, 426
St. Peter, Bishop of Rome, 281
Study of Religion, A, 139

Thomas à Kempis, 139
Thoughts from St. Vincent de Paul, 567
Types of Ethical Theory, 426

Under the Southern Cross, 281

Vade Mecum Hymnal, The, 858
Verses on Doctrinal and Devotional Subjects, 713
Visit to Europe and the Holy Land, A, 426

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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THE PRESENT STANDING OF THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

THE idea of Catholic higher studies in this country took its first step from aspiration to visible reality in the city of Washington on the 24th day of May last. On that day Cardinal Gibbons blessed the first stone of the Divinity building of the Catholic University of America. The rain poured down in torrents from first to last, but the President of the United States and his Cabinet attended the ceremonies throughout, greeting an assemblage of Catholic prelates and ecclesiastics and representative Catholic laymen such as is never, save for the furtherance of the very highest interests of religion, brought together in any country. All who were invited—and the invitations were sent everywhere—seemed to recognize that the occasion, being the beginning of an American institution of the highest character, was worthy of their presence, even at every possible sacrifice of interest and convenience. The Archbishop of Boston and the Bishops of Mobile and St. Augustine and Natchez brought the extremes of New England and of the far South together. The Bishops of the Atlantic coast and the missionary prelates of Wyoming and Montana were there—the last named and Archbishop Salpointe of Santa Fé being among the most ardent supporters of the new University, and making the long journey to Washington solely to have the honor of being present at the laying of the corner-stone. The Archbishop of San Francisco, who takes the greatest interest in this work, was only hindered from being present by the severe illness which had forced him to sail for Europe. A conspicuous figure among the assembled prelates was Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati, now far down in

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the decline of life, but full of practical sympathy with this undertaking. Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, was, of course, present, and has been, especially very recently, of material assistance in obtaining subscriptions to the endowment. Together with the bishops came large numbers of priests, many of them men of great merit and from all sections of the land; this, too, in spite of the storm, which was something really dreadful. There was also a vast concourse of laymen of every rank and condition of life.

A peculiar feature of the occasion was the presence on the grand stand not only of the numerous representatives of the hierarchy, and of all grades of the secular clergy, from the Cardinal to assistant priests and seminarians, but a remarkably full attendance of the representatives of the religious orders. Very Rev. Robert Fulton, Provincial of the Jesuit Fathers, was there with several other members of that illustrious society. Also prominent members of the Dominican order, Franciscans, Benedictines, Augustinians, Redemptorists, Passionists, Lazarists, Paulists, Sulpitians, Christian Brothers, etc. Other institutions of learning, whose usefulness cannot but be increased by the university, were also represented. Georgetown College was there in force. Mount St. Mary's was present by its president and a large delegation. St. Mary's, of Baltimore, and St. Charles's furnished a choir of two hundred seminarians. The president of the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels, Niagara Falls, was present. Among the most distinguished visitors was the vice-rector of Laval University of Quebec, especially delegated for the occasion to express the sympathy of that noble seat of learning for her new sister in the Western World.

The following words from a leaflet printed by the Board of Trustees summarizes the event:

> "In accordance with the long-cherished desire of the Catholic clergy and laity in the United States of North America, in pursuance of the unanimous decision arrived at by the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, and under the august approval and encouragement of the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII., patron and promoter of every branch of learning, the erection of this University, dedicated to the cultivation of literature and science, was auspiciously begun on the 24th day of May, 1888, under the administration of Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, by James Gibbons, Cardinal-Archbishop of Baltimore. On this day his Eminence, attended by an illustrious assemblage of zealous bishops and priests and distinguished laymen, representing every position in the land, solemnly laid the cornerstone of the new University in the presence of a vast concourse of citizens.

Right Rev. John L. Spalding, of Peoria, preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion. . . .

"The end proposed by the Council of Baltimore in founding the Washington University is to establish a perpetual institution not merely to uphold and strengthen the law of God, the Creator and Redeemer of the human race, but also to shed lustre on religion by supplying it with proofs, clearer and clearer every day, drawn from sacred and profane learning, and the successive discoveries resulting from the investigations carried on by men of genius. And, furthermore, the University is intended to furnish young men with such a training in mind and character as will best qualify them to contribute in the capacity of citizens to the honor and defence of their country."

It was to emphatically express sympathy with the sentiment expressed by the words last quoted that the President of the United States and his Cabinet, and many members of both the Senate and House of Representatives, attended the laying of the corner-stone. President Cleveland is a Presbyterian and makes no disguise of it. He came from a visit to the General Assembly of that church direct to the laying of the corner-stone of the University, and he did so, we venture to say, spontaneously, because he and all men know that a religion that in a spirit of amity places its chief seat of learning at America's capital city is worthy of respect and deserves recognition. All felt, indeed, that the presence of Mr. Cleveland and his Cabinet, especially in such a storm, was a great compliment to our religion and to its chief institution of learning. Yet there was a reason in it which took from it the air of patronizing condescension and lent it something like that of official propriety.

To John L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria, is due the credit of first breaking ground, figuratively speaking, for this University. It was done in his well-known address, delivered some five years ago at St. Francis' Seminary, Milwaukee. He called loudly and vehemently on that and subsequent occasions, and always with great force of reason and eloquence, for the pursuit of the highest scholarship by American Catholics, carried on in the environments of American life. It was his own intense conviction that gave him earnestness, but it was the evident need of the work and the ripeness of the times and of men's minds that brought him the response of assent and encouragement. It was given in unison from the throne of the Sovereign Pontiff, the unanimous vote of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, and the voice of every organ of enlightened Catholic opinion.

A committee of sixteen gentlemen was appointed by the Third Plenary Council to select plans and collect means for a suitable structure. Much interest was shown by the members of the committee in the work, and their names are here subjoined:

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS, Archbishop of Baltimore.
MOST REV. JOHN F. WILLIAMS, Archbishop of Boston.
" " PATRICK J. RYAN, Archbishop of Philadelphia.
" " M. A. CORRIGAN, Archbishop of New York.
" " JOHN IRELAND, Archbishop of St. Paul, Minn.
RIGHT " JOHN L. SPALDING, Bishop of Peoria, Ill.
" " JOHN J. KEANE, Bishop of Richmond, and Rector of University.
" " MARTIN MARTY, Bishop of Dakota.
" " C. P. MAES, Bishop of Covington, Ky.
VERY REV. J. M. FARLEY, Domestic Prelate.
REV. J. S. FOLEY, D.D., Rector St. Martin's, Baltimore.
" T. S. LEE, Rector Cathedral, Baltimore.
" P. L. CHAPELLE, D.D., Rector St. Matthew's Church.
MR. EUGENE KELLY.
MR. MICHAEL JENKINS.
MR. THOMAS E. WAGGAMAN.

The committee decided that it would be most in keeping with the character of the University to begin work on the plans for the theological department. The construction of the building was entrusted to E. Francis Baldwin, the architect who drew the plans. The arrangements for the procession and the display attending the laying of the corner-stone were under the direction of General Rosecrans. The building, which faces westward, is to be two hundred and sixty-six feet long, with an average width of forty feet, having a northern wing. The chapel and library will be in a large easterly transept adjoining the centre of the main building. The material is to be stone throughout. The style is Romanesque, the drawings showing a tasteful and solid structure. It will be pushed through to completion without delay.

Mary Gwendolen Caldwell had laid the corner-stone of the financial structure. She gave Bishop Spalding $300,000, more than three years ago, in trust for the founding of the Catholic University of America. This magnificent generosity has made it possible for the American bishops to proceed with the work. Her sister, Miss Lina Caldwell, has added $50,000, endowing a chair in the divinity faculty. Mr. Eugene Kelly, of New York, gave $50,000, likewise endowing a professorship. A gentleman of New York City, who desires his name kept secret for the present, gave $50,000 more. The Misses Drexel, of Philadelphia, have endowed a divinity chair in perpetuity, to be known as the Francis A. Drexel chair, in memory of their deceased father,

$50,000. The Misses Andrews, of Baltimore, have endowed a divinity chair by a gift of the same sum, dedicated in like manner to the memory of their father, the late Dr. Andrews, of Norfolk, who spent the last years of his life in Baltimore. This beautiful manner of establishing in perpetual benediction the memory of beloved friends and relatives will attract large endowments, some persons of great wealth having informed members of the Board that when through with their present large charitable outlays they propose to offer a like tribute to their departed loved ones. Certainly to place an honored name in perpetual union with a fountain of religious and scientific truth is to erect the noblest possible monument to their memory.

Mr. Patrick Quinn, long known and highly esteemed as the treasurer of the Beneficial Saving Fund, a Catholic banking association of Philadelphia, gives $20,000; and Mrs. Reynolds, of the same city, $10,000. Mr. Louis Benziger, of New York, of the well-known Catholic publishing house of Benziger Brothers, has given $5,000; and Mr. Loubat and Rev. James McMahon, of the same city, each $5,000; Mr. Sinnot, of Philadelphia, gives $5,000; Mr. Thomas E. Waggaman, of Washington, $5,000; Mr. Frank Riggs, of the same city, $2,000; Archbishop Williams has given $2,200. The following persons gave $1,000 each: Cardinal James Gibbons, of Baltimore; Archbishop Patrick J. Ryan, of Philadelphia; Monsignor J. M. Farley and Very Rev. Arthur Donnelly, V.G., of New York; Very Rev. Wm. Byrne, V.G., of Boston; Rev. P. L. Chapelle, D.D., of Washington; Capt. Albert Ryan, of Norfolk, Va.; Mr. Charles Hoyt, of Brooklyn; Mr. James D. Lynch, of New York; Colonel Bonaparte and Mr. Charles Bonaparte, of Baltimore; Mr. William Galt, of Washington; Mr. John Hoover and Dr. Daniel B. Clarke, of the same city; Mr. Antello, Mr. Martin Malone, Mrs. Catherine A. McGrath, Sullivan and Brother, all of Philadelphia, and Mr. James Carroll, of Baltimore.

From the diocese of Louisville came the gift of Mr. Sylvester Johnson, of New Haven, Ky., a man of venerable years and stainless name, a cousin of Bishop Spalding, $5,000; Mr. Daniel E. Doherty, of Louisville, $1,000; Dr. Ouchterlony, of Louisville, one of the most eminent professors of the University of Kentucky, gives $500 and a magnificent collection of American antiquities whose value is above money calculation. Eight or ten gentlemen of Chicago sent to the Board $14,000, no serious effort at collection having yet been made in that city. The Board has lately received $5,000, bequeathed to the University by the late Mr. John McCaffrey, of Albany, who, that he might give just that round sum and no less, provided that if any State tax were levied on his bequests, no part of the tax should be deducted from this one. Mr. Leopold Hüffer and his three sons, now resident in Paris, but still considering themselves subjects of the diocese of Richmond, sent their check for $8,000. At the last meeting of the Board, after the laying of the cornerstone, Bishop Spalding handed in the check of General Lawlor, of Prairie du Chien, Wis., for $5,000, saying that the general had listened to the Salesianum address, and at its conclusion had come forward and said: "Bishop, the day you start that University I will give you five thousand dollars." Therefore the general, whose public spirit in all worthy causes both for religion and country is well known, may be called the pioneer in this one.

A very large sum has been realized from smaller contributions, ranging from five hundred and three hundred down, sent in from all parts of the United States. So that the amount paid down in cash and now in the possession of the Board is nearly $700,000;* in addition to this sum nearly $100,000 more have been subscribed by persons of unquestioned reliability. The property, consisting of sixty-five acres, is paid for and held with a clear title; the divinity building, estimated at $175,000, ready to be paid for as the contracts call for payment, a really splendid chapel and library room, attached to the main building, provided for by one of the donors, and eight divinity chairs endowed in perpetuity. When the Board has secured ten endowed chairs it will consider the divinity faculty complete.

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* For convenience of reference we give the following table of names and figures :

Miss Mary G. Caldwell	$300,000
Miss Lina Caldwell	50,000
Mr. Eugene Kelly, of New York	50,000
A gentleman of New York	50,000
The Misses Drexel, of Philadelphia	50,000
The Misses Andrews, of Baltimore	50,000
Mr. Patrick Quinn, of Philadelphia	20,000
Mrs. Reynolds, of Philadelphia	10,000
Mr. Louis Benziger, of New York	5,000
Mr. Loubat, of New York	5,000
Rev. Father McMahon	5,000
Mr. Sinnot, of Philadelphia	5,000
Mr. Waggaman, of Washington	5,000
Mr. Frank Riggs, of Washington	2,000
Cardinal James Gibbons	1,000
Archbishop Patrick J. Ryan, of Philadelphia	1,000
Mgr. J. M. Farley, of New York	1,000
V. Rev. Arthur Donnelly, V.G., of New York	1,000
Rev. P. L. Chapelle, D.D., of Washington	1,000
Capt. Albert Ryan, of Norfolk, Va	1,000

What is looked for, and will doubtless be shortly forthcoming, is an additional hundred thousand to stock the divinity library and to commence the beautification of the grounds.

The Board have it in contemplation to make the University grounds something like the Pincian Hill in Rome, which is adorned with the statues of the great men of Italy. So that the grounds of the Catholic University of Washington will in time exhibit artistic memorials of the great men of America, in church and state, giving among the patriots in the secular order due place to all great Americans whatever may have been their creed. It may be said that this is a work of ages; we answer that the work of ages is shortly done in these quick times.

The reader will see that the divinity department is, so far as its pecuniary and material needs are concerned, a success. The money to do the necessary buying and building and supporting of the institution is in hand. It may be well to say that some of the professors are already engaged and arrangements about to be made to stimulate a supply of students. The endowment of a divinity scholarship in perpetuity is $5,000. We have little doubt that the clergy of the country will shortly have secured for their respective dioceses scholarships enough to partly if not wholly fill the institution. However that may be, the financial condition of the University bids fair to be such as to enable the Board to fix the fees low enough to make it an easy matter for any promising young ecclesiastic to pay his way.

Just as soon as the divinity faculty begins its work—and its inauguration is to be a feature of the Centennial of the Catholic

Mr. Chas. Hoyt, of Brooklyn	$1,000
Mr. Jas. D. Lynch, of New York	1,000
Col. Bonaparte, of Baltimore	1,000
Mr. Chas. Bonaparte, of Baltimore	1,000
Mr. Wm. Galt, of Washington	1,000
Mr. John Hoover, of Washington	1,000
Dr. Daniel B. Clarke, of Washington	1,000
Mr. Antello, of Philadelphia	1,000
Mr. Martin Malone, of Philadelphia	1,000
Mrs. Catherine A. McGrath, of Philadelphia	1,000
Sullivan and Brother, of Philadelphia	1,000
Mr. Jas. Carroll, of Baltimore	1,000
Mr. Sylvester Johnson, of New Haven, Ky	5,000
Mr. Daniel E. Doherty, of Louisville, Ky	1,000
Dr. Ouchterlony, of Louisville, Ky	500
Gentlemen of Chicago	14,000
Mr. Leopold Hüffer and Sons	8,000
General Lawlor, of Prairie du Chien	5,000
The estate of Mr. John M. McCaffrey, of Albany, N. Y.	5,000
Archbishop Williams	2,200
Vicar-General Byrne	1,000

hierarchy in the autumn of 1889—steps will without delay be taken to add on the chairs in the faculty of philosophy and letters, which will open the avenues of the highest education to the laity. It is the calculation of the rector that in four years from the present time there will be assembled at the national capital a large body of lay students enjoying the advantages of the highest education which can be offered by the science of the nineteenth century. The Catholic laymen of America will, when all is done, enjoy the best fruits of the University. The lawyer, the physician, the politician, the merchant, the civil engineer, the journalist, the man of elegant leisure will here learn how to hold their own as practical Christians and be at the same time men among men of these critical times.

The good of university studies is that they fix the hold of the mind permanently upon the elementary principles which have been before it from the first beginnings of instruction. Dr. Brownson used to say that the best compendium of philosophy is the first page of the little catechism. It may be said as truly that the best work the highest university course can do, aside from forming specialists for professional teaching, is to place those primary truths of reason and revelation in such permanent and easy sovereignty over the human faculties that the laws of thought have assimilated them to the complete nourishment of the intellectual life.

That the academical departments can be established within the time above named we have no manner of doubt. It is mainly a question of securing funds; and by the time the reader peruses these words the divinity department will have probably secured a grand total of a million of dollars. The endowment of the other departments will not be more difficult; there are signs that it will be less so. A distinguished gentleman of San Francisco, who lately sailed for Europe, being advanced in years and of feeble health, has placed the University among his legatees in his will to the extent of $50,000. Several other bequests are already known to be made for the same object. Some have followed the example of a hard-working missionary priest in New England, who, having little money, has insured his life for $5,000 in favor of the University. Other priests have enrolled themselves as life donors of $100 per annum, a splendid idea, which ought to be taken up. One gentleman of Baltimore, a man of large fortune, has vowed to leave the institution one-tenth of his estate. Within a few days of the date of this present writing a lawyer of New York called upon a member of the

Board and obtained the legal name of the University corporation, saying that he was drawing up the will of a wealthy client, who desired to make it his residuary legatee, securing it a considerable sum of money, and in certain eventualities a very large amount indeed.

Of course it would be absolutely impossible to have a university or any single department of it without a generous endowment; nor is there any danger of an over-supply of means. But the prelates and gentlemen in charge have found that the opportunity of assisting a great, national Catholic undertaking of the plainest utility and of the highest character has acted of itself as a stimulant to the generosity of our wealthier people. For example, ten days' work in the city of Philadelphia, by the rector of the University and the archbishop of that city, secured $96,000, and they did not go beyond the limits of two parishes. The reader can see that the real resources of the country are untouched. Not a single collection has been made in any church, nor any personal canvassing that may be called thorough made among rich Catholics in any locality whatever.

It is late in the day either to make or answer objections to the University. The two main difficulties have ever been the feasibility of raising the necessary funds and the choice of the city of Washington as the site. We think that the first objection is amply met in this article. As to the second an opportune and competent witness is at hand.

Andrew D. White, late president of Cornell University, in the *Forum* for June last, in an article entitled "The Next American University," makes the following argument for Washington City as the site of a university. In answering the question how the best results in higher education can be secured in this country he says:

> "My answer is, that this and a multitude of other needs of the country can be best met by the foundation of a university in the city of Washington. But let me say at the outset that what I now advocate is not a *teaching* university at the national capital. That would be, indeed, of vast value, and the day is not far off when some public-spirited millionaire will link his name to the glory of the country by establishing it. He will find the eight or ten millions it will require a small price to pay for the glory which it will bring to the nation and to him; he will see that the number of men distinguished in science and literature who live there or go there, the scientific collections streaming into that centre from all points of our vast domain, the great national library and the precious special and private libraries accumulating there, the attractiveness, accessibility, beautiful climate, and increasing salubrity of the place, the facilities of

every sort for bringing the best thought of the world to bear upon the political centre of the nation—that all these constitute an argument than which none can be more cogent for the establishment of a teaching university, in the highest sense of the word, at Washington."

Again at the end of his article, which advocates the immediate founding of an examining university with its offices in Washington, he says:

> "The arguments for a *teaching* university in the city of Washington, independent of that which I have now proposed, or supplementary to it, I may present in a future article."

In going to Washington the Catholic Church moves the centre of her activity, which must ever be dominantly intellectual, close up to juxtaposition with American institutions. Every man's religion has and must have a human environment, social, civil, political. That the Catholic student may have such environment—not foreign, not local, but American—is a sufficient reason for the choice of the Board.* It is well, on the other hand, that the distinctive characteristics of our religion may be seen in the light of American institutions, and those characteristics are grouped in a university. The church is an intellectual body, founded upon belief, conviction; maintained by devotion to principle; propagated by persuasion: the supernatural assistance which the church enjoys always comes down to her through these intellectual channels. That this is not known to non-Catholics is the greatest misfortune the church suffers from. This intellectual side of Catholicity can only be adequately revealed in a university, and in America only at that place where the supreme activity of American life—the political—reaches its culmination. There cannot but be a gradual cessation of that distrust, that suspicion that Catholicity is inimical to free institutions, a sentiment which is the greatest obstacle in many minds to Catholic truth. When Catholicity chooses a site for its university which is a challenge to the inspection of its whole intellectual mechanism, it will not be denied fair play. The religion which will establish its chief seat of learning in Washington is not afraid of the light.

The simultaneity of the study of religion and of the taking on of that human environment which Providence points out as the only fitting one for American Catholics, will be the peculiar privilege of the student at the Washington University. He will learn the deep secrets of the supernatural at the same time that he assimilates all that is truest of the revelations of God's providence in the natural order, as officially discussed and interpreted in the capital of the country. There will be nations new and old to contest our commercial supremacy, but there are no signs abroad that the political institutions whose focus is at Washington will be rivalled for generations to come. And to be truly an educated Catholic American one cannot leave out of his course of studies an appreciative investigation of the principles and the spirit that go to make up the American citizen. Meantime the political life of the Union will bring the ablest men of our land together to the capital; and there they can feel the very throb of the heart of Catholicity, there they can see the light of Catholic intelligence at its brightest.

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* The choice of a site for the University was first made by the Board and afterwards, by direction of the Holy See, submitted to the vote of the Bishops. Washington was chosen by an overwhelming majority.

From the foregoing we see that it is the secular clergy who will receive, as they well deserve to receive, the first benefits of the University.* And this answers a minor objection, How will you get the professors and the students? As to the faculty, it will not be difficult to secure it; the preliminary steps of the Board in this direction have shown this. And as to students, does any one suppose that a clergy of seventy archbishops and bishops and five or six thousand priests cannot furnish a good houseful of students of advanced studies?

We have said in this article some words showing the advantages of the political centre of the country for the site of the University: to the effect that as man must have, even for the universal truth, some local surroundings, he should choose such as his country offers of the strictly national, the Catholic American being Roman in his doctrine and discipline and American in local coloring. But the local and the personal, the traditional and the racial, and the national are, after all, but accidental circumstances. It is the study itself, and the spirit of the study, that make the University of value. That study is free, is subsequent to the routine of text-books, is absorbent rather than mechanical.

If a young man but idled through his two or three years—if he could but keep out of mischief in doing so—idled about the great buildings and through the libraries, and chatted but for a pastime with the serious professors and the eager students; if he but made an object-lesson day by day for a couple of years of how the noblest characters he ever saw or will ever see love wisdom and watch at the posts of her doors, he would learn very much which is nowhere else to be learned. He would take on a high tone for his thoughts, a tone whose notes are heard only in great seats of learning. He would never despise principles. He could never think that deftness of practical skill can compare with deep conviction. He would always respect learning. He would, as long as he lived, distrust haste when there is still question of finding out the truth. That ideas rule the world when the world is not perishing would become evident to him. Such a man will ever be a foe to crowned mediocrity in any of the realms of human endeavor.

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* After this article had been sent to press we received from the Rector of the University the following words: "Proclaim aloud that the philosophical faculty for the laity will be begun without any delay at all after the opening of the divinity faculty in 1889; and that chairs in all the branches of psychological, ethical, social, historical, philological, and biological studies will be added on as rapidly as means will allow. Measures are also to be taken at once for the opening of a first-class public hall in the heart of the city for constant courses of popular university lectures." He also informs us that his present visit to New England has given several other subscribers of $1,000, and will net over $50,000.

If such be the effect upon a mere gentleman idler, whose college diploma entitles him to university residence, and whose meagre talents or meagre ambition induce him to be but a looker-on, it will be something altogether more powerful upon a soul really athirst. The pursuit of real learning, the high prize of finished scholarship, will then be within reach. Such men will be either brilliant in their natural endowments, or will be gifted with a resolute purpose, in itself a great talent. These hard-working minds will find education in the university as they found instruction in the college. These men will become, some the disputants in great controversies, some the arbiters of public opinion, and some the investigators of departments of knowledge yet unsearched.

FAITH.

Oh! had we Faith, when sorrow clouds our way,
Still His hand clasping in mute confidence,
Sweet as an angel's prayer would grow suspense,
Hope would turn night into a blissful day,
A reflex of immortal peace would stray
Into our lives, and all vexations recompense.

George Rothsay.

SEND THE WHOLE BOY TO SCHOOL.

To rid one's self of partisan bias and maintain a just poise in the study of a question which deeply stirs the public mind is neither easy to do nor likely to be deemed by others successfully done when attempted. Such, however, must be the first step in all philosophical search for the truth; and it is an essential step in the fair treatment of diverse, not to say conflicting, interests—very essential in legislating for the whole republic. The recent attempt made in the legislature of Massachusetts to place the private and parochial schools under State supervision, without aiding them in any way pecuniarily, is worthy of study. Indeed, the school question to-day engages the most anxious public attention, rivets it all the more fixedly because identified with the religious question, the most vital, most personal, most exigent of all human concernments; engrosses it all the more seriously because here meet two great forces that have met elsewhere, neither of them confessedly conquered or conquering. The only defeat of either, as history suggests, would be extermination; but it is our state policy to benefit and not to destroy.

The most generous feelings and the most judicious statesmanship are therefore demanded by the occasion. The occasion has come, the time for the calm view and deliberate action. The featherweight of one speech more or one editorial fewer counts for nothing in the effort to cause agitation to cease, or to postpone it a while longer. Indeed, two movements are already initiated; the parochial school movement and the statutory school movement; the former a right patent in all our traditions and laws, even in the very constitution of our State; the latter an attempt to bring all institutions of education in our commonwealth under statutory control.

As the latter attempt is the reversal of traditional and apparently of constitutional rights, it cannot in the end succeed. Should it, then, temporarily triumph? In order that we may well consider this inquiry, it is necessary to learn the objects towards which the parochial and statutory movements are directed, as well as the criticisms that may properly be uttered concerning them. As some authoritative guides we may refer to articles in the January *Education* and the January CATHOLIC WORLD, magazines which hold in their respective fields a quite representative position, and in which we should not expect to find without note or comment the statement of party views which they could not endorse.

Before we can fairly weigh the matter of this discussion it is our duty to clear the scales of the makeweights that have been thrown into them to deceive the minds of the many who desire to judge the question on its merits and with candor.

Demagogues have imposed upon the credulity of their hearers, and even guileless people have innocently repeated their cry, that the republic is in danger, that a violent opposition menaces the public-school system, and that the ultimate attack will be made upon free America by command of a foreign potentate. All this, like the causeless terror of a child, might be amusing were it not for the fact that, as in the child's case, an actual injury is experienced by the terrified.

Calumny has no place in this discussion. There is, properly speaking, no disloyalty among us, certainly none characteristic of any whole party of our citizens, least of all among the accused. Even the decay of the national spirit believed by some to be insidiously developing is not attributed to Catholics, but to those who are assumed to be the friends of the public school. Any one who has read our religious literature at all comprehensively must know that the Catholic who is faithful to his religion must be loyal to his country. The teachings of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., on the Christian Constitution of States, and the discourse of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons on taking possession of his titular church in Rome, give fresh confirmation of this fact. The papal approbation of the establishment of the Catholic University, to be located in Washington, especially commends the motive, the "desire to promote the welfare of all and the interests of their illustrious republic," and animates the supporters of this great undertaking with the hope that its result will be "to give to the republic her best citizens."

But, on the other hand, our public-school system has been the target for much abuse. 'Tis true, we have always heard its virtues extolled on spectacular occasions as the ægis of the free, the corner-stone of the republic, and a vital part of the state, as important and indispensable as the legislative, judiciary, and executive departments themselves. But then, on "off" days, we have observed the platform, pulpit, and press, the farmer, merchant, and politician, profusely denouncing its inadequacy and impotency in answering the demands of our modern life. The schools of a quarter-century ago are held up as superior to those of to-day. Going back twenty-five years we should yet find the panegyrist bestowing all his optimistic phrases upon the past. No worse things have been said by the so-called "enemies of the public schools" than by many of its friends. Hence, it is not to be inferred that because a man criticises our school system he is to be classed as its enemy. He may, in fact, have detected its weaknesses and discovered its improvable points by having been in closest contact with it, as pupil or teacher.

Says *Education* editorially:

> "Yet, strange to say, no class of people in the country, save the high-church priesthood, have shown such lack of appreciation of the real function and best work of the public schools as the majority of the American *literati*. The literary and scientific magazines and reviews have been distinguished by their ignorant and shallow criticism of the public-school system. From Lowell down to Gail Hamilton these critics, with rare exceptions, still fail to grasp the American idea of the common school—the training of a whole people into mental activity, broader intelligence, self-control, and the industrial skill that always follows when the head and heart get their rights."

Others besides the *literati* have been critics of the public schools. It was not that they failed "to grasp the American idea," but that they failed to discover the typical "American idea," or that they failed to see that the American idea was a consummation of the whole matter. Out of all the scrutiny and stricture the public-school system has derived benefit and strength. The only expedient proviso has been, that criticism should be constructive rather than destructive. The American idea has thus grown composite. If still there are thoughtful, far-seeing men, who believe that the idea is incomplete, they may be the very best friends of the public system, and in fact some of them are connected with it. A sententious framing of the most advanced idea is, "Send the whole boy to school." Here we find the public-school idea developed into what is after all the Catholic idea. Hence, the greater reason for harmonious discussion and co-operation.

What is the object of a public-school system, or what is its reason for existence? And how is the parochial school hostile to it? In the consideration of reasons, only imperative ones are valuable. Arguments of expediency, refinement, fancy, utopianism are of much less account. Pretences and sham theories are not only useless, but pernicious; since, when they are exploded, the whole fabric trembles.

The state is the present generation, aggregate, unified, organized, and assuming, in a representative way, certain responsibilities. The state has a duty towards the children of its citizens. Brought into existence without the power or the wisdom to care for themselves, they are entitled to that provision for their welfare which will at least put it within reach of their reasonable toil. They are entitled to food, clothing, and homes during the years of their helplessness, and to such instruction as will enable them to enter successfully, in proportion to native abilities, into some of the work that men have to do. The state having to correlate human forces, in so far as they need adjustment, must see that the children get what they are entitled to receive.

The state looks in the same way after the necessities of its adult citizens. If burdens fall too hard on commerce or manufactures, if the struggle for existence become too great, if avarice grip too tightly the wage of the toiler, the state comes to the rescue with its equalizing fiat. This is by no means a work of charity, but the doing of justice. The lesson of Mons Sacer and of the holy Evangel teaches that the head needs the feet and hands, and that obligations rest mutually upon noble and peasant. The children must have good care, and the state has a way to demand it even of reluctant parents; and yet the state does not undertake to regulate the well-ordered home, or to coerce the faithful parent. The children must have a good education, and the state has the right and duty to enjoin it when not voluntarily provided. The state has also, by way of adjustment and economy of forces, established the public-school system. The public school was not from the beginning wholly free, and some of the most vigorous champions of its cause have in recent years favored the payment of a limited tuition-rate. Nor was the school always held to be the peculiar object of veneration and eulogy that some seem to desire nowadays to make it, declaring it to be the very palladium of our liberties, and characterizing indifference or objection to it as an unpatriotic spirit.

The public school was undoubtedly meant to co operate with the family in training the child, and not as the superior agent. The teacher was deemed to be *in loco parentis*, and that temporarily, and his jurisdiction was esteemed to cover definite territory as necessary to his function, not only the premises of the school, but the way to and fro. Thus, the teacher was appointed to do a part of the parental duty. Though the candidate who was prepared to teach that the world is round or is flat, according to the wishes of his employers, was quite too impersonal, yet, if the teacher be *in loco parentis*, he should fairly reflect the parental choice.

The support of the school out of the public treasury is historically an act of the state, in its attempt to adjust burdens according to strength; for the poor were at first relieved of the school expense, as until lately has been the case in the supply of text-books. Afterwards, to avoid invidious discriminations and to simplify the mode of administration, the schools were made free as well as public.

Prof. George Stuart, of the Philadelphia Central High-School, has an article in *Education* on the "Raison d'Être of the Public High-School." He denies that the school is a work of charity or benevolence; but, he says, "the principal motive is undoubtedly selfishness"; and further explains by the use of such terms as the "public safety," the "public welfare," "civic duties." He affirms that the state cannot "leave to chance" the education of its citizens for citizenship, and that private institutions "depend on chance"; and, in illustration, he analogizes the school system with the prison, the penitentiary, the lazaretto, with quarantine, sanitation, street-lighting, money-coinage, and trade restrictions. The whole line of the argument is based on the false premise that there is the same kind of necessity for the public school as for these other public institutions. No one is likely to send himself to prison, and we cannot very well have the individual's fraction of quarantine, money, coinage, or even street-lighting; yet education is obtained by the individual, and those whose education is most useful to the state have, in thousands of cases, educated themselves. Further, the private institution no more depends on chance than does the statutory school; it depends on the will of the parent, so safely calculated upon that large private schools are flourishing everywhere.

The intimations of "safety" and "welfare" and the compulsory principle shall be considered after we have learned how far the education for citizenship is to be carried. Prof. Stuart lays down the rule that "benefit that remains wholly with the individual or individual interests can found no claim to public recognition"; and then he proceeds to banish "book-keeping, type-writing, phonography, sewing, and cooking" from the public school. Why not, on the same ground, banish drawing, geography, mathematics, and, in fact, all branches except those whereby one learns to discharge his "civic duties"? If the business of life and not abstract citizenship is of account, then some of these discarded branches are highly practical.

The Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Education, Mr. Dickinson, is an able and probably authoritative exponent of the statutory idea. He states broadly, in the same magazine, that " the ultimate end of public instruction " is " true men, intelligent, loyal, and virtuous in all the relations of private and public life." Again, he makes it " a general cultivation of the individual as a human being." This is the idea of " the whole boy," and is rather above the conception of the public " safety " or " welfare " and " citizenship."

As Prof. Stuart represents a class of thinkers, it is necessary to quote him further. Bearing in mind that he is discussing a question of state polity, we note carefully his intent. He illustrates: " During the prevalence of the cholera " in Naples " an ignorant and superstitious crowd was waiting in a Roman Catholic church, awestruck, to see the image of the Virgin Mary walk out upon the altar . . . and help them." He gives no reference to authorities for the truth of the narrative or the truth of the motive narrated. The application is, however, the important point: " Such ignorance and superstition cannot exist by the side of the free public school." There was a day in our country when people of all faiths assembled in their several places of worship to pray for the recovery of a stricken President. There are " professors " who pronounce that act " ignorant and superstitious," and who confidently predict the time when " such ignorance and superstition [shall] not exist by the side of the free public school."

The professor continues his train of thought:

> " At this point we make the digressive remark that the efficiency of the American public school in training for citizenship is likely to be severely tested in the near future. Until within recent years the immigration into our country was nearly homogeneous and largely sympathetic, and assimilation was comparatively easy. But recently there has appeared in our midst an element peculiarly alien in race and sympathies, or revolutionary in tendencies, and in numbers sufficiently large to disturb the calm posture of our social forms and the settled traditions of centuries. Against the subversive influence of this element our common school is our tower of strength, and civics as a branch of instruction assumes paramount importance."

Here is darkly limned the danger and " safety " alternative. The study of " civics " is to save the nation, assimilate the " alien " and make him " homogeneous " and " sympathetic." The public schools have trained millions of youths to perceive, and think, and express thought; and many of them have there imbibed increased love of country and of virtue. Yet the schools have also given education to the vicious, and made them more competent for plot and villany. The anarchist is a man of science and letters, more dangerous for his cultivated intelligence. There must be something profounder than civics to move the moral nature and inform it. Unless the affections, and desires, and the will are rightly directed and developed, all the culture, and skill, and craft may be employed in the service of evil and to the detriment of the republic. Even though the intelligence were trained to comprehend and believe this truth, and to know that the wages of sin is death, subjective and objective, personal, social, and national, physical, mental, and spiritual, here and hereafter, yet will the choice be determined by the stronger motive, and the strong passions will urge to a speedy possession, and the alternative will be left to be met when its hour may come. One need not be a pessimist to see that the unholy ravages of avarice, pride, uncharity, calumny, lust, and blood-thirstiness are not stopped by the power of the public school. The recorded divorces and suicides, and the unrecorded infanticides, taking for example only those proceeding from a single baleful origin, are numerous enough to startle the optimist. If a probable remedy for the gigantic evil be proposed, none should be so much the friends of our public schools as to ignore the suggestion.

Such a remedy has been proposed. President Eliot, of Harvard, has named it. Catholic preachers have for years proclaimed it. The best guide, the strongest force, the safest armor, the most victorious assault in the campaign against evil, have always been confessedly those of religion. Hence that education which is not allied with religion is inferior to the best. And when the school is championed on the ground of its being the safeguard of the state we may logically demand a preference for the best safeguard. If it should be said in reply, "Let religion be elsewhere taught," we may consistently answer that the state should "not leave this to chance." Actual provision should be made for religious instruction.

"Send the whole boy to school," says the philosopher. The "whole boy" is not only physical and intellectual, but also spiritual, religious; and religion is the true basis of all the rest. This element our public schools have always lacked; and when Catholic teachers have pointed out the deficiency, how have their wishes been met? Has there been any endeavor to meet them half-way? Or has the proposition been pronounced impracticable? Then when those critics have more loudly raised the alarm, have they not been called "enemies" of the public schools, and even opponents of education and culture? The apothegm, "Heartless, headless, godless," the most caustic denouncement uttered, has merely and definitely the meaning that religion has no recognized place in the school. The initial article in THE CATHOLIC WORLD for January discusses this utterance.

The parochial-school movement is animated by the purpose to supply the religious basis to education. The policy is not destructive; no attempt is made to undermine or injure the public school. Even accompanied with expressions of friendliness for the latter is the exhortation to support the former. So blended are these two voices that some have thought they heard a division of sentiment among the Catholic people. If those who endured fines, seizure of property, disfranchisement, transportation, and death under rigorous penal laws—laws intended to prevent them from educating their own children in their own faith—were not then crushed, is it likely that they will lack the courage of their convictions in free America? Nor can the attempt to discredit their faithful leaders in their eyes succeed. Those who are ever at call to minister to the dying and whom no pestilence has driven from the bedside of the plague-stricken, those who have renounced wealth and self-seeking and given their lives to their people, will not be thought selfish in this movement or to have any other aim than the best education of all their youth. So long as Catholics consider a question debatable they may differ among themselves; but when they deem it definitively settled the personal equation is eliminated and they stand loyally together. "United they stand."

That the Catholic people prize the true education as one of the most valuable of earthly achievements ought not to be disputed. To say nothing of such instances of individual activity as those that gave us the telescope and the printing-press, or that developed the noble sciences of astronomy and chemistry and medicine; and nothing of the favor shown to great men of letters and science, even to such non-Catholics as Kepler, who fleeing from his own home found encouragement under Catholic patronage; to say nothing of the discoverers and explorers who gave their age new worlds or enlarged the horizon of the old, and who, while not taking possession of their rich fields with the hand of greed or traffic, yet taught everywhere, enlightened the dark mind, and bestowed the wealth of divine knowledge; omitting all this and vastly more to their credit, there still stand the monuments of their intellectual activity in the great schools and universities that they planted. Ay, though one should forget Oxford and Cambridge and Paris and Louvain, the projected Catholic University of America, already possessed of a location and a president and the papal approbation, which put its face towards the rising sun, will convince one of the real love for the best education which burns in the hearts of this people.

The parochial-school movement is born of this desire for a true education, and that is one for "the whole boy," and one based on religion. This movement is a private one as far as its legal standing is concerned, and follows thousands of recognized legitimate examples. The old academies of New England, alas! for their decay. Much as I desire and work for the prosperity of the public school, and should deplore its dissolution, being only anxious for its increased perfection, I remember the great good done by the old academies, a good in some respects impossible to a public-school system. Then there are the private schools, that never asked a favor of the state, but which, endowed by their own brains and enterprise, exist by virtue of meeting a just want and to the satisfaction of the citizens who voluntarily patronize them. That precedent, which makes a recognized law, is historic, written in distinct and ineffaceable characters. The parochial schools will but follow it. The fact that many people act in unison does not change the aspect of the case. All our colleges, academies, and many private schools have been the results of concerted action. The fact that this movement is based upon religion makes it similar to many previous movements, in which the state has recognized the right of a people to establishments specifically controlled by their own body or faith.

How can the state meet the issue? What objections are made to the parochial movement, and what weight have they?

The party in the state that opposes this movement cannot forcibly meet it with argument, unless a policy of action be proposed and presented. It will be useless to argue that the safety of the state depends upon the public schools. The reply will come, "It is our first duty to care for the safety of our children." And the philosopher must say in accord: "Take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves. Care for your children, and the state will be cared for." It will be almost insolent to argue for "homogeneity" and "assimilation" when the constant illustration of those terms interprets them as meaning, "Be like us; we should scorn to be like you." Moreover, the people of this olden faith, when they consider what "assimilation" has been, and that a lapse from the faith ends not at the first stage, but results in successive evolutions, until all that they hold necessary for attainment to blissful immortality is subtracted, cannot be expected to admire the scheme which is in this way commended to them. The commingling of different interests in a harmony of effort, whether in war, in business, or in school, tends to mutual respect; but, so far as there is any real commingling, it will take place in other places and times, even without the common school.

A general exodus from the public schools, however warranted, will be detrimental to them. They are now adjusted to the geographical distribution of pupils. The withdrawal will happen at those points where the parochial school is established and made ready. Hence, it will not happen contemporaneously at all points. This lessens the harm to the public school. It will in time, however, seriously affect most of the schools in our larger cities. In some districts it will cause the suspension of the public school. As the supporter of the parochial school is also, according to his means and the requirement of the law, a supporter of the public schools, he will be entitled to the advantages of either. Hence, the transfer of his pupils will depend upon his time of preparation. The method pursued in the establishment of the Catholic University at Washington indicates the probable policy in the parochial case. The president of that University, the Right Rev. John J. Keane, is making the most thorough and comprehensive study of university systems and courses, both here and abroad, with the purpose of making the youngest university the best in America. There will likewise be an opportunity to build and organize for the parochial system more wisely than has been done by the state. We may anticipate such a result.

The requisite time to be consumed in organizing the new departure gives our statesmen the season for proposing a policy that may obviate the necessity for an independent school system. A real desire to accomplish this result would be successful. "Where there's a will, there's a way." President Eliot suggested permissive religious teaching and exercises; surely a simple plan to have tried. This might not have met the exigency, the radical idea of which is religion as a basic and permeating principle of education. But it would have been an honest attempt to adjust conflicting views. Such attempts are never quite vain.

Separate schools as parts of a common system seem practicable. Let the course of study be general and comprehensive, as now, specifying subjects or branches of work. Let optional lists of text-books be adopted. Let individual schools be designated, in proportion to the census, or according to demand less exigent, for Catholic or other patrons. The schools would naturally, by fact of residence, be conveniently chosen. In case that, in any district, the fixed ratio did not permit the establishment of a school of the kind desired, the pupils might be sent to any school where they would conform to the regulations, or they might go a greater distance to a school of their own, or the parents might undertake, with or without statutory provision, the organization of a school at their own financial risk. Wherever the state moneys were expended the school would be under statutory control. This control being as elastic as has been indicated, every class of our people who insist upon a definite religious mode could be satisfied. The present indication being assumed as the rule of the future, only one division would be required. All others but the Catholics apparently being content with the existing régime, no modification of the public-school system would be needed for them.

All interested parties should be represented on the board of control and inspection. The same educational results in specified topics could be demanded of all teachers. As an illustration of the parallel working, suppose that in two schools the programmes are: 9 A.M., Religion; 10 A.M., History. In the one, instruction may be wholly ecclesiastic and devotional; in the other, the moral law, ethics, and civics answer the requirements. In the one, the misrepresentations concerning Galileo, Mary Tudor, the St. Bartholomew massacre, the Gunpowder Plot, the settlements of Maryland and California, and a thousand other "drops in the bucket" will be revised; in the other, the same or an opposite course will be tolerable, limited in this case as in the former by "sweet charity" and the candor belonging to the "brotherhood of man."

If the objection be raised that an "establishment of religion" is here proposed, the reply is that quite the contrary is suggested. We have now such an "establishment," inherited, it is true, but persistent, resisting change. To this is made the objection that it does not allow that "free exercise of religion" guaranteed by the Great Charter, which styles itself the "supreme law of the land." The plan to allow option would exemplify the spirit of tolerance; persistence in present methods is the reverse. The state has no right to establish a monopoly of education, because the religious element enters into education; it has no right to establish a dictatorship over private institutions, at least to such an extent as to constitute a real protective tariff in favor of statutory schools; and it would be for the welfare of the republic that the state be the grand arbiter and equalizer of privileges, encouraging all laudable movements in the interest of increased loyalty, purer morality, and a sacred regard for religion.

AUGUSTUS D. SMALL.

A THANK-OFFERING TO ——, FOR THREE BEAUTIFUL CHALICES.

WHOM wondrous heaven and earth can ne'er contain
These little cups of silver and of gold—
Thine own free gift of bounty manifold—
Encompass round about. The Lamb once slain,
And ever dying mystic death again,
Within these costly metals dead and cold,
The warm Life-Blood the rood drank in of old
Deigns now 'neath seeming wine-drops to retain.
What other gift could thus the giver make
A throne to God's resplendent majesty—
A blessed hostess to the Sacred Heart?
Ah! surely, when our thirst divine we slake
In these thy loving-cups, most thankfully
Shall we in prayer give thee a royal part.

LEWIS DRUMMOND, S.J.

THE COLLEGE, ST. BONIFACE, MANITOBA,
Sunday after Pentecost, 1888.

DOWN ON THE DON'TS.

It is the fashion nowadays to administer advice in broken doses called "Don'ts." They are very well for their side of the case, but we now have a longing for some Dos.

That is a useless battery which has only a negative and no positive pole. The plan of these negative advices is a sort of one-legged plan, which does not run very far ahead in the race. Reformers, teachers, and preachers ought to spend at least half of their time in telling us what to *do* instead of spending the whole of it in telling us what to *don't.*

The temperance lecturer says, "Don't drink whiskey"; the social reformer says, "Don't go to dangerous entertainments"; the pious teacher says, "Don't read bad books." Now, he labors in vain who labors against whiskey, and offers no substitute. He labors in vain who preaches against bad amusements, and has no good amusement to recommend. He labors in vain who decries bad books, and has no good books to offer instead. So we are tired of the unpractical, frowning Don'ts, and long for some smiling, practical Dos.

It is useless to inveigh against injurious amusements if you do not at the same time point out some amusements that are lawful. Suppose an objectionable play is coming to town, and the pastor implores his flock to avoid it. They resolve to do so; but when the show comes and there is no counter-amusement for them to seek, do you think they are going to remain at home, or on their knees? Oh! no, oh! no—alas! for poor human nature—the pastor's good counsels go to the winds, and the young people go to the play. Here I recall an incident.

An austere adviser was lecturing some young people about certain amusements. "We hope," said they, "you don't object to square dances. There is no harm in them, is there?"

"Yes," he answered, "they *are* harmful. You should not dance them unless, at the same time, you can be meditating on seven truths. These are death, judgment, heaven, hell, the sufferings of the souls in purgatory, the terrors of the dying, and the sorrows of the Passion. If you can be thinking seriously of these seven truths, then you may dance—not otherwise."

"Well, may we play games?" they asked.

"There is a great deal of harm in most games," answered he.

They felt discouraged. "But there's no harm in going to the circus, is there?" they suggested hopefully. He was so aghast they dropped that subject quickly. "Ah! then, we can play cards, can't we?" Whereat he was worse shocked than ever; so that in desperation they finally asked: "Well, is there anything at all that we *may* do to amuse ourselves?"

He smiled radiantly and answered with all benevolence: "Yes, of course there is"—they were all-expectant—"you may play dominoes!"

And after all his Don'ts this was the only Do he had to offer. Think of their ecstatic joy in being allowed the exhilarating dissipation of dominoes every evening of their lives!

Here's another instance of the failure of Don'ts. A stern guardian disapproved of square dances. His motto was: "I don't believe in having young people spend half the night in square dances." Did he gain his point? He did. His young people do not spend half the night in square dances; they spend the whole night in round dances.

So, he who would successfully combat forbidden pleasures must point out a way to lawful ones. It is the same with drink: the antidote for bad stimulants is good stimulants.

The temperance pledge, I think, could be improved, if it exacted not only a solemn promise to avoid liquor, but just as solemn a promise to use a fair share of temperance drinks.

It is money which supports the liquor cause in our land, and it is money which should support the temperance cause. This idea of trying "moral suasion" on the barkeeper is poetical but weak. All day long you may urge him: "Don't sell liquor any more. Don't be coining blood-money. Don't be fattening on the bodies and souls of helpless victims. Don't be enriching yourselves by impoverishing others. Don't build your palace on the hovels of your patrons. Don't weave your wife's silks out of the rags of other women." When once the tiger has tasted blood nothing else will satisfy his appetite. When once the liquor-dealer has found how easy it is to fatten on the life-blood of his prey by means of the bar-room no other means of livelihood will satisfy him. The story of the pet tiger is old but apropos.

A British officer in India owned a young pet tiger, which was as gentle as a dog, and often sat by his side licking his hand. One day the officer was sleeping in his bunk, and when he awoke found the tiger—now full grown—at his side licking his hand. The beast's rough tongue had abraded the skin and drawn the blood to the surface, and this he was tasting with evident enjoyment. The officer naturally attempted to withdraw his hand, but a low, terrible growl warned him to keep still. Did he gently say to the tiger: "Don't lick my hand any more, please. Don't drink my blood. It is very wrong and cruel of you; I have been your kind and loving master these many years"? No. Neither did he recommend to that tiger some anti-blood-drinking tracts, nor did he telephone for some anti-blood-drinking lecturers. No, none of that; he doubled up his disengaged arm, felt for the pistol beneath his pillow, drew it forth, and the next moment the brute, shot through the heart, rolled over harmless on the ground. That is the sort of treatment I would recommend for the barkeeper: figuratively, of course, I mean—figuratively.

To make the strictly temperance saloon flourish is the only way to make the intemperance saloon decay. Therefore I beg the temperance lecturers to add a positive counsel to their negative demands; to make the pledge signers say: "I promise to avoid the liquor-selling store, and I promise to patronize the temperance store."

In regard to reading, the Do which I oppose to the Don'ts is this: When the young graduates are about leaving college or convent the fond teacher says: "Now, my dear child, you will promise me never to read so-and-so? Don't risk your faith on such-and-such dangerous literature. Don't take up infidel books and forbidden novels." And the grateful graduate promises (what is there he would not promise at that moment to his tried and trusted tutor?) that he will not read the proscribed books.

Now why, oh! why doesn't that earnest teacher strike while the iron is hot? Why not say to his pupil: "Do take up such and such a course of reading. Do subscribe for a good Catholic paper, Catholic magazine, and to a Catholic library. Do promise me you will do this"?

I wish that every graduate would give his written pledge binding himself specifically to obey this injunction, promising faithfully to read our brightest, best, greatest Catholic authors. I wish that all our Catholic students would emerge from their commencement halls carrying in one hand their diplomas and in the other the carefully worded, solemnly taken, and duly signed reading-pledge. I wish they were taught to consider it as important, as necessary a part of the closing exercises as the diploma itself. Such a practical course would have a marked and immediate effect on the Catholic press.

Concerning entertainments, the Do that I would oppose to the Don't is this: That if pure and wholesome dramas and other pastimes were offered to the Catholic public, there would be little need to say to them: "Don't go to bad plays or immoral operas." Why, just see, even now, how well patronized are some miserably gotten-up church-fairs with their one lemon, three oysters, and other sleight-of-hand apparatus. Isn't it pathetic to see the good-natured crowds that patronize them? Isn't it touching to see the dense throng which generously pays its money to be entertained two or three hours by the burnt cork, the old chestnut, and the doleful plaint of the amateur minstrel? All for sweet charity, you know. Another hopeful sign of the public taste is the immense popularity of such absurd but rather innocent and really musical operas as those of Gilbert and Sullivan. It shows how willing the public is to avail itself of harmless pastimes.

The need of organized, innocent recreation is too little attended to. It is a large, unoccupied field, where many willing hands, witty brains, and sincere hearts could be employed to great advantage. Truly he who, for the love of virtue, devotes himself to the entertainment of the young is an angel of the Lord, doing far greater service than the inert, albeit pious, admonisher who simply Don'ts.

That Christian mother who provides rational amusement for her children performs a noble and blessed duty. She sets aside certain evenings to be entirely devoted to the entertainment of her young folks. She gathers a congenial assembly of youthful neighbors. She treats them to a pre-arranged programme of varied diversions. She makes it her business to teach them graceful games and merry dances. She buys the prettiest and newest music. She arouses their interest in instructive as well as hilarious games. Such a mother does more, far more, towards keeping her children out of sin than those other mothers—just as pious, perhaps, but not nearly so wise—who sit down and say to their children: "My dears, don't dance round dances, don't go to balls and parties, don't learn to waltz, don't go to dancing-school, etc." Their advice is disobeyed, because they work the Don't plan only and forget the Do. But our wise mother runs her plan of campaign on the Do style, and wins every time. Her young people are kept so busy with their charades and tableaux, their games and sociable square dances, that they don't get a chance to think about round dances. What a merry scene it is too! Yet she does not need to veil her picture of the Madonna, her copy of the Transfiguration, or her bas-relief of the Good Shepherd. She does not need to feel ashamed of the merriment going on before them. Our Lord himself was present at the wedding-feast of Cana, and our Lord's picture is not out of place among these innocent recreations.

As the young people skip from one end to the other of her long parlors, as their laughter rings around her chandeliers, as their manœuvres and novel evolutions of new-fangled games are reflected from her stately mirrors, as their joyous voices make a babel of enlivening sounds throughout her rooms, as the assemblage breaks up early with pleasant good-bys to her and gay *au-revoirs* to each other, she feels that moral triumph which the Don't mother can never feel.

I know one practical mother whose sons were rather given to strong language. One day she said to them: "Boys, instead of swearing so, just let me tell you what to do. Substitute the word consider, with an accent on the *con;* say, for instance, 'Consider the luck,' or something of the sort." The idea took, and took so well that not only her sons, but their neighbors and playmates, followed the plan. And now, to hear the way those chaps "*con*sider" this, and "*corn*sider" that, and "consider" everything, is funny.

Oh! yes; one Do is worth a dozen Don'ts. And blessings too on the good-natured paterfamilias who "stoops to conquer." His creed is expression, not suppression. He believes in not plugging up the kettle's mouth, but in leaving a safety-valve for the surplus steam of youth. He knows the value of interesting and wholesome merriment. One of his first dogmas is: "Give the boys home accomplishments." He has each one taught some musical instrument. One takes the flute, a second the violin, another the piano, and yet another the trombone. Hard on the neighbors? Well yes, rather; but neighbors are tough, and must learn to put up with some things for the public good. Our jolly pater does not stint in buying his boys home amusements and material for out-door sports, and thus he more effectually keeps them out of harm than the Don't father, who merely says to his children, "Now, boys, don't go into bad company, into drinking-saloons or gambling-dens; don't drink, don't bet, and don't loaf in the streets." Our jolly Do father takes his boys when they are young (it's the only way), and cultivates in them a taste for cheerful home pastimes, invites the lads of the neighborhood, has tip-top suppers now and then, birth-day parties and rewards-of-school-success parties on occasion, encourages them in music and the poetry of motion "on the square." He has them patronize the gymnasium, the riding-school, swimming-school, and even the shooting-gallery and the ten-pin alley, but, above all, the Catholic clubs of his parish. Adroitly managing so that his boys think they are having it all their own way, he apparently leaves them to themselves and stays in the background; but all the while he is the controller of their every enjoyment.

But does this wise pater exist at all? Ay, that's the question. That he does not exist very numerously is beyond question. And then the masses who have neither wise and wealthy fathers, nor pious and prudent mothers—what is done for their amusement? Oh! when I see institutions established for the rational entertainment of the poor I could fall down and worship the originators. And I am filled with shame and envy as I think: "Why were not Catholics the first movers in this? Why are not Catholics its chief supporters? Why do non-Catholics get ahead of us so often in these matters?" And I blame it chiefly on the Don'ts—those miserable, theoretical Don'ts that expect impossibilities from frail human nature, heroic sacrifice from feeble sinners, and saintly endurance from ordinary mortals.

He who would prevent dangerous pleasures must furnish innocent ones or—transform his charges into saints and angels.

Why am I so cantankerous on the subject of Don'ts? Because I've been watching—for long years, watching the failure of them. I have seen so many pious mothers and so few pious sons; I hear such strong Don't lectures and see such weak results; I hear such powerful denunciations of forbidden dances, and calculate that the number of young Catholics who don't dance them is about one in five hundred; I have observed such vast floods of anti-liquor eloquence, and such vaster floods of the liquor itself ever increasing. That is why I am down on the Don'ts; not that I would altogether abolish them—Heaven forbid!—but that I would show how utterly impotent they are without the Dos.

Injudicious Don'ts, with regard to pleasure, are responsible too for a fallacy, an actual heresy, among many Protestants. They have come to regard pleasure as a sin in itself. Card-playing, dancing, fiddling, even merry conversations, are considered as intrinsically sinful. This error, like all error, is based on truth, at least partially. Pleasure is indeed the most formidable, most dangerous weapon of the devil. But it is *only* a weapon, and can be wrested from him, taken in hand by our Do angels, and wielded in the service of the Lord.

He who invented progressive euchre—may his tribe increase!—created a Do which is a better preventive of sinful amusements than the longest string of Don'ts ever invented. The originators of the Catholic Knights of America and the Catholic Benevolent Legion—blessings on them!—dealt a heavier blow upon secret societies than was ever dealt by aggressive book or sermon. The founder of a Young Men's Catholic Lyceum is a good angel in disguise. Each promoter of Catholic sociability does more to prevent mixed marriages than the strongest denunciation of them ever does.

The Y. M. C. A. and the Seamen's Bethels go further towards mitigating the liquor curse than do all the temperance lectures and all the pledges ever signed.

The promoter of jolly games and frisky frolics, of good music, innocent dramas, and all wholesome evening gayeties among young people, does more towards preventing round dances, opera-going, and vile theatricals than does the most vehement preacher.

There is in this city one admirable Do which goes further towards preventing immoral reading than a five-year course of Don'ts—a Catholic library, terms ten cents a month, one book a week! Would there were a similar institution in every Catholic parish in the world! It contains, besides standard works, nearly four hundred novels. This is as it should be. The bulk of mankind are people of weak intellect, and the bulk of a public library should be selected accordingly. These novels supply with a harmless pabulum the masses who *will* read mediocre, sensational stories, and never care for anything better. Thus does this Do effectually prevent sinful, injurious reading.

Yes, Don'ts have doubtless their share in the cure of present-day evils, but by far the greater share in this cure belongs now to the anti-don'ts.

O ye fathers and mothers, ye teachers and preachers, ye writers and fighters, whose counsels are all negative and none positive, change your tactics for a while. Do! Starve us no longer on withering Don'ts, but feed us awhile on delectable Dos.

M. T. ELDER.

NEW ORLEANS, May, 1888.

A MYSTERY OF THE OUTPOSTS.

I.

The mountain district extending southwestwardly from the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad between Harper's Ferry and Oakland, towards Stanton and Green Briar, was during the Civil War the theatre of many stirring actions of which but little account has hitherto been set down in the record of that fateful period in American history. A few miles south of the railroad is the once well-travelled Northwestern Turnpike, which Washington when a young man helped to lay out as a means of communication between the tobacco plantations of the Old Dominion and the country about the headwaters of the Ohio. In the entire distance, however, between the Grafton, where, coming down from Pittsburgh, it crosses the railroad, and Winchester, where it finally debouches from the mountains into the lovely valleys of the Shenandoah, this turnpike passes through but one town, and that is Romney. Forty miles west of Winchester is Romney, a true mountain fastness, with its court-house, and two hundred or three hundred houses couched on a tolerably level plateau. Lofty ranges shut it in on all sides, except for the two gaps, one east and one west, by which the turnpike makes its way, and two other defiles, one north and one south, through which flows, winding around beneath Romney, the deep and rapid stream of the South Branch of the Potomac. By a road following the valley of that river Romney is connected with Moorefield to the south, and with Green Springs Run on the railroad to the north. The scenery is everywhere picturesque, but it is also everywhere sombre, gloomy, and almost savage. From its natural situation Romney early in the war became the centre of Confederate activity for this region, and it was consequently an objective point for the Union commanders of the Upper Potomac, who between July and October, 1861, made at least three attempts to capture and hold it, but only the last time with complete success.

Six or seven miles north of the town the river makes a sudden bend towards the east, and at this point is crossed by the high road from Romney to Green Springs Run. In 1861 a graceful suspension bridge carried the road across. South of the river is a rugged hill crowned by an outcropping dun mass of vertically stratified rock, which from afar bears a likeness to an ancient and crumbling castle. On the opposite bank a lofty ridge comes to an abrupt end, presenting an almost perpendicular face to the river, but leaving beneath a few yards of dry shale that afford space for a rough wagon road.

The high road passes along the western base of these heights, and at the bridge sends off two connecting roads towards the east, one around the castellated hill, and one along the shaly margin on the other side. A mile east of the bridge, where the hills fall away on either hand, the unconfined channel of the river spreads out to nearly double its width above, so as to be fordable at all seasons of the year, furnishing an easy means of communication between Winchester and points to the north of the bridge.

The war had within a few months of its beginning stripped this never thickly-settled part of Virginia of most of its able-bodied white men. Hill-side and valley, as well as the craggy and desolate mountain ranges, seemed to belong once more to the wild things of nature. The scream of an eagle soaring in the vault of the gray sky would call out in response a discordance of harsh and jarring animal sounds. Even the few Union soldiers who occasionally appeared in view seemed to move about with more stealthy step than the foxes, which now and again scampered from thicket to thicket and from knoll to knoll. Graceful deer with spreading antlers would peer out from the forest growth, and then without fear stride leisurely on through the quiet glades.

The Wire-Bridge and the ford constituted together a strategic point of considerable importance to the Union troops occupying Romney; were it once to fall into possession of the Confederates, Romney would be cut off from direct communication with the Baltimore and Ohio railroad and from supplies, except by means of a much longer and a more circuitous route. For this reason General McClellan had, immediately on the capture of Romney by the Unionists, ordered that a picked company of infantry should be sent at once to the bridge to become its permanent guard, with outposts thrown out in various directions, but especially at the northern approach to the ford.

The company selected well deserved the confidence reposed in it; it was composed of young men mostly of Western birth, and of Irish and Yankee stock chiefly. It had played a dashing part in the attack on Romney, and was destined in many subsequent campaigns in the Shenandoah Valley, under Shields on the Peninsula, at Antietam, at Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, in the Wilderness, at Spottsylvania, at Cold Harbor, and, finally, in the wearying siege of Petersburg—in more than sixty battles, to display that combination of intelligence, endurance, high spirits, versatility, and courage under all imaginable trials which mark American soldiers of the very highest grade.

Just at this time "Stonewall" Jackson, scarcely yet risen to fame, was in command of the Confederate troops at Winchester, and information had been brought to Lander, the Union commander at Romney, that Jackson was meditating a movement towards the railroad in order to cut off the Union force from its supplies. General Lander had long enjoyed a reputation for boldness, but somehow the gloom of this treacherous mountain region seemed, from first to last during the war, to have inspired most of the Union commanders with a feeling of caution that closely bordered on timidity, and Lander proved no exception. At all events, it was taken for granted that should the rumors of Jackson's intentions turn out to be well founded, General Lander would abandon Romney and, gathering up all his force, retreat to the safe vicinity of the railroad.

The month of January, 1862, had come. During the night of the 8th snow had been falling steadily and quietly down, and now hills and mountain slopes, valleys and ravines alike were overspread by a coverlet so white, smooth, and immaculate that the limpid, eddying water of the South Branch appeared by comparison dark and turgid as it wound along. The slender fabric of the suspension bridge seemed to be spanning the stream with nothing more substantial than a pair of long, downward-curving festoons of white feathers and swan's-down. The little log cabin at the northern end of the bridge, constructed by the out-post company for the purpose of a guard-house, and the rough board shanties higher up the road, and nestling in the shelter of the ridge which rose behind it, which were the company's quarters, were buried nearly out of sight.

But the high road itself, coming down from the north past the company's quarters, crossing the bridge, and turning around the castellated hill, and then following the bank of the river on to Romney, was plainly visible in spite of the snow; the wide wagon-tracks through it evidenced recent and heavy traffic.

The afternoon is fast wearing away. The air is damp, but with scarcely a rift of wind, so that the smoke from the wattled chimneys of the guard-house and company's quarters ascends straight upwards and afar before it is diffused out of sight. The voices of the sentinels idly calling to one another from either end of the bridge sound shrill, like the voices of children at play. Night settles rapidly down at this time of the year in the mountains, and daylight has just gone out.

In a hollow spot, fifty yards, perhaps, to the north of the ford, a group of seven men are standing or squatting around a picket fire. The little conversation between the men is in a low tone, and all else about is still, except for the rippling of the South Branch over the rocky bed of the ford. A few moments ago they had heard the flourish of bugles sounding the beautiful call known as "Retreat"; that was the sunset signal of a Union cavalry force in bivouac at Springfield, two miles away, in the direction of the railroad. One of the soldiers standing at the fire has a sergeant's triple chevrons on his sleeve. He draws a silver watch from his inside pocket, and, after a glance at it, says to a man who is drinking the last draught of something from his canteen: "Five o'clock, Tully. Go on post!"

"All right, sergeant," the man addressed answers in a thick voice, and having adjusted his belts, raised his musket and fumbled over the lock an instant, he puts the piece "aport" in front of his body, and goes out with a decidedly unsteady step towards the river.

The sergeant shook his head with a feeling of uneasiness, and, as he looked around the group, muttered: "One is as bad as another; they are all fuddled!" Tully's footsteps were still heard crunching the snow when, in the direction in which he had disappeared, a slight flash glimmered through the dingy air, and there came thence the report of a musket-shot, sounding dull and without resonance amid the snow-covered hills. The wary men—wary, in spite of the condition which the sergeant had discerned in them, from force of long-established habit—trampled out their fire and, without uttering a word, moved swiftly to the ford.

As they came near the river, the sergeant in a loud whisper called "Tully!"

"Here, sergeant!" came the answer in a like tone from Tully, who was kneeling beside a prostrate figure. "Here is Cale, dead!" he said to the sergeant, who by this time had reached the river-bank at the ford with his whole party.

The cautious sergeant, much as he might be interested in the death of one of his soldiers, did not, however, forget his duty and responsibility to guard against surprise. "Keep down, boys!" he commanded, still in a loud whisper. "Maybe the enemy is right at the other side of the ford and can see us," he continued, and touching one of his men on the shoulder he directed him to go as quickly as possible to the bridge and report what had taken place. The man darted off as bidden. "Poor Cale!" the sergeant murmured, as he looked at the body of the dead sentinel. "But," he said, turning the body over and searching as well as he could in the dark, "I don't find any wound."

"Wait until we get him to the light," Tully said, and the sergeant assented, and then he turned his gaze once more towards the other side of the river, where the road ran along the bank. "I don't believe there is anything across there," he said, "or we would see more of it by this time."

"I saw some one running away from there," said Tully, pointing to the opposite side of the ford, "just as I came—that was the second after the shot was fired. There!—what's that?" he exclaimed, pointing to a dark object close to the edge of the water.

"That's only a laurel-bush," the sergeant answered.

"No," persisted Tully; "it's a man! I've been on this post too often not to know everything over there by sight. That's a man! Don't you see it moving now?"

But the snow, which had been threatening for some hours, suddenly began to fall, and it came down in soft flakes, shutting out completely the view on every hand.

II.

There is a remark of Uncle Toby in *Tristram Shandy* to the effect that the English army "swore terribly in Flanders." In that there is nothing strange, for probably all armies in campaign can be charged with the same offence, and as *Tristram Shandy* is a book which neither on its own account nor on account of its author is entitled to any weight, a quotation from it here might seem far-fetched only for the following explanation. It affords an opportunity to parody Uncle Toby's saying by another, which is true at least and belongs to history, along with much else that is good, bad, or indifferent. It is this: *Our army drank terribly in Virginia.* Not that all our army drank terribly —or even at all. By no means. There were many, both officers of every rank and soldiers of no rank at all, who resisted the strong temptation which all the circumstances conspired to place in their way. And such temptation as there was! Hardship and exposure such as no tongue or pen could adequately describe, and at all times the complete absence of those various associations which, in ordinary life, involve the ever-present censorship of religion, and of generally virtuous and self-respecting surroundings. There were many, it must be repeated, who did not yield, but then it did seem at times as if those who drank at all drank their own share and the share of the abstinent as well, or very much more indeed, for the number of the abstinent, though large absolutely, was comparatively so small that their share, supposing them to have been entitled to a share, could not have sufficed to produce the demoralization that too often prevailed. How many well-laid plans of campaign or battle turned out disastrous and bloody failures, wanton sacrifices of life, time, and money, because of brains fuddled by liquor, not even conscientious historians will ever be able to ascertain to the full extent. From generals commanding, who made the plans or supervised their execution, to subaltern officers, and to plain privates upon whom the details rested, there were innumerable instances at all times of gross incapacity, attributable to nothing else than the assuaging of the alcoholic thirst. For this deep drinking anything and everything offered an excuse.

During the afternoon, but a few hours before Cale was found dead at his post at the ford, a regiment of Indiana infantry had passed along the road from Green Springs Run and over the Wire Bridge on its way to Romney to reinforce Lander. For such a body and its *impedimenta* to cross a fragile bridge requires some time. It can cross in small sections only, and the movement of its heavily laden wagons with their straggling six-mule teams is even still more aggravatingly slow; one wagon at a time, and that at a most leisurely walk, so as not to endanger the bridge on which so many eventualities of a campaign may depend.

Of course the marching regiment, having just come from Cumberland, was well provided as to its canteens, if in no other respect, and during the fraternization which took place between them and the outpost company, in the long halt before crossing the bridge, a liberal supply of the liquor found its way into the hitherto empty canteens of the outposts, and, in spite of standing orders and of the watchfulness of some of the officers, got into the heads and heels of some of the men on duty, not merely at the bridge, but at the various picket-posts, including that at the ford.

Now, the commandant of the company was not austere by any means. On the contrary, Captain Bonnom was a great favorite everywhere with officers and men. On the march, in camp, or on picket, it was a pleasure to serve with him or under him. In the thick of battle he was the soul of gayety and seldom failed to impart his own high spirits to those around him. No military martinet knew the drill or the technicalities of army routine better than he. From "setting up" a raw recruit to manœuvring a battalion, or even a brigade, he was as sure and correct as the hand-book of tactics itself, but, rigid disciplinarian as he was, he always spared others rather than himself, and his sunny nature rarely permitted him to keep a scowl long on his face, even on those infrequent occasions when he might think it proper to be angry. He was a devout Catholic, but he did not make his religion offensive to others, so that even a Protestant chaplain had quietly pointed him out to officers as a model of a Christian soldier and gentleman. Captain Bonnom was, however, strictly abstinent from liquor, and almost the only thing that seemed able to stir his animosity deeply was a breach of discipline, or an evil action of any sort, resulting from alcohol.

The Indiana regiment had passed over the bridge and on to Romney. The "retreat" roll-call had been attended to at the company's quarters and the men were contentedly enjoying their supper—all but a few who had been too much affected by the free drinking during the afternoon, and who were now stretched out in a more or less stupid condition on the floor or the bunks of the guard-house down at the bridge.

The "quarters" consisted of five roughly constructed board shanties; one small one for the captain and his two lieutenants, and four others of larger proportions for the four sections of the company. Next to the captain's hut came the First Section, that is to say the fourth of the company occupying the right in line of battle, and therefore the tallest men of the command. The Fourth Section, composed of the left of the line of battle, occupied the shanty at the other extreme, and between the two sections there was evinced the mutual contempt and ill-will usually felt between tall and short men. The "little fellows," as the Fourth Section was called, were wont to boast that they did more work, marched better, and took a larger proportion of their men into battle than the big fellows of the First Section, who, they added, were only good to growl and to devour rations. Indeed, it was a common subject of remark that the First Section would eat its whole day's supply at breakfast, and then starve and grumble for the rest of the day, unless it could manage to beg, borrow, or steal some of the more abstemious Fourth Section's store. The First Section, swelling with the importance of its bigness, generally contented itself by returning a disdainful frown to these venomous taunts. The Second and Third Sections, composed of medium-sized men, habitually maintained an attitude of amused impartiality between the giants and the dwarfs.

The First Section seemed to be taking things easy, as they usually did when they had had enough to eat. Their shanty, like the other three, was about fifteen feet long by twelve wide, affording shelter to fifteen or sixteen men, about one-third of the entire company being constantly on duty, either at the bridge or at the outlying posts. In the centre of the long side of the structure was a wide hearth, made in a good imitation of the Virginia style by building the chimney on the outside and cutting an opening through the wall for the fireplace. Opposite was a long, rough shelf about eight feet wide, extending the whole length, furnishing a bunk for one-half the inmates, the other half sleeping on the floor beneath. On either side of the hearth stood seven or eight loaded muskets, each having a set of belts and a cartridge-box suspended to it; all ready to be grasped on the instant of an alarm.

The First Section are taking it easy, and no wonder, for they are finishing what looks like a very good supper: broiled juicy venison, from a fat deer killed as it came down to the river to drink; stewed rabbit, trapped on the hillside above; roast chicken, "captured" by some of these men when on picket the day before, and, added to all this, the invariable "hard-tack," mess-pork, beans, and coffee. While the other shanties have each but one sergeant, this is dignified by two, one of whom is now on picket at the ford, and the other the Orderly Sergeant, who never goes on duty away from the whole company, and, being next in rank to the commissioned officers, always maintains a certain reserve, and feeds on the best that is to be had.

Supper being finished, the Orderly naturally takes the best place on the floor, directly in front of the cheerful blaze that is crackling from the great back-log on the hearth. The others distribute themselves about, some sitting down near the Orderly, others stretching themselves at full length in their bunks.

"Boys," said the Orderly, looking pleasantly into the blaze before him, "those fellows down at the ford will have a lively time before they can be relieved. The chances are that if they are not snowed in to-night, some of Ashby's cavalry will try to sneak across the river lower down and cut them off. For I heard a little while ago that Jackson is reported this side of Winchester moving against us."

"I hope they are all sober at the ford by this time," said a long-legged corporal, who sat beside the Orderly with his knees bent almost up to his chin to keep his feet out of the fire, and who was trying to force a blade of hay through the stem of his laurel-root pipe. "I haven't any use for men that can't drink without making fools of themselves."

"Say, Corporal, don't be too hard on the boys," expostulated a man who was lying full length on his back in an upper bunk. "It would take a respectable distillery to fill your whole length, and as the commissary department doesn't have much left after the officers have taken what they want, you don't get more than enough to wet your whistle. But them little fellows get brim full and runnin' over on the same amount."

"Oh! I don't know about that," the corporal rejoined. "You're about my length yourself, and you seemed to have more than you could hold this afternoon. The fact is, you are all nearly sober now, which is more than could have been said of you a couple of hours ago. But you have had a good supper and that has done you good. I wouldn't like to trust this crowd now, if it had had to go hungry. What do you think, Sergeant?"

"Corporal Hanagan is right," the Orderly returned indirectly. "As soon as the Captain found out that some of the men on picket were drunk he ordered Lieutenant Roche to relieve them with a detail of sober men from the quarters, but the lieutenant had to report that he couldn't find enough sober men to make it worth while! I hope no harm will come from to-day's spree; that's all I've got to say about it now."

"Ra, ta, ta—ra, ta, ta—"

"There is 'retreat' at Springfield," said the Orderly, as all ceased speaking for a moment to listen to the far-off bugle notes.

"Cale, of our section, and Tully, of the Fourth, had a fight on the post this afternoon, I heard," said a tall fellow who was standing in a corner of the shanty polishing his gun-barrel with a greased piece of shammy. "Cale is from your State, isn't he, Corporal?"

"Yes, he is from Indiana," was the reply of Corporal Hanagan, who was an Indiana-reared Irish-American, "and I reckon that explains how the liquor flowed down to the ford from that Indiana regiment."

"'There are two things you can't do," said the man in the bunk. "You can't stop a Virginia woman from smuggling things across to the Secesh, and you can't keep whiskey from finding its level, especially when Ohio and Indiana furnish the level."

Midway of the wide space that separated the captain's hut from the company's quarters was a great fire which was never allowed to go out. It was used for cooking by those who chose, and it was at all times the sociable centre of the company, the one spot where all four sections could forget their difference in height and weight. Its glare was hidden from distant observers and sheltered from the wind on two sides by the company's and officers' quarters respectively, at the rear by the ridge which rose steeply up, and in front on the side of the road by screens made of interlaced laurel-bushes and cedar-branches. The ash-strewn ground in front of the glowing back-log was a favorite resort in the long evenings before the orders to "turn-in" for sleep. Of those who were wont to gather there many were mere striplings, not yet out of their teens. Others there were who could no doubt have told even stranger tales than any they did tell, had they been so inclined; half grizzled waifs from various parts of the world; veterans of European, Asiatic, and African wars; sailors who had sailed in all the known seas. Among them were specimens of the fag-ends of humanity, enlisted for pelf or from hatred of regular work, here associated in daily intercourse with honest and patriotic men. As with the Crusaders of old, some of them were fighting merely for meat and drink and pay. The mercenaries, however, while frankly acknowledging themselves to be such, were mostly brave, and were loyal to the flag they had elected to follow.

The flame blazed up, bringing into view the black masses of foliage of pine and hemlock and cedar on the hillside behind, and lighting up the countenances of a circle of sixty men intent upon an object on the ground in the midst. At one point the circle opened for an instant to admit the entrance of a slender figure of medium height—an officer in a captain's uniform. It was Captain Bonnom. He stood erect for an instant, after having glanced at the object of universal attention, and then slowly turned around, scanning each of the anxious countenances in turn.

"You have had a grand spree, my boys," he said, "and this is the result. Some of you—ten at least—not content with making beasts of yourselves to satisfy the desire for drink, violated standing orders by passing the guards at the bridge without authority from me—by sneaking through, in fact!—and prowled around stupidly, even after dark, when the countersign was on, from one picket-post to another."

Then spreading out his hands and ordering half the circle to double upon the others, so as to have all the men faced towards him, he said in a low voice of sincere wrath and indignation that checked the heart-beats of many there: "Drunkenness caused this murder—for murder it was. Who murdered this man?" And he pointed to the body stretched out at full length upon a rubber blanket.

All were pale; but Tully, who, in spite of himself, had been crowded by the throng into the front rank of the circle, was a pitiable sight to behold. His face was of the whiteness of white tallow, his eyes were dilated, and dull, dark wreaths encircled them quite around, while his jaw hung, and the color had entirely disappeared from his lips. His mouth was wide open but speechless. He would have fallen headlong across the dead body had not those near him, on a signal from the captain, seized him then and there.

The snow was falling fast and thick now, and preparations were at once made to set fire to the shanties, and be ready to fall in with their regiment as soon as the retreating force, now almost at the bridge, should begin to pass by.

III.

Lander's retreat began amid a snow-storm, and the snow continued for some hours to fall. Far back, in the direction of Romney, a trembling glow like the aurora borealis told that the heaps of army stores gathered during some weeks with the intention of making an offensive campaign, and which there had now been neither time nor wagons to carry off, were still burning, while not so far away and more towards the east was the sign of a lesser conflagration, the destruction of the late outpost quarters at the Wire Bridge.

First of all came the train of, perhaps, two hundred heavily laden covered wagons, each drawn by six mules; the driver, astride of the near wheel-mule, guiding the team with a single check-line. How the train, two miles or more in length, struggled through the snow down that road from Romney! Behind followed most of the batteries of artillery, the heavy horses trudging along with a constant rattle and clatter of harness. And then came the column itself, marching four abreast with muskets at the right shoulder. Under and over everything lay the deep snow; the wheels of the wagons and the batteries toiled up to the hubs in it; wagon-tops, mules' and horses' backs, jolting cannon, the hats and shoulders of the six thousand men were covered by it.

At the head of the column marched the provost guard with several prisoners; one in handcuffs. This last was Tully.

Towards midnight the snow ceased, and then the warm, moist air condensed into drops of water; it began to rain. How it did rain all that 10th of January, 1862, upon the two armies, the Unionists retreating from Romney, and the Confederates under Jackson attempting to cut off the retreat! It used to be said in war times that rain was nowhere so wet, and mud nowhere so muddy as in Virginia. The moisture had condensed into a drizzle, which had continued to grow thicker and heavier as morning approached, and then at daylight, O misery! what a sight the retreating column beheld in front of it! Yesterday as far as the eye could range was an expanse of spotless white; now a sea of fluid mud stretched widely out, and the rain, no longer a steady downpour, was driving across in floods from the northeast, and with so bitterly persistent a violence that it was only with immense difficulty that the column could press on, the men toiling, heads down, as best they could against the chilling storm of wind and water. By noon the rivulets had swollen into raging torrents, streams that ordinarily were mere creeks were now become wide, deep, and impassable rivers.

There were no longer any roads; nothing but a frightful waste of mud and water. Splash! splash! and spatter! spatter! the column went on; no longer a column in four ranks, but to all appearance a disordered, mud-bedraggled mob, the water draining down in steady streams from hat-brims and the skirts of overcoats, and from the shining backs of horses and mules.

The temperature fell as dusk approached, and suddenly the rain was turned into sleet, which, as the coldness quickly increased, shot down like a shower of slender icicles upon the rubber blankets that were now spread around the shoulders of the wet, shivering, wretched men as they plodded on towards the railroad. For hours the march had consisted in striding through mire, but now it was reduced to crawling, sliding, slipping over the smooth surface of a frozen glare. The way now led by short cuts up and down steep hills, over uneven or stony fields, through or across deep ravines, and finally, and worst, perhaps, of all, along the railroad track, picking irregular steps from cross-tie to cross-tie, and all this while over a thin sheet of treacherous gray ice.

A few miles to the east another column was heading towards the railroad. It was Jackson and his Confederates from Winchester. How greatly they failed in the endeavor of their expedition, what suffering they underwent, how many a brave fellow among them, exhausted and benumbed, dropped down and fell asleep in the rigid arms of cold death—all that is matter of history.

Tully next day was lodged in Cumberland jail.

IV.

The month of May, 1862, was a critical period for the military situation in Virginia. McClellan had transported most of the Army of the Potomac to the Peninsula, very much to the displeasure of the War Department, which insisted on maintaining an entire army corps, under McDowell, at Fredericksburg in order to cover Washington from sudden attacks on that side. It was understood, however, that this corps, strengthened by the addition of the Union force operating in the Shenandoah Valley, would march at the earliest practicable moment so as to join McClellan's right in the movement against Richmond. Such a combination the Confederates had naturally taken measures to prevent; "Stonewall" Jackson, playing upon the fears of the War Department strategists, was enabled with less than twenty-five thousand men to keep three armies, under McDowell, Shields, and Fremont, respectively, guarding the direct approaches to the Potomac River. In a military sense the campaign of May, 1862, had so far proved a prosperous one for the Confederates in Virginia.

Lander had died in February, and Shields, taking command of Lander's former division, had won a brilliant victory over Jackson near Winchester, with the result of driving that active commander quite out of the Valley, as was then supposed; Shields marching then to Fredericksburg in order to take part in McDowell's contemplated junction with the main body of the Army of the Potomac in front of Richmond. But no sooner had Jackson learned of Shields' withdrawal from the Valley than he began that famous manœuvre which forced Banks to abandon hospitals, sick, wounded, immense stores of army supplies, and strategic positions that had taken months to secure. Therefore it was that Shields' Division, with but three days' rest at Fredericksburg after their long march, set out to return to the Valley over nearly the same route by which they had just come.

During most of the week's march the weather was delightful, and fortunately so for Shields' men; history has described few armies more badly dressed than they were at this time. It had been the intention to refit them at Fredericksburg with new uniforms and equipments, but the unforeseen necessity of this march back to the Valley had rendered this impossible. Not a few commissioned officers were without a whole garment. As for the non-commissioned officers and the privates, these, though, figuratively speaking, clothed in the dignity of being the most enterprising and valuable, and at the same time the happiest-minded division of Union troops in Virginia, were literally draped in tatters. One-half the division were barefoot, many had neither hat nor cap; trousers hung in ribbons around their ankles, coats and jackets had but one sleeve, or no sleeve at all. Many were even entirely without either overcoat or blanket. A mere mob! some one may say. Ah! but you ought to have seen this mob march! You ought to have seen it fight! The cowl does not make the monk, nor does the uniform make the soldier. But there was one thing that was often remarked about Shields' Division: though they scarcely ever settled down long enough at any one place to brush and polish and primp themselves so as to make a very spruce showing at dress-parade, their muskets were always in good order, shining like silver, even if their shoes were soiled with dust, and their cartridge-boxes were usually well supplied, even when their haversacks did not contain a meal of victuals.

As this ragged but splendid force pushed on west, it was a sight to see their pace. There was the erect yet supple swing of the body and the long, swift stride of step that showed the effects of fine physical condition, of severe yet practical military training, and of much and varied experience in active campaigns. How they did march, to be sure! It was an uncommonly good horse that could keep all day up with their steady, rapid gait.

In the advance, with rattling belts, clanking sabres, and clattering hoofs, march the cavalry—a small but choice body of horsemen. After an interval of a quarter of a mile, perhaps, comes the infantry column, its batteries of artillery interspersed between the brigades. The "battery boys" are the aristocracy of the force, for, despite the old-fashioned regulations to the contrary, their fat, well-filled knapsacks and haversacks are secured to the tops of the ammunition-boxes of the caissons, instead of being strapped to their own backs and sides, and thus they are enabled to step along particularly light and cheery beside their guns, cracking jokes with their jaunty drivers at the expense of the "humpbacks," as they style the more heavily-burdened infantry. These last, for all that they are loaded down with a grievous weight of arms and equipments, and brisk as is their movement, maintain the best of humor, in spite of occasional deep growls at the manner of the march, or at some other fancied error, and they are constantly ready and quite able to give and return jibes with cavalry or artillery, as the case may be, whenever those arms of the service happen to be brought near to them. From time to time songs of various sorts, patriotic, pathetic, or sentimental, rise from the ranks, and sometimes are taken up in chorus by an entire regiment.

At the head of the leading brigade is Captain Bonnom's company. After a five days' tramp the division has reached Manassas Gap in the Blue Ridge, through which the turnpike road connects "Ole Virginny" with the valleys beyond. The sun has just risen, and its beams are lighting up the crests on either side of the pass, and are glancing into hollows here and there, and flashing occasional sparkles over the surface of the pretty stream that flows along beside the road, and are setting birds to chirruping their loudest. But generally the gap is still indistinct to the eye. The keen morning air has roused the half-sleeping wits of the soldiers and has loosened their tongues.

"Say, Orderly," said a tall corporal in the first file of Captain Bonnom's company to the sergeant who was marching just in front of him and side by side with the captain, "I heard last night that Tully is out of jail and is now somewhere in this column on his way to join us. Is that true?"

But before the sergeant thus addressed could answer the question the captain himself replied: "Yes. He was released from jail because there was nothing but the loosest sort of circumstantial evidence left to bring against him, and almost every one who was at the ford with him that day has since been killed, captured, or discharged. I wish his case could be cleared up one way or the other. But the authorities have concluded to send him back to his company because there is no prospect now of his ever being tried. He will probably be up with us before we get to Front Royal. By the way, Corporal Hanagan, what did you know about that man Cale?"

"Well, Captain," the corporal replied, "I didn't know very much about him before he enlisted with us in Ohio, and most of what I did know was merely hearsay. But I knew who his people were very well, for I was brought up in the same town in Indiana where he was born. His father was old Judge Cale, who used to be a great money-lender in those parts. The judge was reckoned the richest man there, and most of his wealth was in real estate that he had got hold of for money lent by him. He was a hard sort of man to look at. They used to say that he had never been known to do any act willingly unless he supposed he would profit by it. He was the counsel for the railroad there and a bank director, and he kept on growing rich and fat, and I have no doubt from all I have heard of him that he did so by making others poor and lean. He never had but one child, and that was our Hank Cale who was killed that night at Wire Bridge."

"But Hank was not rich," the Orderly remarked.

"No; he wasn't," the corporal replied. "Maybe it was luck, maybe it was retribution. You see," he continued, taking a long plug of navy-tobacco from his blouse pocket, cutting off a piece, putting the piece into his mouth and then turning it over two or three times in order to get the full taste of the first flavor, returning the plug to his pocket, and then giving a loosening twitch to the pressure of the leather sling by which his musket hung from his shoulder—"you see Judge Cale died when his time came, and the whole town turned out to his funeral because he had been a prominent citizen and all that sort of thing, you know. But after his death Mrs. Cale, who was much younger than the judge, married again about as quickly as custom would allow, and the new husband and she managed between them to waste or speculate away pretty much everything that the old judge had been working so many years to get together. Hank was only a little tad then, and they soon made away with Hank's share, in spite of the old judge's will, for you know they say that lawyers' own wills are worse than no wills at all. By the time Hank was a grown-up boy his mother was dead, and he hadn't a cent of all the thousands the judge had laid away for him."

"All that looks like bad luck for Hank," said the Captain, "but so far I don't see any retribution."

"Well, I don't believe that a man could go on for a lifetime as Judge Cale did and not leave some misery for his own people as well as for others. I have heard tell of many a wrong-doing of his. Long ago there used to be a lawyer named Venner living in that town. He was a clever lawyer too, and he had a fine house with handsome grounds, and a very nice family, including three or four little girls, I believe, and one little boy; the boy was about Hank Cale's age. Venner was a generous soul and lived well, but he had no business ability and was always in debt. Among others that he borrowed of was Judge Cale, and he gave the judge a mortgage on his place. He was anxious to save that for his family, and he paid back the full amount with interest according to the bond, but the last payment he neglected to take a receipt for, in his usual careless way, lawyer though he was, and the judge either couldn't find the mortgage and the final note just then, or he said he couldn't. Anyhow, it amounted to the same, for that very day Venner died suddenly of heart disease, and, to put it all in a few words, Judge Cale denied the payment, forced a sale of the place, bought it in, and moved in himself with his own family, sending the Venners adrift. That was the house the judge died in, and willed to Hank."

"What did you say was the name of that other lawyer, Corporal?" inquired the Captain.

"Venner," the corporal answered.

"That is strange," the Captain said to the Orderly. "A man named Venner belonged to the Indiana regiment, and deserted just about the time they crossed the Wire Bridge on the way to Romney." After musing awhile the Captain asked the Orderly: "What was it Tully said when you arrested him about a man that he saw running away from the opposite side of the ford just after Cale's death?"

"I don't remember exactly," the Orderly replied, "but it couldn't have been, for the sergeant told me he looked and could see no one except Tully who could have done the deed."

The head of the column meanwhile had reached the westernmost mouth of Manassas Gap, and it halted at the steep declivity where the turnpike winds around in its descent towards the valley in which Front Royal is situated. Beneath, stretching out towards the brown line of the Massanutten Mountains and reaching north and south, lay the beautiful Shenandoah Valley, its cultivated fields undulating between the irregular masses of broken ridges that rib the soil in various directions. At the foot of the declivity the course of the Shenandoah River, partially encircling Front Royal and then bearing off towards the northwest between two lines of lofty heights, was indicated by a covered bridge and a fringe of willows and poplars, though all was still obscure under the morning shadow of the Blue Ridge. The sun had risen high enough, however, behind Shields' men to burnish with its slanting rays the window-panes in the houses of the town, which was prettily clustered with a railroad station on a plateau a mile or more west of the covered bridge.

Beyond the town a great number of small white spots on the dark hillside showed the Confederate camp. Hark! Tá-ra-ra! tá-ra! tá-ra-ra! Tá-ra! tá-ra-ra! tá-ra! How clearly the bugle-notes of the réveillé in that camp are borne across the valley and up here! The sun has now mounted above the highest peaks of the Blue Ridge, and the dark patches in the valley that a while ago mottled the view have dissolved in the fresh light to reappear as comfortable farm-houses, with their numerous outbuildings, barns, negro quarters, and orchards, and just to the south of the town a reddish-yellow streak along the crest of a low ridge shows newly-constructed earthworks. The daylight has begun to penetrate between the trees near the bridge below and is reflected from the sparkling surface of the river. The high road is clearly defined between the bridge and the town, and then beyond the town as it goes northwardly and westwardly towards Winchester, following for a distance the hither bank of the river and then crossing it again by a second bridge near the point at which the stream bends away between the heights.

Apparently neither the early risers in Front Royal nor the Confederates in the camp suspect as yet that up here; hidden from them by the pines and the dense laurel growth, six pieces of Union artillery are trained on the railroad station and a whole division of Union troops are awaiting the signal to rush down upon them and turn the now quiet place into a wild confusion of havoc. Just this side of the covered hedge a solitary cavalryman in gray sits his horse, and near him three others dismounted are gathered about a little fire in an angle of the fence at the roadside boiling their morning coffee, their horses meanwhile standing contentedly in waiting. In the open field near the Confederate camp, it is true, squadrons of cavalry are rapidly forming, but no alarm whatever seems yet to have been given of the Union approach. Still it is scarcely a fortnight since an outlying Union regiment of Banks' command was surprised on that very spot by these very Confederates, and it would be strange indeed if these were to be caught in the same way.

All this time, a few yards in front of the hidden Union force, a short, compactly built man is standing in the shadow of an oak-tree, surveying with a field-glass the town, the Confederate camp, the roads and the bridges. He wears a general's uniform, without any ostentatious display, and his face, which is smooth-shaven except for a stubby moustache tinged with gray, is deeply furrowed by wrinkles. It is an unmistakably Irish face so far as its lineaments, but the keen, half-humorous expression that lights it up has a suggestion of energy that is decidedly American. It is Gen. Shields. While the general was observing them, the lines of Confederate horsemen, for they were all cavalry, were breaking into columns, and the columns then began to descend the hill towards the road and then to disappear into the town, the leading column reappearing again at the other end of the town, and winding off towards the upper bridge.

A cloud of smoke bursts suddenly out from among the buildings of the railroad station and mounts slowly through the still morning air in a vertical pillar upwards towards the sky. The station is in a blaze, and evidently has been set on fire. Gen. Shields lowers his field-glass, and, turning to one of the staff-officers, who are just behind him, his gray eyes light up in anticipation of an exciting moment. "They are going, Major," he says, "but I think we'll hasten their speed within a few minutes"; and he walked back with his companion to where their horses were waiting for them just inside the edge of the wood.

The Confederate picket post at the bridge have mounted their horses and are scurrying off along the road into the town. From out of the smoke of the burning station a train of freight-cars begins to move slowly off towards Winchester, but the hoarse whistle of its locomotive has scarcely done echoing back and forth between the hills when from the Union position there rings out an almost deafening crash, and six shells, with strident rush, fly away and within a few seconds are bursting in spherical tufts of white smoke amid the columns of the retreating Confederates. Now indeed the valley is awake, and Confederate batteries peal out in answer to the Union guns. Squadrons of Federal cavalry have quietly but hastily descended to the bridge and across to the other side, and there have formed; their sudden dash has prevented the Confederates from burning the bridge. Now they are all ready. There is their bugle signal, "Forward!" How steadily their lines are advancing. Now the signal is "Trot!" and through the slight cloud of dust that is rising behind the swift-pacing hoofs the regular formation is still seen rushing on towards the mass of Confederates that has not yet quit its position. "Charge!" Reader, have you ever seen a cavalry charge? How they go! But all of the charge is hidden for a moment by the denser cloud of dust that rises with the increased speed of the Union line. Now and again a guidon is visible fluttering above a part of the lines and the dust-cloud is moving against the rear and flank of the Confederate columns, some of which have halted and are forming to meet charge with counter charge. One squad of Union horsemen has gone off to the right like the wind, and already are nearly abreast with the locomotive of the runaway freight train and are firing pistol-shots into its cab.

In the little town the crack and rattle of pistol and carbine are rivalling the thunder of cannon, which is now echoing from hill to hill, while ever and anon the Union hurrah goes up and is defiantly answered by the shrill hi! hi! of the Confederates. Riderless horses are scampering back and over the fields, and dismounted men, bleeding and limping, are painfully making their way, as best they can, back from the points where the struggle has become stubbornly engaged. Shields himself, with his staff, is up with his cavalry, and now his infantry has defiled across the covered bridge and is pouring at the double-quick into the town to take part in the contest and bring it to an end.

The Confederate commander gathered his force together on the approach of the Union infantry and withdrew in some haste. It had been a brief but brilliant affair, and to some extent, at least, atoned for the annoyance caused to the Union army by Jackson's surprise of Banks shortly before. Shields' cavalry, with some infantry, among which was Captain Bonnom's company, deployed in skirmishing order, pressed the rear of the retreating Confederates along the turnpike road and across the second bridge.

Once beyond the bridge the chase was much scattered, according to the varying advantages of ground, or the dash, or stubbornness, as it might be, of the contestants. Beyond the second bridge, for a mile or more on towards Winchester, the crests and slopes on either hand of the turnpike were dotted with puffs of smoke from pistol, carbine, musket, and cannon. Capt. Bonnom's extended skirmish-line had pushed forward close to the rear of the main column of the retreating army, and a squad of Confederate cavalry temporarily cut off were endeavoring to break through his right in order to rejoin their comrades. That part of Bonnom's men had therefore rallied in groups of four, and in the four on the extreme right was Corporal Hanagan, whose tall figure rose up even above the tall comrades who stood about him in a circle, facing outwards. His features were streaming with blood and soiled with powder, and he, as well as the others, was loading and firing slowly and steadily, occasionally emptying a saddle of its rider, an event which he did not fail to celebrate with a wild whoop of triumph.

There were, perhaps, twenty of the horsemen, and, having repeatedly discharged their carbines in vain, they drew their sabres and rode with a fierce yell, at full gallop, against the skirmishers separating from one another with widening intervals as they went. But what is this? A footman, who had just been descried running at topmost speed from the direction of the bridge, had almost reached Corporal Hanagan's four, when the upraised sabre of one of the Confederate horsemen fell upon him with a deadly stroke. The corporal fired to save him, but although his shot came too late for this, it brought the cavalryman to the earth, the horse, frightened by the din of the mêlée, cantering away first to one side and then to the other.

Along the Winchester turnpike, through and out past Front Royal, across the second bridge, and broadcast over the hillsides and hollows, the dead and wounded lay beneath the searching rays of the hot noon-day sun. The stretcher-bearers were already at their rough but kindly work. Far out beyond the second bridge they had gathered a dozen poor wounded fellows, gray and blue alike, just as they had come across them, into the inviting shade of a weather-stained haystack, and were constantly bringing in more for the surgeons and hospital-stewards, who, with coats off and sleeves rolled up, were engaged in the endeavor to heal these wrecked bodies. Almost side by side among the wounded were a Federal and a Confederate, the one an infantryman dying from a sabre-stroke, the other having the insignia of Ashby's famous cavalry regiment. They lay exhausted, their features pale and pinched, their glazing eyes almost without expression. The Confederate slightly turned his head as a Union surgeon, stooping to look at him, called to an assistant to bring a dose of brandy.

"Don't give me liquor, doctor," the man murmured weakly. "I am bound to die with this wound and the liquor will do no good."

"I'm sorry, my boy," said the surgeon, "that I cannot save you. But you had better take this brandy; it will help you to die easy."

The man's blue lips quivered, but he managed to utter, "Liquor made me a murderer and a deserter." The surgeon checked his professional haste in order to listen to the words of the dying man, who continued: "I used to belong to an Indiana regiment. My name is John Venner. Last winter at the Wire Bridge, near Romney, when I was wild with liquor, I heard that Hank Cale, the son of the man who ruined my family, was on picket post there. I left my regiment and crept up the river-bank until I was within aim and then I killed Cale." He paused to recover strength, and then with a great effort added: "When I had done that I felt remorse at once and I deserted to the enemy. I went across the mountains to Jackson's column and enlisted with Ashby. I am sorry, doctor, and hope God will forgive me." He closed his eyes and the pallor of death suffused his countenance, and he was silent for ever.

The Union soldier meanwhile was pulling the surgeon's arm. "I have just had a dream," he said. "I dreamt that Hank Cale came and told my regiment that I didn't kill him, though they put me in Cumberland jail for it and almost starved me to death." The man was evidently delirious, and the surgeon shook his head at Captain Bonnom, who, along with Corporal Hanagan, had come up a few moments before and had heard Venner's self-accusation.

"Poor Tully!" the Captain said, and he asked the surgeon what were the hopes for the man's recovery. None, he was told, and indeed Tully was already in the spasms that were to draw his evil fortune to an end. The Corporal, who had recognized the dead Confederate as the cavalryman whom he had shot just after his fatal sabre-blow at Tully, knelt at one side of Tully and the Captain at the other, each holding a hand of the poor fellow. In a short while they rose to depart, for all was then over. As they went away to find their company Captain Bonnom said to his corporal: "I am more than ever convinced that liquor-drinking is a curse. These two dead men are an evidence. That spree at the Wire Bridge led to murder, treacherous desertion, to the unjust imprisonment of a harmless and innocent man, and perhaps even was the remote cause of his death."

"Yes, Captain," said Corporal Hanagan, "but it seems to me the trouble really began further back, with old Judge Cale's money-getting meanness."

"No doubt," the Captain rejoined, sententiously. "It does seem that no wrong can be done, whether great or trifling, that is not followed by an endless series of evils, and the abuse of liquor is certainly one of these evils." T. F. GALWEY.

A CATHOLIC ASPECT OF HOME RULE.

II.

THREE tests exist, by which we may estimate some results of England's misrule and maladministration of Ireland. If any one, or if any two, and still more if all three of these palmary tests conclusively and cumulatively point to the folly of perpetuating the present system, and to the wisdom of adopting a fresh system, then, the relations between England and Ireland, with which we are unhappily familiar, stand condemned by their own inherent badness. They stand thus condemned from the evidence of both the past and the present, apart from all results which may possibly occur in the future. And *a fortiori*, they are condemned apart from those results of unfulfilled prophecy which uninspired prophets of evil perseveringly proclaim, and by their reiteration materially assist in producing. These three tests may be concisely described as the historical, the political, and the social. Even a cursory and superficial examination of them, which is all that can be attempted in this place, will suffice to elicit a definite answer to the questions previously formulated. The questions, it may be repeated, for the sake of clearness, were these: (1) What are the results of the government by England of Ireland? and the results of the existing government being what they are, (2) Ought not Ireland to be allowed by England to govern herself?

I. The verdict of history on the government of Ireland by an alien and distant nationality demands attention in the first place. This verdict may be found not only in English works by historians who are yet illogically averse from granting Irish autonomy, such as Mr. Lecky and Mr. Froude; but also, from the lips or pen of any foreigner of average intelligence who has studied the question, such as M. de Beaumont, of the last generation, and a Canadian priest of French extraction of the present, the Rev. Emile Piché. It may be summarized in a single and not very involved sentence. No civilized, not to say Christian country has, for so long a period and in so barbarous and tyrannical a manner, and with such selfish cynical indifference to the rights of the dependent nation, misgoverned another country, not less civilized and much more Christian, than England has ruled the sister Kingdom of Ireland. This misrule is apparent in every department of government wherein the stronger is able to dominate the weaker nation. For instance: in religion, Ireland has been cruelly, ruthlessly, and only not to the present day continuously persecuted, with a minuteness and refinement of persecution which was impossible against the same divine religion under pagan persecutors, and was rendered possible only by the exhaustiveness of modern legislation. Well may the late Mr. Matthew Arnold (quoted by Mr. J. A. Fox in "*Why* Ireland wants Home Rule") speak of "that penal code, of which the monstrosity is not half known to Englishmen, and may be studied by them with profit." And this penal code was inflicted in the interests of a persecuting minority—backed by the national prestige and material power of England—which in those days bore toward the persecuted majority the proportion, perhaps, of one to eight or ten. In education, Ireland has been forcibly kept ignorant—the individual being kept in ignorance under the risk of being banned and outlawed—Ireland, where knowledge is thirsted for by all classes and has not to be made compulsory upon an unwilling people, as in England. By law, in the reign of Queen Anne, Catholic teachers were banished and made liable to death in case of return; and forfeiture to the crown of all real and personal estate was the punishment of those who, for educational purposes, sent their children to be reared abroad. Whilst, when a mitigation of these infamous laws was allowed by England, means of education still more infamous were invented, by which knowledge was imparted to the people at the risk and cost to children of apostasy.

In the matter, again, of disabilities, Ireland, until long after the rights of the people were recognized in England, has been denied equal rights of representation and freedom with the governing nation. So late as the reign of George I. an act was passed disfranchising the Catholics of Ireland, both for Parliamentary and municipal elections: and at the present day, fresh legislation (whatsoever may be the nominal cause) is perpetually inflicting upon Ireland a personal loss of liberty in speech and in action to which the English democracy would not for one moment submit. In this relation, however, it is remarkable that, by a singular Nemesis of mercy, which English Catholics ungenerously forget, Catholic emancipation was eventually gained by the Celt for the Saxon. In finance, again, Ireland has been and is taxed out of all proportion more heavily than England. This assertion is not disproved by the fact which is rather pompously insisted upon, *viz.*, that certain upper-class assessed taxes are not levied in the sister kingdom. But, if allowance be made for the cost of government in Ireland, which might be far less than that of England, and the amount of the National debt of England, which is far greater than that of Ireland, it is obvious that the taxation of the one country should be sensibly less than the taxation of the other. The facts, however, are exactly contrary, and are as follows: The National debt of Ireland, normally at zero, stood at two millions a few years previously to the Union. It then rose by the policy of the British government, by fostered rebellion, bribery, corruption and fraud, to twenty-seven millions. Sixteen years later it rose again to the enormous amount of one hundred and twelve millions. Meantime, whilst the Irish debt had been quadrupled the English debt was increased by less than one-half. But herein lay the sting of the plot. The figures which these proportions severally represent brought the Irish debt into those relations with the English debt, that the British Parliament was enabled (under the terms of the Act of Union) to tax Ireland uniformly with England. Thus the poorer country and the more heavily indebted was taxed uniformly with the absolutely richer and the proportionately less heavily indebted country.

In brief, history affirms that Ireland has been given over body, soul and spirit to the tender mercies of a small, hard, unscrupulous minority, half-English, half-Scotch, wholly non-national and wholly non-Catholic: and that in the few instances quoted—financially, electorally, educationally, religiously—she has been thus given over to be governed, not so much in the interests of the minority of the Irish nation, though that were bad enough, but in the material interests of alien and hostile England. Readers of Irish history can testify that the minority have loyally governed the dependent kingdom on behalf of the more powerful nation to the very letter of their stern commission.

II. The verdict of politics on the misrule of the Celt by the Saxon, which the evidence of our senses permits to those who live at the present day and can watch the making of history, may be summarized, not so much in a single sentence, as by a single word. That one word is—failure! Nothing, literally, no one act of the legislature of England in relation to Ireland, has proved, it need not be said a complete, but even a comparative success. Everything of a legislative character has proved, beginning or middle or end, to be a failure, an abject, hopeless, transparent, unmitigated failure. As a matter of course, every legislative change that England volunteered to make in Irish law for England's own advantage and profit, and not for the profit, not for the advantage of the misgoverned dependency, was not only foredoomed, but was rightly foredoomed to failure. But, the noteworthy point in Ireland's political story as forcibly traced by the iron pen of England is this: that even when English statesmen of a nobler mould than the average House of Commons politician have risen to the level of desiring justice for Ireland, have honestly endeavored, after their flickering light, to rule Ireland for Ireland's good, the same portentous failure has ensued. This is no figure of speech, although the present is not the place to instance such failures otherwise than in general terms. But, one example may be hinted at. However difficult it may be, with the evidence supplied by present knowledge and past experience, to credit the opinion, yet, it is more than probable that the authors of the lamentable Encumbered Estates Act of 1849 were influenced by benevolent motives towards Ireland. It is indeed described by one of many able Irish writers on the position of their own country (in *A Word for Ireland*, by Mr. Healy), as "a crude, desperate, ill-timed measure." Without to any extent questioning the value of this criticism (or rather, whilst accepting it fully), we may believe that the intention which actuated its authors was, at the least, good. Of course, it ended in failure, and in more than failure—positive injury: and herein it followed, with unerring instinct, the course of each effort of England to govern Ireland from a foreign capital city. Even her more or less disinterested acts of legislation for Ireland have been marked by characteristics which have poisoned the issue to those whom it most concerned. Legislation either came too late, when an earlier yielding of rights withheld would have brought contentment, if not gratitude: or, it was yielded in a grudging temper, when greater generosity was demanded and would have been appreciated: or the act which sought to convey the yielded concession to justice was imperfectly drafted and carelessly altered, or incontinently "amended" out of all recognition, and no sooner became law than it needed, in a strict sense of the word, actual amendment: or worse still, was based on principle, custom and asserted right which were thoroughly English not Irish, Saxon not Celtic in sentiment, of a feudal origin not derived in any way from tribal tradition, of a Protestant and not of a Catholic character. Every one who knows anything of the question can quote individual cases which will harmonize with these broad statements—if only it be admitted by one who is not an Englishman, that England has ever legislated for Ireland in a spirit disinterested and pure. But, a single criterion may be suggested which will test all the results of Ireland's non-national legislation, of what sort they may be.

For a period of at least four hundred years England has essayed, more or less completely or partially, to govern Ireland. She has employed modes and methods of government of varied kind, from dire coercion to mild conciliation. Doubtless the severer treatment has been more frequently applied than the more lenient. Indeed, the leniency of the rule of England formed the exception to the rule of severity which evidenced the truth of the law. But, conciliation has proved equally unsuccessful with coercion; and the illogical, half-hearted conjunction of both coercion and conciliation, of constitutionalism and tyranny contemporaneously, has proved equally inefficacious. England, throughout and consistently, has failed, in every sense of the term, to pacificate Ireland. She has failed to reconcile her dependency to the rule of the richer, the more numerous, the more energetic, the more powerful nation. She has failed to make of Ireland either a populous country; or a manufacturing or commercial country; or a country contented in itself and peaceful to live in; or a land which develops its own resources and supplies its own wants; or a nation devoted to the higher side of life, in art, science or literature; or a people which endures without obvious irritation the rule of another and a dominant people. She has failed even to make the name of law, meaning English law, other than hated and hateful; and the idea of government, that is to say, English government, other than despicable and despised. And she has thus failed in almost every department of government, and in securing the results of government, in a civilized age, both towards those whom she has presumed to hold in subjection, in the face of these results, on her own borders; and also towards the far larger number of a common nationality, that Greater Ireland across the seas, in the continents of America and Australasia alike, whom her misgovernment has exiled from their island homes.

These facts alone, and they might be multiplied almost indefinitely as a record of centuries and in the judgment of politicians, are sufficient to condemn the rule of Ireland by England.

III. The verdict on the topic under discussion, from a social point of view, can be summarized neither by a single word, nor in a single sentence. Yet, is the verdict not the less decided than in the other test cases of politics and of history, against the rule by England of Ireland. In nearly every department of social life, in which man has the advantage over the brute beasts which perish, Ireland, at the present day, is exhibited before the Christian world by England as the exception to universal experience. In no other non-barbarous land on God's earth is such a spectacle to be seen, or more truly such a series of spectacles—a very panorama of ill. As a nation—and this is the testimony, offered a few years ago, of a great ecclesiastic who has visited many nations, savage and civilized—Ireland is worse housed, worse clothed, worse fed, until lately was worse taught, and *almost until* to-day (if we may admit this saving clause) was worse governed than any other civilized country with any pretence to constitutional rule. No other civilized state is both systematically and largely and year by year continually decreasing in population. This decrease arises not from natural causes over which man has no control, not from the contact of a higher civilization with a lower form, not from the colonization of other lands enforced by the will of a superior power. No: it arises from the voluntary, ceaseless flow of the best blood of the country, of the sinew and bone of the masses and of the intellect and intelligence of the classes—too ready to escape from the land apparently God-forsaken and certainly man-struck, which yet in their various ways they idolize.

Again: no other people can be named of whom this can be truthfully declared, that their native industries have been deliberately destroyed, their home manufactures have been legislatively prohibited, their shipping interests have been intentionally wrecked, their national products have been legally discouraged, and their social condition and status have been wilfully lowered and kept in degradation by another people who have had them in subjection without conquering them, and who have made a pretence of governing them by constitutional laws nominally common to both countries. And no other country exists of which this last item can be predicated. When the Irish people have been forced, as an alternative between starvation and exile, to turn to a lower class of comparatively unskilled labor, and when agriculture became practically the only source of livelihood, directly or indirectly, of a large portion of the population, what was the fate which met hundreds of thousands of the peasantry of Ireland? It was a fate which has absolutely no counterpart in civilized and Christian history, so far as the present writer can gather. In order still further to diminish the population of the country, the natural increase of which, whether at home or in her colonies, is a source of strength and wealth to a nation, an artificial means to this end was adopted, of a description, barbarous in itself, which would simply have caused a revolution in England, had the system been there attempted. A few words suffice to indicate to what that system amounted, which every student of Ireland knows only too well. Evictions on a large scale were resorted to, on many pretences, true and false, honest or dishonest. In cases where evictions by process of law were impossible, bribery and corruption were employed. From a patriotic point of view these efforts were none the less disgraceful because the price was duly paid to the victims; and from a humanitarian aspect they were all the more disgraceful, by reason, in early days of emigration, of tortures inseparable from the middle passage in sailing vessels, of disease and death on the voyage, of desolation and destitution on the arrival of the poorer emigrants in a strange land. The result was this: that houses and villages were systematically destroyed; whole districts and tracts of country were made bare of homesteads; square miles of agricultural land, which supported many an honest family, were turned into pasturage which could occupy only a few hands for its due care; and the rent of the land which still remained under spade cultivation was gradually raised to double, treble, four times and occasionally to more than quadruple its former figure; and that mainly (of course, not solely) in consequence of the tenant's own labor, money, thought and time.

Such, in briefest outline, are some of the reasons, from a social aspect, of the cry of Ireland for a rule, for any rule, which may cease to be that of England.

Limitations of space forbid the further discussion of these three tests by results of England's misgovernment of Ireland. Before, however, these remarks are concluded, it may be permitted to the writer to draw renewed attention to two additional topics which intimately affect the argument of these articles. They are of a wholly different character from each other; the one has proved to be more or less of accidental injury to the country, the other still exercises a wide and permanent injury. Both flow from one cause and both are due to the government of a dependency by a foreign and often a hostile nationality.

Firstly: Irishmen view the worst features of the fearful perennial famines, from 1845 to 1850, which have desolated their fruitful country, as the work of man—of course, under the permissive will of God. They have good cause for their view. In spite of all that may be said on behalf of the English governments of those dates—for the hands of no party were clean—whether for their action or for their inaction, under the dictation or prohibition of the dismal science, the truths and fallacies of political economy, yet history records very dark facts of English maladministration at such crises. Perhaps the most crushing evidence against English rule was supplied at the time in question through the columns of that venal and unscrupulous newspaper, the London *Times.* The facts of Irish destitution, says that journal in a well-known passage (last quoted by Mr. Fox), "are ridiculously simple. They are almost too commonplace to be told. The people have not enough to eat. They are suffering a real, though an artificial famine. Nature does her duty. The land is fruitful enough; nor can it be fairly said, that man is wanting. The Irishman is disposed to work: in fact man and nature together do produce abundantly. The island is full and overflowing with human food. But, something ever intervenes between the hungry mouth and the ample banquet." Of course, the failure of the potato crop was the immediate cause of scarcity. But, beyond the act of God, What may be the reason, it may be asked, of this *artificial famine?* Why did the *people starve* when their island overflowed with food? How was it that *something* intervened? Forty-three years have elapsed since these editorial words were written, and much has been said by many persons of authority on the question during the interval. The latest commentary that has annotated this criticism of English administration of its sister kingdom, is supplied by the Catholic Bishop of Nottingham (Dr. Bagshawe) speaking publicly in his cathedral city on the crime committed by the present Crimes Act—"the crime of enabling the landlords of Ireland to go on extorting unjust, exorbitant and impossible rents, and to enable them to continue to exterminate and expel their tenantry." The bishop's reference to the famine is contained in these words, as reported in the London *Catholic Press* of March 31, 1888: The Irish famine, said his lordship, "was a famine made by the English government. The years were years of plenty. But the famine was caused by England carrying all the corn and cattle produce out of the country, to be sold for the benefit of absentee landlords. Instead of keeping the produce of Ireland to feed the people there, as an Irish legislature would have done, it was sent out of the country, for the benefit of the Englishman. The Corn Laws, too, operated against the Irish. The relief granted was distributed by the [Dublin] Castle in such a way, that no profit could come of it; and the men were withdrawn from the land, which remained unsown, to the relief works. That went on for five years, and was an instance of a destructive union." The Bishop of Nottingham's words concisely answer the above questions, What, why and how? The "artificial famine" was caused by the system known as that of absentee landlordism. The "people starved" because the absentee landlords claimed their legal rights. "Something" intervened, inasmuch as the worth of millions of money was transferred, in the interests of the lawful owners (the law being on their side), from the country which created the produce to the country in which the produce was spent.

Secondly: Not only Irishmen, but Englishmen also view the whole existing system of absentee landlordism, apart from all questions of the otherwise just or unjust conduct of such landlords towards their tenants—and such landlords are amongst the most highly respected of their class—as a grave and indefensible scandal. The facts connected with the system are notorious, and are on all hands admitted to be beyond dispute. Taken in a general way by English people, they are accepted as historical, political or social facts which exist, and are therefore, presumably, justifiable. They are supposed to be, on the whole, defensible; and in any individual case, specially where personal acquaintance or friendship exists between the landlord and the censor, are imagined to be, at least for the owner, beneficial. It is only when some of the facts are collected into a focus and the results are concentrated into a single page, that the average English inquirer is staggered in his conviction, and is startled at the unexpected Irish revelation. And some of the facts are these—for it is impossible to exhaust them in this place: That a considerable proportion of the land of Ireland is at present in the hands, mainly by the dispossession of former owners by confiscation and legal plunder, of landlords of large or small estates, who are non-resident; that these non-resident land-owners, as a rule, neither live on their properties even for a portion of the year, nor personally visit their properties, nor are acquainted with their properties, save through the eye, ear and hand of their agents, nor are interested in their properties, beyond the point that their Irish properties contribute to their English income. Moreover, that the income which these non-resident landlords derive from their Irish estates in many cases—not in all, but in sufficient numbers to warrant the general assertion—is extorted from their tenants, if not entirely, yet to a large extent under the provisions of English-made law: that such law has been enforced on the tenants without their consent, against their wishes and in opposition to their interests: that such income, in many cases, has not been legitimately made out of the land rented, but rather has been paid out of other sources of livelihood, or has been earned by husbands and fathers in England, or has been contributed from the savings of emigrant sons and daughters in America. And lastly, that the revenue which is yearly carried away from the country in which it was nominally produced and where it was actually paid, is subjected to no special tax, fine or reduction, and is spent, wholly or mainly, for the advantage of the governing nation and not for the benefit of the nation governed, which is thus defrauded of its honest labor and its rightful gains. This iniquitous and immoral system is one which the comparatively uncivilized Norman conquerors of England might have taught their degenerate descendants, the rulers of Ireland in the nineteenth century, to eschew. Eight centuries ago the Norman baron-made law regulated and repressed, as between Normandy and England, a system similar to, but not so far-reaching as, that which exists to-day between Ireland and England. Unless the report, lately published in the English papers, be erroneous, the evil in question, which is said to be a source of discontent to a limited extent in the United States of America, is in the course of suppression by statute, in regard to the foreign owners of American soil, above a certain amount of acreage. But the ill is rampant in Ireland. To what extent it flourishes is practically unknown: the acreage of the absentee landlords and the rent-roll transported to England, cannot be, saving at intervals, accurately estimated. An approximation, however, to the truth may be gathered from the evidence of official statistics. The following figures, it is believed, may be taken to be trustworthy. Since the date of the Union the amount of the absentee rental has been calculated by different authorities at various aggregates. But, as the century advanced in its earlier and even in its later years, the amount increased in a steady ratio. Thus: Shortly after the Union, it was calculated at three millions. A generation later, it was calculated at from three to four millions. Some years after it was said to reach five and even six millions sterling. A generation later, again, the amount is said to have diminished; possibly, at the present date the sum does not touch the highest point which once it reached. In any case, in the year 1872, from a Parliamentary return laid before the British House of Commons, these astounding facts were made public: The ratable land in Ireland is estimated at some twenty millions of acres, and the total rental (which must not be confused with the value for rating purposes) at sixteen millions sterling. Neither the absentee owners of house property, a very large element of national injury, nor the property belonging to public institutions, nor to small proprietors holding less than one hundred acres of land, need be taken into account. But, of the residue, it appears that there are nearly three thousand absentee landlords (as against rather more than ten thousand owners of land who are resident) in Ireland; and that the ratable value for taxation (which must not be mistaken for the rental value) of the property of the absentee landlords amounts to nearly two and one-half millions sterling (as against rather more than seven millions representing the resident landlords' ratable value) *per annum*. In short, speaking roughly, somewhat less than one-third of the total number of the great owners of the soil of Ireland are absentees; and somewhat more than one-third of the rated value of the soil of Ireland is in the hands of these absentees. If to these proportional statements be added the concrete fact that the owners of five millions of acres (or one-quarter of the acreage of Ireland) withdraw from an already impoverished, it may be said, from a consequently impoverished country, a yearly sum which has been variously estimated, in different epochs, at between two and six millions of money, to enrich an already prosperous, and it may be said, a consequently prosperous country—then some noteworthy figures may be produced. The Union between England and Ireland has now existed for eighty-six full years. During this period, supposing an average of these figures to be taken, not less and perhaps much more than four millions of money have been transferred year by year to the richest country in the world from one of the poorest. The aggregate of this annual drain from Ireland into England since the Union amounts to the almost incredible sum of three hundred and forty-four millions sterling. This sum would suffice to purchase the freehold of the entire kingdom of Ireland, on the estimated rental value of the land, at from twenty-one to twenty-two years' purchase. To annotate this second result of absentee landlordism from the date of the legislative union, were to spoil its pertinency.

These two further topics afford additional arguments to the three earlier ones, against the continuance of English misrule in Ireland, and in favor of Ireland being allowed by England the privilege to govern herself.

ORBY SHIPLEY.

THE EVANGELICAL CONFERENCE AT WASHINGTON.

THE officers of the Evangelical Alliance assembled, last winter, a General Christian Conference of "twelve or fifteen hundred delegates" from all the Protestant bodies of this country to study our National Perils and Opportunities. "National Perils and Opportunities" is the first line printed on the title-page of the report of the conference, which has now been given to the public. The call for the meeting, signed by seventy of the most eminent Protestants of the country, both clerical and lay, thus summarized the perils: the alienation of the masses from the churches, and the widening chasm between the churches and the multitude; the multiplication of wants and the creation of tastes by popular education which are not gratified by the present distribution of wealth, together with the growing discontent among workingmen; the saloon; a wide-spread spirit of lawlessness; the apathy of the popular conscience; increasing pauperism and crime.

The opportunities were agreed to be found in the resources of religion. The call of the conference affirmed that it was time to demonstrate that the gospel can do what the ballot has failed to do. Co-operation of all spiritually-minded men to move against vice in organized force was what was mainly insisted on. A little was said of the press, and something more of the school as resources for meeting the national perils.

These topics and others more or less cognate to them were discussed with extreme frankness, and for the most part intelligently; some of the addresses are worthy of a permanent place in literature, and but few of them are entirely commonplace. Dr. James McCosh spoke well on the relation of religion to the quarrel between capital and labor, laying down principles if not in every particular Catholic, yet Catholic in their general tendency; and his practical suggestions are especially instructive and interesting. We have seldom met with anything more simply eloquent than the address of Colonel J. L. Greene, of Hartford, on the social vice—eloquent and moving, and worthy to be placed under the eyes of every man and woman in America. Professor Boyesen, of Columbia College, bade the conference look at the great stream of emigrants pouring into that flood-gate of the world's human tides, Castle Garden, and proposed to tax emigration down to safer proportions; he did not seem to meet with more than a respectful and considerate hearing. Yet all through the report we find a foreboding about the foreign element. One of the best addresses is that of Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, a Presbyterian clergyman of Philadelphia. His topic is the relation of rich and poor, and he plainly loves the poor man and his family. He is a powerful exponent of the dignity of labor, and the obligations of the rich to those who are beaten and battered about all their lives between the need of bread and the lack of opportunity to earn it. I venture to recommend a careful perusal of the following extract from his address:

> "And then, moreover, let me say that in my judgment the present pew system is the most monstrous barrier that has ever been erected between the churches and the common people. [Applause.] If a church building is consecrated to Almighty God and is his, I would like to ask, in the name of religion and common sense, what right any man has to a certain topographical district in that building which he can fence off and say, 'That is my property.' It is a monstrous notion. There is no foundation for it in Old Testament or in New Testament. It may be equitable enough as a business basis, but it is utterly inexpedient as the basis for reaching the masses of the people with the word of life. A man has no more right to intrude into a pew that is owned or rented by another man than he has to intrude into the house that is owned or rented by another man. And if the principle of proprietorship in the house of God is right, then you cannot wonder at the feeling of the workingman, that he is excluded unless he can afford to pay for or buy a pew."

The evil complained of—which Mr. Pierson elsewhere describes as the non-conducting qualities of the kid glove—is not absent from our own churches. If the supernatural attractions of our churches are still able to overcome the repellent influence of the acceptation of persons in proportion to their wealth, it will not always be so; the financial necessity of making a portion of God's house the rich man's paddock has, perhaps, already had much to do with the beggarly account of empty benches at High Mass.

President Merrill E. Gates, of Rutgers College, also gave an excellent discourse on the misuse of wealth. Dr. Robert C. Matlack, still addressing the rich, beats an old-fashioned P. P. on enforcing the duty of giving. The address of Rev. S. W. Dike, of Auburndale, Mass., on the perils of the family is an extremely good one, earnest, direct, well thought out, wise, and with a certain plainness of style which is a warrant of sincerity. It seems to me the most valuable production of the conference.

It is hard to tell how many times over the question was asked, How can we reach the multitude? A perfectly un-Protestant question it surely is, for by the Protestant theory no man's spiritual welfare should be essentially conditioned upon any other man's action further than giving him the Bible. Reach the multitude the Bible, and the multitude is reached, according to Protestant principles. Get a man to read the Scriptures, and you have begun and ended your part. The Bible privately interpreted by the light of the Holy Spirit is the church. Why then does not the American multitude, that part especially born of Christian parents, make its own church? The answer, though plain, is not found in these addresses. The truth is, that the multitude has not the requisite material to do it with. The early Protestants made their own churches, such as they were, and they were able to do so for a very significant reason: they had at hand a book everybody held to be inspired. Primitive Protestantism had but to reach to the Catholic altar and take from it a book which the old religion had made the human race believe had God for its author. By the steady influence of popes and councils, and monks and bishops, and other organs of Catholic power, men were agreed that the Divine Wisdom was responsible for that book and for every part of it. If the present "multitude" believed the Catholic dogma of inspiration as firmly as their ancestors of the Reformation, they would equally as well yield to the same natural self-deceit of private judgment, and get up the same dreary lot of discordant sects, and tear away at the seamless robe of Christ's united people, as was done of yore. But the Christian Bible, snatched from the Christian altar, and Episcopate, and Papacy, has had a sad time of it. The delusion that human reason is the all-sufficient criterion in the use of the Scriptures has, in course of three hundred years of practical working, brought reason and inspiration into conflict. To say that God is the author of that book and of all its parts involves in many cases, so Protestants have come to think, a reflection on one's soundness of reasoning. What can the multitude do for a religion? Take the Bible? Whence and from whom? Ah! from the Protestant pulpit instead of from the altar of the ancient Christian faith; that is to say, from a repository which can no longer affirm with concurrent voice and unquestioning certainty that God is the author of that book and of all its parts. It has been often said that the success of religious error rested upon some fragment of Catholic truth still lingering in possession; in the case of the Protestant societies it was the Catholic dogma of inspiration that made "Gospel Christianity" possible.

A really new Protestant movement embracing multitudes of men has almost invariably been the rise of a new and distinct denomination. So that speakers at the conference had more reasonably asked, Will the disinherited masses form a new denomination? The answer is plainly that they will not, for the Bible is not the book it once was, and new forms of Protestantism are necessarily new evolutions of the fruitful religious mind fed upon that book. It is idle to ask, Will the masses take the present Protestant churches? *Will* they? But they *do not*, and they will not; so what is the use of asking? That they will not, Rev. Alexander M. Proudfit, of Baltimore, told the conference from experience:

> "The first point I wish to refer to is that respecting the alienation—the estrangement, as it was called yesterday—of our laboring classes (or the "masses") from the church. We have been told this afternoon that we must make the church free to them, and that we should call on them and welcome them among us. Dr. Morris has touched one very strong point to-day when he said that the root of all this trouble lies in the heart—that it lies in moral depravity. I believe, with all my heart, the truth of what Dr. McCosh has said, that if we ministers want to reach the people we must seek them out in their homes. In the twenty-five years of my ministry I have pursued that course. But, although my church is wide open, and although every one is welcome, and although I have every Sunday of my life, in the city of Baltimore, tramps sitting in the best pews of my church—men without a linen collar and without a whole coat—although my ushers bring them in and seat them comfortably, yet I get very few of them, comparatively. I go through the streets and lanes of Baltimore, I send out my pastoral Aid Society and my church missionary—a reliable man, a young man who is a candidate for the ministry in my church—to go and try to get the people to come. There is a deep alienation which nothing but the work of the Holy Spirit in their hearts will cure.
>
> "Now do not let the impression go out from this great assembly that the church is not seeking to win the masses. We are trying to reach them. Dr. Pierson is trying to win them, and the majority of us, I suppose, are doing all that we can to reach them. And yet we do not reach them. They are alienated from the church and from the gospel. They are wrapped up in worldliness, many of them, and in sinful pleasure. We must have an outpouring of the Holy Ghost, convincing the people of sin, righteousness, and judgment, and then they will hear the gospel."

There is no use hoping that a religion which is based on the private ownership of the meaning of a book can serve to hold together social orders so profoundly moved to separation as rich and poor. The new American multitude growing up in unreligious schools is born of a multitude crowded out of Protestant churches and made unreligious by social ostracism. Will the poor man take up membership in a mission church?

Yes, if he is low down in the grade of manhood and is content with the spiritual crumbs from the rich man's table. There are men and women who are content to be pensioners of an up-town church in a down-town chapel, but few of them are born or reared in America. Those whose neck has been bowed to the yoke from childhood in foreign lands will, to some extent, go to mission chapels upon solicitation, and will send their children to the Sunday-schools; there these little ones are held by Christmas-trees, picture-books, picnics, and the patronage of stylish and kindly-mannered ladies and gentlemen. This holds them till they are old enough to be conscious of being Americans. Then their manliness revolts and they lapse back into the multitude.

In a democratic state the confession of failure to reach the multitude is a confession of inability to benefit the commonwealth. The multitude rule this country, and when the representatives of a religion say, We cannot influence the multitude, the state has a right to say, We have no use for you. From a civil point of view, considered as a moral police, the American religion must be the religion of the multitude. I know not if there is so much as a single address at this conference which does not make the fatal avowal, that Protestantism has lost its hold on the people. Dr. McCosh is a good witness:

"It has sometimes been charged against the church that it neglects the poor. I am prepared to show that the accusation is unjust. . . . The churches as a whole, with many imperfections, have been trying to do their duty to the extremes of society, the rich and the helpless poor. There is an intermediate class, which in America has more influence than either of the others. It is the great middle class, including our professional men, our bankers, merchants, storekeepers, farmers, higher artisans. This supplies the great body of the members of the American churches. Upon this class, or rather classes, the church depends for its sustenance, and the means of extending its usefulness at home and abroad. They constitute the bone and sinew of our churches, as they do of our country. It is well that we have them at present. We must seek to retain them by all the means which Christ hath put in our power, especially by maintaining a high standard of doctrine and of duty, and of activity in benevolent and missionary work. But we must beware of turning our churches into mere middle-class institutions, depending and looking solely to those who can pay pew-rents, who have good dresses for the Sabbath, who can visit with the minister and the minister's family, and maintain among themselves a genteel society. Perhaps there is a temptation here to our American churches. For there is another great class, of whom I am to speak in the remainder of this paper. . . . . .

"When I was a citizen of another country, I paid a visit to America, travelled 7,000 miles in it, and often visited the churches *incognito*. When I visited your congregations, I was often asked, 'What do you think of them?' I answered, 'I think much of them; but where are your laboring classes?' I put this question sincerely, not knowing how to answer it, for the workingman dresses so well that it is difficult to distinguish him from other classes. Where is the laboring man in our churches? is the question I am still putting, seeking an answer.

"One-half certainly, perhaps three-fourths, of our entire population belong to the working class. Are they in like proportion, among those well-clothed people who sit in our pews? In a book written by Mr. Loomis, with an introduction by one you can trust, Dr. Josiah Strong, it is said: 'Go into an ordinary church on Sunday morning, and you see lawyers, merchants, and business-men with their families; you see teachers, salesmen, and clerks, and a certain proportion of educated mechanics; but the workingman and his household are not there. It is doubtful if one in twenty of the average congregation in English-speaking Protestant city churches fairly belongs to this class; but, granting the proportion to be so great as one in ten, or one in five, even then you would have two-thirds of the people furnishing only one-tenth or one-fifth of the congregation.'* Then the writer tells the story of a newspaper reporter, who visited the congregations of the City of Churches. 'He donned the garb of a decent laborer and presented himself for admission at each of the principal churches in the city. At some he was treated with positive rudeness, at others with cold politeness. Only one or two gave him a cordial and, even then, a somewhat surprised welcome.'

"Your artisan is often a difficult man to win to the church. He is well educated, intelligent; he toils from morning to night; 'he owes not any one'; he argues that he and his fellow-workmen have made the wealth of the country, and get a very little share of it; and he and his children have to live sparingly, while they see abundance of possessions around them. He becomes jealous of those who fare sumptuously every day, who have fine clothing, live in these elegant dwellings, who roll in carriages with prancing horses, that threaten to run over him as he trudges along wearily on foot. It is difficult to win such a man to Christ and his church. But that man has an immortal soul. The command laid on you and me is to 'preach the gospel to every creature.' You who sit in these cushioned pews put money in the plate to send the gospel to Timbuctoo. Do you send it to that man who lives next door to you and combs your horses and works your garden?"

After failing to unite classes it is hardly fair to ask our Protestant friends to undertake to advance the cause of religious union in the general sense of doctrine and discipline. Co-operation the speakers at the conference advocated strongly, but this was by ignoring differences rather than by healing them. *Unum corpus sumus in Christo* is their motto, but that cannot mean more than kindliness and patience towards differing brethren—except where Catholics are concerned. Even then the conference was, as a whole, kindly disposed. The only square attack upon the church was made by Bishop A. C. Coxe, who made a great and loud lament over us because we are not Gallicans. But Dr. King, a prominent Methodist divine, whose paper on the Christian resources of the country is very well done, neutralized the bishop's effort by some fair controversial words against us, and further on by a paragraph full of kindly appreciation. The following from Prof. Simeon E. Baldwin, of the faculty of the Law School of Yale University, is noteworthy; he is speaking of the integrity of the family, and Bishop Coxe moved him to mention Catholicity:

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* *Modern Cities*, by Samuel Lane Loomis, p. 82.

> "And now let me ask, Which of our Christian churches has best remembered this lesson of ancient history? Not, I say, any church represented here. It has been best remembered by that oldest church of all, comprehending to-day the greatest number of Christians in the world—the Roman Catholic Church. And I rise here as a layman, sent here from the General Conference of one of our religious denominations in my own State, to say, with some little regret, that I am sorry that in this great convention a more kindly tone has not been manifested towards that venerable Christian church which has its centre at Rome.
>
> "A MEMBER: I object to that. I don't believe it's a Christian church at all.
>
> "PROF. BALDWIN: That is precisely the sentiment that has been uttered from this platform, and I rise here as a layman to say that in what I have done (and I have done something) in social reform, I have found in my own State, Connecticut, no truer friend in many of these very questions that have come before this body than gentlemen of the Roman Catholic Church. My friend Mr. Dike and I stood together in Connecticut, as organizers of the National Divorce Reform League. One of the best helpers in the cause was a Roman Catholic. Now, I do not desire to raise any question of antagonism to the gentleman on the floor. I simply want to say this, and I do say it—that I think one of the great friends to the cause of social advancement in our cities is the Roman Catholic Church. We can't afford to reject its aid. It guards the family; it looks at the children, it looks at the home, from the standpoint of a Christian organization; and we ought to make friends with that church, we ought to bring them in with us in all these causes of Christian and social reform. And unless we do it, we reject one of the great factors that is ready to our hand to help on the cause of Christ in America."

One service Bishop Coxe has unwittingly done us: he has given Catholics the opportunity of repudiating the preposterous teaching of a certain *Familiar Exposition of Christian Doctrine.* He quotes from it a wholesale sentence of damnation against the entire mass of non-Catholics put in terms chosen with grotesque awkwardness and evident ill-feeling. This author's teaching has been repudiated and disproved in the bishop's own city of Buffalo, by the *Catholic Union and Times.* It is contrary to the principles of sound theology, and squarely against the express teaching of Pius IX., in his Invitation to the Council of the Vatican. The books of the author contain specimens of the most outrageous plagiarism we ever heard of, none more so than this same *Familiar Exposition;* but such blundering as the above is the product of his own original genius. I once heard an excellent sermon tending to prove that stupidity is no bar to salvation; but it should be a bar to writing catechisms and other works of popular instruction. The fact that this writer belongs to a most respectable order of religious men who edify the whole country by their labors for the conversion of sinners has hitherto saved him from the castigation he so richly merits.

Of course much was said at the meetings about the schools of the country, but more was left unsaid. The Conference was indebted to Dr. J. M. King, of New York, for a fair enough statement of the relation of the school to religion. He lays down true principles affirming that Christian morality is the basis of the American state; he maintains that the state depends for its existence upon the character given its citizenship by religion. "We are not a nation without religion," he says. "The union of church and state is a different question from the union of religion and the state. Union in both of these cases is possible, but separation of religion from the state is impossible." In accordance with these views, the speaker, with characteristic frankness, advocates the restoration of religious instruction to the common schools, local difficulties and the danger of particular denominations appropriating the public funds to be cared for by the public authorities of the particular localities. He is a pronounced anti-Catholic, but his views on this point of education are sound:

> "Fénelon says, 'Moral education is the bulwark of the state.' The idea of the common school is traced to an act of the colonial legislature of Massachusetts in 1642. At first it was a strictly church school, in charge of the minister of the township, and the children were carefully taught in the orthodox faith. The school-master was next to the minister. The religious requirements were incorporated in the laws. The present and former generations of the population have been educated in schools that were never merely secular. In fact, we have not attempted purely secular education until recently, and that only to a very limited extent. While there has been no national system of public schools in the past, and while uniformity has proved itself to be, perhaps, both impracticable and undesirable under our form of government, it is to be hoped that the Christian sentiment of the people will see to it that the future develops no purely secular system of education for our citizenship. And while the local-

option plan, leaving the whole question of the character of the instruction to the local school boards, to be decided by them according to the composition and wants of the community, is likely to prevail, it is to be hoped that the friends of Christian morality will come to the defence of the right of the children and youth to a kind of instruction that recognizes their responsibility and immortality, and reminds them of the fact that our institutions are the fruit of the Christian faith.

"The public-school system, pressed into secular uniformity, cannot meet the moral needs of our mixed population, and cannot meet the demands upon a Christian people or promote the interests of genuine Christian morality. Christianity must solve the question of the education of the masses upon Christian, and not upon secular grounds.

"We are about convinced that the time has come when we must *demand* that the state, assuming to teach its citizens as a preparation for the responsibilities of citizenship, must not only recognize Christianity as the religion of the people, in conformity with historic and judicial precedent, but must require the teaching of Christian morality wherever education is supported by taxation or by state grant."

Dr. King was not alone in this. Bishop Andrews declared that the schools should be improved by elementary religious instruction. "Gradually," says Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of the Industrial Education Society of New York, "all mention of ethics and religion is being eliminated from the schools; and it is even fashionable to make ethics an elective study in our colleges and universities"; and he says that this is producing young men who "look upon fashion or social convenience as the arbiter of morals, and when this stage is reached the disease of moral illiteracy has set in." Rev. S. W. Dike, whose splendid address on Perils to the Family has been before referred to, fearlessly affirms that "unless we see to it that the educational functions of the home are more carefully developed, *and a closer co-operation between home and school is secured for their common work*, a far more real grievance will exist, and in most influential quarters too, than the Roman Catholics think they now have."

So that the state of mind on the peril of godless schools revealed by the conference is not one of quiescence; the earnest men who were gathered there are pretty plainly and nearly unanimously in favor of religion in the common schools. But they are just as plainly unready to act. They are afraid of us Catholics, afraid perhaps of the politicians, and after all only partially aroused to the peril, only dimly perceptive of the opportunity. Such is the inference the writer has drawn from going through the report twice, and again going back and forth over it several times to choose extracts. One must bear in mind that the delegates are mainly compelled to study the formation of character in a circle apart from the multitude, in their own religious, cleanly, cultured homes; in homes of which it may be said "the home forms the man." The homes of the multitude are in crowded tenement-houses, the children all cared for by the mother and father without the aid of servants. The mother and father often speak only a foreign tongue, are always tired, often vicious; and, if non-Catholics, never go to church. In such case the home does not form the man; the school forms the man. That is to say, the school forms the man if the streets do not.

All through these addresses runs the note of alarm for the welfare of the nation as a free people enjoying the blessing of orderly liberty, though the assemblage was primarily convened in the interests of religion. The citizen must be made more religious or the nation will perish, is the thesis. Well, then, why not set more actively to work upon the children? Whatever forms the individual character forms the state; not that the latter is a mere pooling of all the individuals' interests, for the state is an entity in itself; but the characteristics of the American state will follow those of the American individual. If the school forms the citizen, then woe to those who make laws and enforce laws and gather millions, for the maintenance of a godless school system. The godless citizen is the creature of godless education. If half that was said at the conference of the uses of the school for making citizens be true, then it is a crime to divorce it from religion.

Look at the multitude squarely, gentlemen—the swarming multitude in and out of the factory, idling in the streets and along the wharves, building your houses, and cleaning your horses, and handling your merchandise. Ask yourself honestly why they are not religious, why they never worship God, why their whole lives proclaim "we do not need a Redeemer"? There is but one answer: they have not been taught religion. Whatever you may say theoretically about private judgment, the mass of men must be made religious by being taught by other men. The very principles of natural morality are banished from your palladium of American liberty, the common schools, and in that place the non-Catholic workingman has got his little all of knowledge of any kind. No wonder he is unreligious.

There is but one way sure to be generally effective by which men can be made moral, and that is by training them to morality at that age when training forms the man. Now, it was shown in the conference that between fifty and eighty per cent. of the population of our cities are of foreign parentage; and it is certain that more than half of these people are out of the control of the Catholic Church and of her religious schools; they are, as a body, simply godless. What a peril! But they go to schools under state control: what an opportunity to make them Christian! Yet you rail at us Catholics for undertaking this task for our own children and you accuse us of incivism, and mainly for that reason you invite Bishop Coxe to throw the putrid carcase of religious hatred into the clear fountain of your deliberations. Why not face the facts, as the late Dr. Hodge did, and say the peril is immorality, the opportunity is the Christian school; the peril is infidelity, the opportunity is the Christian school. Why not be consistent, energetic, practical, radical if you please, and take immediate measures to make religion the basis of the people's schooling as God is their end and heaven their hope.

You teach temperance principles, you teach good citizenship, you teach the rudiments of the trades in the schools; to do all this you struggle and argue, and pay taxes and vote taxes; but, to hear some of you talk, you are ready to be put to death rather than that the people's children should be taught the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ in the schools of this Christian land.

WALTER ELLIOTT.

AQUA PURA.

PURE WATER! A most "sweet, pretty" subject, musical, poetical, worthy of rhythmic overture. The gentle reader will kindly pipe, or scrape, or thrum, while we melodiously chant a line or two of verse—not flippant *Vers de Société* verse, or wildly passionate, or debasedly realistic, or Victor Hugo-ish, sonorous, mad verse—not cantankerously curt and unintelligible, not unvirile and sentimental, nor yet cosmic, evolutionistic verse—but the collected, restrained, cooling, meteorological verse of Mr. James Thomson (obiit 1748)—(*con fuoco!*):

> "From brightening fields of ether fair disclos'd,
> Child of the sun, refulgent Summer comes,
> In pride of youth, and felt thro' Nature's depth:
> He comes attended by the sultry hours." . . .

Translated into very plain prose, this means that we are all going out of town pretty soon: Mamma and baby, and the bottle, and "Mah" and Amanda—with the monster box of airy, fairy, filmy, gossamery lawns and mulls and tulles—and "Pah," with the pocket-book. Isn't "Pah" lovely? Harry is all ready, with the base-ball bat and a well-groomed bicycle; and A. Reginald, dear boy, is "suited" for tennis, and shooting, and billiards, and dancing, and riding—and church. As for us, the crowd of unpretending people who will not submit to the monopolistic extortion of the "parlor-car," we too are ready, in our own simple way. We are off for health, and some fun, and not for "show"—of course, a little for "show," but no more than is customary. Some of us are going to the shores of the Great South Bay, to enjoy the sailing, and the trolling, and the free, odorous air of the fish-composted fields; some of us are going to the Catskills to tramp it, and get up an appetite, and eat Texas beef, and pickles, and canned fruit and vegetables; some of us are going to Richfield, or Sharon, or Saratoga, to keep warm, and to loll, meet our set, squeeze into "society," or smell the fragrant fumes of the sulphur spring; some of us are bound for the seashore, where we can look out on the rocking, glistening, blue-green ocean, and watch the other people bathe, and delight our eyes with the cool expanse of never-ending sand. The rest of us will seek the calm, homelike, "no style" retreat of the genial, generous country farm-house or family hotel.

What a delightful time we shall have! Climbing hills and pushing through the unpathwayed woods; rowing on the lake, dragging up water-lilies; scrambling through ravines, geologizing, scraping off lichens, and digging up mosses; wandering through the green meadows, and the tall, nodding grain, and the stubble, botanizing, gathering ferns and honey-sweet thistles, and a stray wild-rose; reclining by the brooklet, under the tremulous willows, listening to the low, joyous song of the dancing waters, interrupted only by the memory of dinner-time, and of the hot and dusty homeward trudging. Then, the delightful, quiet hours, sketching—cows, and the old barn, and the unclassical apple-trees; or painting—ox-eye daisies, and convolvulus, and pansies. They are so easy to do, when there's no teacher around, and they "frame up" so prettily for the parlor, and (*sotto voce*) one never tires of them! Oh! yes; we had almost forgotten the jolly picnic—fourteen miles' ride, and no house when you get there; bring your own victuals, scour the country for milk enough to go around, and ride home sun-shower wet! But the pleasures of a summer rest are not to be told in a single paragraph. And after all, with sensible folk, pleasure is only a secondary consideration. The main thing is Health.

Had a delightful week, Mr. Rose, haven't we? This clear air is quite refreshing. In the city the atmosphere is so close and stuffy. Of course, it *is* warm here, in Coolville; but during the hot part of the day you can go up to your ten-by-seven room, under the refrigerative roof—and cool off. And the evenings—well, you are *seldom* without a breeze in the evening, by ten o'clock, or so, at any rate. Even if there be some slight discomforts out of town, who would not put up with them to be away where one can see grass and trees and sunsets and flowing water? Are you fond of water? I am a real lover of rivers and streamlets, of brooks and brooklets, of lakes and tarns and pools and ponds and springs, of cascades, falls, and cataracts. What a charm there is about a pebbled, mossy spring! Look deep down into this pretty pool with the brown edges. How clear and crystalline the water is! So pure and translucent and inviting! Have you tried our well? We have the choicest water in the neighborhood; clean and sweet. When you taste it you will drink more than you need, just for the pleasure of drinking. I'll take your word for it, and forego the pleasure you promise. Probably I am somewhat old-fogyish, over-careful; but the fact is that, while I delight in the sight of running water and enjoy the taste of good water, I do not drink *strange* water until it has been boiled. You are amused! Let us climb this fence, to the right, here—look out for the hornets!—and stretching ourselves beneath yonder spreading, noble elm, we can have a talk about "pure water."

Don't lie on the grass! Here's a piece of dry board for you. I'll throw my light coat under me—so. Oh! yes; I try to be careful. You forget that I came to the country for health's sake. I have no desire to go home less well than when I started away. Light this small cigar. It's not strong. You will have something to do while I am talking. I give you fair notice that I am in for a fifteen-minute sermon. First of all let me ask you: Have you ever had typhoid fever about here? You have, eh? How long ago? Last August. In your house? No! Well, I am glad you escaped it. But they had it in the village, at the "Sanitarium Hotel"! Thirty-two cases, and ten deaths! Pretty bad. The well folk ran fast, I'll wager. Was there any attempt to find out the cause of the epidemic? They said it was due to bad drainage, did they? Perhaps they were right. You did not hear whether any of those who went away in good health were taken down after their return home? No. The physicians did not follow up the matter; and the hotel-keeper was close-mouthed, I know. This typhoid fever is a disease common to every country of Europe, and to Asia, Africa, and Australia. It has been met with in lonely islands, three to four hundred miles from the mainland. A widely distributed disorder, as you see; and on that account the subject of general inquiry. Probably I should have said, the subject of general guessing; for it is only within a few years that a really scientific attempt was made to determine the cause of the disease. Though prevalent in large cities during every month in the year, yet the statistics show that typhoid becomes more active in the month of August, and reaches a climax in the autumn months. During November there is generally a notable decline in the number of cases. The decline is more and more marked each succeeding month, until July comes. Then there is an increase, growing month by month, up to November. Such is the ordinary experience, year after year.* The autumn activity of the disease led some physicians to seek a connection between typhoid and the meteorological conditions of the summer season. Some imagined that according to the dryness or humidity of the summer months, typhoid was more or less prevalent during the autumn. However, the facts were against this theory. The Boards of Health, of course, suggested bad drainage as a prime cause of the disease. And many facts seemed to substantiate the correctness of this view. Not infrequently it was found that in a house, or village, where typhoid appeared, the drainage was bad. But there were many instances in which the prevalence of an epidemic could not be traced to any such cause. Occasionally a physician was led to suspect that a particular case might be due to bad water, but until lately this view had no greater support than the "bad-drainage" theory. Tell you some of the facts? I will, if you care to have them. Here's one reported by Dr. Austin Flint, Sr., twenty years ago. In a small village, near Buffalo, a stranger was taken down with typhoid. Within a month's time twenty persons had the disease, and ten of them died of it. The first victims were the inn-keeper and his family. All his immediate neighbors, excepting one, were in turn attacked. The

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* The periodic intensity of the disease will be apparent to the reader from the following "official" monthly record of "Deaths from Typhoid Fever," in the city of New York, during each of the five last years :

YEAR.	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
1883.	19	18	24	22	15	22	31	63	79	90	66	22
1884.	16	22	16	10.	16	18	25	49	62	66	54	35
1885.	16	11	10	14	16	17	19	32	49	50	34	26
1886.	12	9	28	13	9	5	22	37	55	59	43	33
1887.	28	13	21	11	11	16	33	51	53	38	26	22

one that escaped did not use the tavern-well; all the others did. Fortunately for the family that escaped, there had been a falling-out between the inn-keeper and the man of the house. He saved his life by drawing water elsewhere, but the poor fellow lost his character. The villagers accused him of poisoning the tavern-well!

Yes, it was a curious case. Here's another, much later. Some time during the year 1880 a young lady, ill with typhoid, was brought to Over Darwen, a manufacturing town of about twenty thousand inhabitants, in Lancashire, England. When she arrived the town was free from typhoid. Within three weeks fifteen hundred persons had the disease. The results of the inquiry made at Over Darwen were suggestive. It was found that the town's water-supply pipes were leaky, and that the soil through which they were carried was soaked *at one spot* by the sewage of a particular house. Very curious! I think so; but let me give you an account of still another English case. A man, ill with typhoid, came from a distance to Nunney, a Somerset village of a thousand souls. Before his coming there was no typhoid in the place. Fourteen days after his coming the fever had broken out in a number of houses. An examination showed that all these houses drew their water-supply from a brook, into which the leakage of a cesspool of one of the houses forced its way. Again, curious! There's a very similar case much nearer home. A young girl, residing at a farm-house about eight miles from Philadelphia, was taken ill with typhoid. She died of the disease. Within three weeks four other members of the family were attacked, as were two persons living on the opposite side of the road. They all drank from the farm-well. It was the custom of the family to throw the waste water into a gutter, which ran by this well. The ground was examined, and it was discovered that rats had burrowed the soil, thus loosening it considerably; and that the roots of two trees, on either side the well, had pushed themselves downward and outward, pressed against the wall of the well, and dislocated the masonry. Thus the waste water from the gutter had infiltrated the soil and entered the well.

Is there a gutter near your well? None, eh! Look out for that beautiful water! You are not afraid. Is that a reason why you should not be careful? Now, I wish to call your attention to one peculiarity of this Philadelphia case. At Over Darwen, as at Nunney, the first fever patient brought the fever from elsewhere, but no fever patient brought the fever to the Philadelphia farm-house. There were no other cases in the neighborhood, and the young girl who was the first to be attacked had not been away from home in several months. Let me tell you another little story—a German story. Some years ago there was a sudden outbreak of typhoid in Gerlachsheim, a pretty Bavarian village not far from Würzburg. Fifty-two persons, residents of the same street, were put to bed with the fever, in the space of three weeks. All these persons drank the water of the same well, and the evidence established the fact that this well had been contaminated by the excreta of *the first* patient.* Striking! you say. Please remember that these cases happened at places widely apart, and at odd times. Told one by one, they were not nearly as "striking" as they are when strung together.

It may be that I overestimate the value of later investigations, but if I do not, your epithet will be even more justifiable when I have "emptied my bag." You don't like my cigar—prefer a cigarette, do you? It's an old saying that there's no accounting for tastes. With all due respect to yours, I would rather risk your well-water than smoke that abominable compound of poor tobacco, opium, and bad paper which now goes under the name "cigarette." Lovely sky, isn't it! Look at that long line of clouds low down on the hills; and the spirals of mist ascending in slow-moving gyres—like smoke from some hidden fire. We shall have plenty of water to-morrow. You find that board a "leetle" hard. Change your base! All ready again! Well, sir, I have reloaded—bang!

Will you kindly accompany me on a rapid tour through France? Thank you. There, in a ten minutes' journey, we can gather more information about our subject than we could acquire here, at home, in an hour. Why so? For this reason. Like all big cities, Paris is a nest of typhoid. Within the last six or eight years the Parisians have suffered from frequent epidemics of this treacherous fever. The people called loudly for an explanation. The doctors, and the chemists, and the members of the learned societies attacked the subject vigorously and systematically. Of the value of their scientific inquiries I shall leave you to judge. In 1882 there were 3,352 deaths from typhoid in the great capital with the wide boulevards, and the wonderful sewers, and the numerous parks. From January to July the deaths numbered 965; from July to the end of the following December the number of deaths amounted to 2,387.

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* This case and the previous cases are reported in Vol. I. of *A System of Practical Medicine*, edited by William Pepper, M.D., LL.D. Philadelphia. 1885.

The average mortality during the autumn months was 250 per week, against an average of 34 for the corresponding weeks of the previous year. As everybody knows, the water-supply of Paris has been long in bad repute. Could the water be chargeable with the increase of typhoid? Could it be that the air was poisonous? There is a meteorological observatory in the *Parc de Montsouris*, at the south end of the city, away out near the cemetery of Montparnasse—you remember Sœur Rosalie's grave! The officials of the observatory experimented with the air, to see whether, perchance, it would convict itself. They found that during the summer months the air contained an average of 89 bacteria to the cubic meter, while in September the number suddenly rose to 129, and in October to 142. With November the figures were down to 106. Possibly the air is at fault, said some; but these facts prove nothing. The years 1885, '86, '87 were no less fatal than 1882. Meantime some light had been thrown on the question. Paris receives a large share of its *good* water-supply from two distant streams, the Vanne and the Dhuys. In summer these streams run low; the supply is insufficient. Then the waters of the Seine, the Marne, and the Ourcq are turned into the reservoirs, and typhoid fever is turned into the houses! Dr. Miquel took up the subject of water and bacteria. With your permission I'll have a look at my note-book. Beginning with rain-water, the doctor found from 4 to 18 bacteria to the cubic centimeter—a third of a teaspoonful. From the water of the Vannes he got 120; from the Seine at Choisy, 300; from the Seine, at Bercy, 1,400; at St. Denis, four and a half miles from Paris, 200,000! Growing, eh! If there be any virtue in bacteria, the Seine water at St. Denis must be pretty near "first class"! Remember, these numbers are all calculated to the cubic centimeter! Well, Dr. Miquel did not stop at St. Denis. At Clichy, which you have passed through, on your way to St. Germain or Versailles, the doctor sampled a sewer. The water was rich, fat—6,000,000 bacteria to the centimeter. Certainly, *millions*—you think I am giving play to my imagination, do you? Wait a minute—give me time. Along the Paris quays, as you have seen, the *bateau-lavoir* is a common fixture—a public wash-house, for the convenience of the *citoyenne blanchisseuse*. Dr. Miquel invaded the wash-houses and examined the water in which the patriotic Parisian's linen is soaked, before being washed. This water paid a high tribute to the affection of the bacteria for the *boulevardier*, the *gommeux*, and the *rouge*—26,000,000 to the centimeter. Imagine the vitality of the

Seine water, into which these tubs were freely emptied! Who is my authority? M. Henri de Parville, an old hand at the business.* Were the bacteria of a harmful sort? Yes and no. Among the firmest believers in the bacterial theory of disease there is a general agreement that many varieties of these infinitesimal organisms are harmless. However, Dr. Miquel pursued his experiments, with a view to determining the proportion of harmful to harmless bacteria in the waters he had collected. His conclusion was that from five to ten per cent. of these bacteria were poisonous. Figure it out for yourself, please!

If we stopped short here your verdict might justly be—not proven. Strange coincidences, interesting facts about water, and bacteria, and typhoid, without any proof that these facts bear on one another. We will assume that your verdict will be the general verdict. I am afraid my fifteen minutes are up, the shadows are lengthening, and I begin to feel the grass a "wee bit" damp, but if you'll risk it a few minutes longer, I'll have said all I have to say about "pure water." Of course the physicians had been looking for the typhoid bacillus, but unavailingly. It was: "Now you see it, and now you don't." At length, in 1881, a German physician, Dr. Klebs, claimed that he had definitely fixed the "bacillus typhosus," as he named it. The learned doctor described the bacillus, told how it entered the human body, and how it developed during the fever; and claimed to have reproduced the disease in other animals by introducing this particular bacillus into their bodies. According to Dr. Klebs, "the bacillus typhosus enters the system by the respiratory passages, and by the alimentary canal." About the same time another German physician, Dr. Eberth, published the results of his observations, establishing, as he claimed, the existence of a specific typhoid bacillus.

The views of Klebs and Eberth were accepted by some and contested by others, and there the matter rested. French physicians were ready to believe in the bacillic theory of the disease, but they were slow to accept the "exhibit" already offered in evidence. As to the connection between drinking-water and typhoid, there was a frequent repetition of "strange coincidences," as you would have me say. Have you ever been at Auxerre? Yes; and you went thence to Chablis and Nuits, did you? I'll wager the water did you no harm while you were in that part of the country. How? You went to Nuits to see the old Abbey of Citeaux! A very proper pilgrimage. And I venture to say you went to Vougeot, to see the abbey cellars, and to Beaune, to see the old church of Notre Dame, and at every one of these places you failed not to do justice to your favorite Burgundies. Where was I? Sure enough, at Auxerre. Back in 1882 they had an epidemic of typhoid at Auxerre. No one could tell why. The disease appeared suddenly. There was no evidence of contagion. How about the water? Formerly the inhabitants used river water from the Yonne. But the town *would* modernize itself. A new quarter was built, and all the well-to-do folk combined to insure a supply of "pure water," by the aqueduct of Valand. The poorer people, as of old, went to the river. Now, the typhoid attacked only those who drank the "pure water." Dr. de Carrières, a specialist and expert, was chosen to make a study of the case, and, if possible, to determine the cause of the epidemic. The doctor proceeded to examine the Valand water at its source. Arrived there he found a farm-house close at hand, and of course he found that necessary and more or less charming ornament of a farm-yard, a manure-heap. Inquiring at the house, he learned they had a patient who had lately come from Paris ill with typhoid. The plot thickens! The doctor suspected the big manure-heap. He would try. So he took a quantity of rosalinine, a powerful, red coloring-matter, and distributed it freely over the mass. Next morning when the surviving "best people" of Auxerre turned on the taps, what was their surprise to find the beautiful Valand water as red as blood! The mystery was solved. Is that "striking," Mr. Hasty-Tongue? You confess that it is. I have a small batch of "striking" "coincidences," which I reserved for the end of our talk. Tell me how my next "strikes" you!

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* See *Le Correspondant*, June 10, 1886.

At Pierrefonds—but you have been there! Drove over from Compiègne did you, after a day in the beautiful forest? You went to see Viollet-le-Duc's great castle! You did well. A mighty mass it is; a credit to the government which had the public spirit to restore it, and an enduring monument to the masterly architect who renewed a masterwork. You remember that Pierrefonds is a little watering-place, a "health resort"—mineral springs, hot sulphur baths, vapor baths, a real "sanitarium." During the months of August and September, 1886, twenty-three Parisians went to Pierrefonds in search of health. After a time one and another of this group of health-seekers was taken ill with typhoid fever. In all twenty of them were attacked, and of these seven died. Three had escaped the disease. One of the lucky ones went away after a stay of twenty-four hours. The two others did not like the water and drank mineral water. The sufferers were men of standing, Academicians and the like. Great interest was shown in the unhappy affair. Professor Brouardel was selected to make a careful inquiry as to the cause of the epidemic. Arrived at Pierrefonds, he learned that between 1874 and 1883 typhoid had declared itself no less than five times in the same group of houses, where it had just done such fatal work. No attention was paid to these earlier epidemics. And now it came out that in July, just previous to the coming of the unfortunate twenty-three, a Parisian family had occupied one of these houses, and that one member of this family had developed typhoid. Professor Brouardel examined the soil at Pierrefonds. At a depth of five feet he found water. Dig five feet lower down and you have a well. The soil is loose, and there is a plentiful supply of subterranean water-courses. This water bathed the walls of the "vaults," which were not cemented. The soil was charged with organic matter. However, the wells were far removed from both drains and "vaults," distant from thirty to ninety feet. To make sure, the professor drew off samples of the water in the suspected wells, and submitted these samples to experts. Twenty-five thousand of the bacilli which were supposed to determine typhoid fever were found in a *litre*—a pint and three-quarters—of the water. This was almost convincing. Dr. Chautemesse and Dr. Widal, who had charge of the bacillic experiments, determined to settle the question by an original operation. They selected a certain number of typhoidal patients, and on the tenth day of the disease they passed a trocar into the spleen of these patients, and extracted a small quantity of blood. Don't look horrified! The operation was quite harmless. Yes, it *sounds* unpleasantly, sure enough. But the sound is the worst part of it. The operation is not even painful. In this blood the two doctors found bacilli in every wise identical with those found in the water of the doubtful wells at Pierrefonds. The question of a specific typhoid bacillus is, at least, less doubtful than before these experiments were made? Just a moment, please, and then you may have your say. A chemical analysis of the water of the well belonging to the house where the disease had proved most fatal showed that this water was less charged with organic matter than the water of the other wells. Further, a chemist would have pronounced it a good drinking water. Now ask me your question. I have just answered it, you say. Then let me add one little word. It would look as if these bacilli are carried through the soil more surely than decomposed organic matter. You see that? Very well. And it would seem, or we may infer, or, judging from the experience at Pierrefonds, one may assume—that a "pure water" may be a cause of typhoid fever! Have we succeeded in wording our propositions with a proper want of positiveness, Mr. "Thomas Coincidence"? We have, and, with your permission, we will end with a couple of corroborative tales.

You look the least bit bored, but, then, you *would* boast of that well of yours! Is there a proverb—Arabian, of course—which says: Boast not before thy brother, he being a talkative man? Patience! I have almost reeled off my yarn. Were you ever at Clermont-Ferrand? You were—quaint old place, and in a most interesting country. Ricketty old town; narrow, winding streets—but what charming suburbs! And that most beautiful *Jardin des Plantes!* And the delightful views from the *Place d'Espagne* and the *Place de la Poterne!* Indeed, you are right; the bright and bitter Pascal should have learned a lesson in amiability from the gentle, gladdening fields that smile upon his native city. But, then, it's a volcanic country! You remember the great *Puy de Pariou*, climbing skyward 7,000 feet, and that monster crater, a thousand feet in diameter; and the grassy-topped *Puy de Dôme*, five thousand feet in air, and the *Petit Puy de Dôme* beyond, and little *Mont-Rognon*, and bigger *Puy de Gravenoire*, just south of Royat. What a succession of inspiring views! Then, the tumbled masses of lava, and the streams, the pure, crystalline, diamond-clear streams, forcing a way right and left through the lava beds! And the springs and fountains, with the pretty names! The grottoes, enclosing cool, transparent waters! And wondrous "*Saint Alyre*"—the incrusted fountain; you remember Saint Alyre? No! Well, you do remember the little river, Tiretaine, that runs by Clermont, and so on out by Royat; of course you do. Saint Alyre pours its crystal waters into the Tiretaine, and, through some fanciful freak, they have transformed themselves into stony drops, and, adding drop to drop, have builded two marvellous arches, spanning the river from bank to bank. How could you forget Saint-Alyre? Baths, baths, at Clermont and Royat! Mineral springs, hydropathic establishments—no end of water, health-giving, beautiful water. The Clermont-Ferrand people were choice about water. Nothing in the neighborhood was good enough for them. They would have the best that was, even if they went four or five miles for it. So they fixed upon Fontana. There the water is sweet, pure, limpid, virginal. Clermont-Ferrand is happy! Somewhat over a year ago typhoid showed itself in the barracks at Clermont-Ferrand. Hundreds of the soldiers sickened, and many of the poor fellows died. There was great excitement. The doctors tested the water. They found the typhoid bacillus! The city officials were notified. They protested: "But this is the water of Fontana; the 'pure water' of the pellucid springs of Fontana! It is simply impossible, ridiculous!" "But here is the true microbe, gentlemen. There is no getting over the microbe!" The physicians started off. The Clermont conduit ran through Royat. At Royat the physicians found the typhoid. And the conduit? It had been carried through Royat, on a level with the public wash-house—lavoir—which had long been a fixture in a depression in the lava banks, a few feet back from the river. It looks like another case of infiltration, you say! Well, that is certainly not a rash way of putting it.

Glorious sunset, isn't it? What a mass of golden fire! Have you watched yonder cloud-mountain widen out, coalesce with the cloud-hills that have grown upward all around to the north, and south, and west? How resplendent they are! Capped with reddening flame, proud, solemn, threatening! But we shall have a full view of the grand cloud panorama as we wend our way homeward. My tongue has been limber, but that humid grass has stiffened my aging back. Erect at last! I'll be with you as far as the gate.

You *do* see that I have good grounds for protecting myself against *strange* water! Now that you agree with me, I feel more confidence in my own judgment. Though I'll confess I was already pretty confident. The facts are of a kind to impress any thinking man or woman. You may have as many theories as you please about the cause of typhoid fever; you may swear by the bacillus, or you may scoff at it; but the facts make it certain that water is a common purveyor of the fever. Why do I boil the water? Because reiterated experiment has proven that no organism survives in water which has been kept at the boiling point for ten minutes. Do I drink the water hot? Bless you, no! That is what the Germans call a "cure." Nowadays hot water and raw beefsteak make the "cure." But I am not trying to cure anything. I am trying to keep myself from getting the diseases I haven't got. Water I drink "cold boiled." Can you tell me why it is that we usually drink it "raw"? You can't! I thought not. You will worry over the question a long time before you find a satisfactory answer. The boiled water I place in a close-covered vessel, and there I allow it to cool gradually. When it's cooled "to taste," I tap it. That's all.

When you consider the subject carefully, you will agree with me that we are all very reckless—not to breathe a breath about ignorance. Picture to yourself the crowd of city visitors in and about this little village. They are very particular about their rooms—which must look north, or south, or west, toward the road, or the mountain, or the sea. The rooms must be on the piazza, or off the piazza, or over the piazza, or away from the stair-head, or the elevator. There must be plenty of closet-room, or nails, at any rate. And can we see the dining-room? And the parlor? Whose "grand" have you? And do you keep it tuned? Have you good stabling? But no one says: Show me your out-houses, the course of your drains, the line of your water-pipes, or your well. We drink what is set before us, assuming that all country water is necessarily good, "pure." At the big hotels the story is the same. Three, four, five hundred—a thousand people will crowd into a great, wooden caravansary, because the board is high, the table no better than it ought to be, the society so choice that every respectable woman feels obliged to wear diamonds at breakfast, and because the "hops"—with Kirchoff's band—are frequented by the *élite* of New York sporting men and speculators. Is there a single man or woman of the vast crowd who has the thought to inquire into the important details of drainage, and of water service? These subjects are a hundred times more material than the position of a room, or the make of a piano, or the length of the "carte du jour." The water-supply, the position of conduits, or wells, the relative position of drains, etc., should be as carefully considered on the farm or in the village as at the watering-place "barracks."

We have State Boards of Health. They publish very useful reports year after year. Were they bad or useless, everybody would read them; as it is, who does read them? The questions of water and drainage were forced on the New York State Board of Health with its organization in 1880. I remember that in 1884 and 1886 the board was loud in its warnings. The report of 1886 said that "the experience of the past year had added new proof that one of the gravest causes of preventable disease in this State is the drinking of impure water. The protection of private sources of water-supply can only be accomplished by educating the owners of wells, springs, and their surroundings in a knowledge of the watchfulness required to prevent the contamination of the house-supply."

Until intelligent attention is given to the sanitary questions, we need not be surprised at the autumn epidemic of typhoid fever. I'll venture to say that many a case that develops in the city has been brought home from the mountains, the sea-side, or the "smiling" valleys. With pure air, seek "pure water"! Why don't I use a filter? Because I have used filters. They are worse than nothing. The best a filter can do is to hold back the coarser solid matter that is suspended in the water. The filter will not, cannot stop the infinitesimally little bacilli. Indeed, the ordinary filter is dangerous. Solid, unclean substances are held in the filter, there to ferment and breed poison. An old filter is a small drain! The charcoal filter? Just as great a nuisance, and for the very same reasons. Here we are at home! No, thank you! They expect me at the house. As you know, I like my cup of light-drawing oolong about this hour. By the way, you are pretty sure of getting "*Aqua Pura*"—wholesome, delicious, refreshing, *pure* water—in a brew of well-made, fragrant, invigorating tea. Try it! *Au revoir* ! How about city water? A fair question.

You have seen what harm rivers and drains have done. Cities that draw their water-supply from streams which are not carefully guarded run a great risk. It is questionable whether there is a city in the United States that is better off than New York. You remember Dr. John C. Peters' charges made at the meeting of the New York County Medical Society, on May 28 last? He stated that Croton Lake and the thirty or more smaller lakes in the Croton watershed are daily receptacles of the sewage of twenty-five thousand people, and of tons upon tons of refuse. In expressing his belief, "that the malignant diseases of which New York is having her full share may be traced to this cause," Dr. Peters cannot be accused of rashness. And the bad drains in city houses, and the imperfect water-pipes, and the ill-jointed mains in the streets! Percolation under the house, percolation under the streets—and no one thinks of the drainage until the damage has been done! When a city man buys a house he will have "hard-wood" trimmings, frescoed ceilings, an intarsia floor in the "library," and something unique in mantels—but the drainage! However, we will talk about cities some other day. We do not migrate *en masse* to the cities, once a year, in search of health and "pure water." Thanks for your company, and good night!

Walking homeward I recalled Reginald, and Amanda, and "Pah," and "Mah." Will they get back to town safe and sound? However, they are all old enough to take care of themselves. But, for dear little baby's sake, I should like to tell one more little story. It is a milk story, and will not interest grown people. Some doctors think that typhoid is sometimes communicated by means of milk. This opinion may be reasonable. Still, here's for the story! In 1871 there was an epidemic of typhoid in the parish of Islington, London. Sixty-two families residing within the limits of a circle half a mile in diameter took the fever. Fifty-four of these families got their milk from the same dairy. The dairy-farm was visited, and lo and behold! a member of the dairyman's family had been ill with the typhoid. But how could that affect the milk? Dr. Ballard tried to solve the difficulty, and found that the well-water had been contaminated by the excreta of the patient. Could it be possible that the dairyman watered the milk? The question seems ridiculous—ask him! With the natural indignation of a dairyman, he hotly answered, No! Thank Heaven! Another honest dairyman. But they *had* used the water *to wash the milk-pans!* It is hard to tell a milk story—it's so apt to resolve itself into "pure water" before you get through with it! Mothers, if you must have a dairyman for the baby, how would it do to—boil the milk?

Enough of prose! It's a world of prose. Let us at least be blithe and merry. As we began with joyous verse and gladdening song, so let us end. Gentles, take up your accordant banjoes, and soft-toned amateur flutes, and the broadly diapasoned zither! Will Mr. James Thomson kindly wave the *baton*, briskly? Now—*giocosamente*—

Crowned with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on; the Doric reed once more,
Well pleased, I tune. Whate'er the Wintry frost
(*pp*) Nitrous prepared; the various-blossomed Spring
Put in white promise forth; and Summer suns,
Concocted strong, (*forte*) rush boundless now to view,
Full, perfect all, and *end* my glorious theme. (*D. C.*)

JOHN A. MOONEY.

JOHN VAN ALSTYNE'S FACTORY.

XXVII.

BY THE STILE.

IT came to pass, therefore, that this hour of *solitude à deux*, from which a common sorrow banished self-consciousness and affectation, not only brought these young people closer together than all their previous intercourse had done, but did so without any present reference of either to the fact. The subject of their talk was so extraneous to themselves; their concern for the future of the operatives, whose hopes seemed to have been raised only to be dashed, was so impersonal, and their ways of considering things in general appeared so obvious and necessary to each, that that most rare and penetrating pleasure, of intellectual and moral sympathy with those who have had an attraction for us prior to all overt reason, insinuated itself into either soul under the guise of a mere abstract conformity of sentiment, capable of duplicating itself under other circumstances and with other companions. It was only as they finally set their faces towards home that they drifted imperceptibly into a narrower and deeper channel.

"Do you think it so certain, then," the girl asked at last, when the first pause in their talk began to embarrass her by its length, "that all Mr. Van Alstyne's plans would be put an end to if he should die now, without recovering consciousness?"

"I think so," returned Paul Murray. "I may be wrong, but that is my impression."

"But why? He must have been considering so long that it seems to me unlikely that he should have left his affairs at loose ends until so late."

"Aren't you forgetting that a new condition of things has but just arisen which might change or modify in some way any scheme he had previously settled on?"

"You mean—" Zip began, and then stopped.

"Mr. Hadleigh's arrival," Paul answered her unspoken thought.

"But that could hardly make so great a difference, could it? It was plain from what Mr. Van Alstyne said yesterday that he had not changed his mind about the works here."

"That is true enough. What he may have changed, and what I think it likely he desired to, is simply his mode of carrying out his plans. It would be entirely natural that he should. He might, for example, have wished to substitute one name for another in his testament, and been prevented from doing so by some accident; or he might merely have proposed to add a new one, which is what I think most probable. But in either case there would be likely to be some reversal of conditions which would leave things at loose ends, as you say."

"Do you know, then, what his first intention was?"

"Yes; I learned it but lately from his own lips."

Paul Murray stopped and looked at his companion. The usual keenness of his glance was penetrated with a certain soft longing. The expansive impulse of the lover was strong upon him. He wanted to tell her all he knew, and had she looked up at him then and put another direct question he might have done so. But they were sufficiently *en rapport* for her to feel his hesitation without seeing it, and some instinct kept her silent.

"Dear, kind old man!" she sighed at last; "how horrid it seems to be discussing him in this way! I wonder what he would think if he could know all that people are hoping and fearing about him? Do you know the squire thinks he may recover, and that he is perhaps not wholly unconscious even now?"

"So?" said Paul. "Squire Cadwallader told you that?"

"This afternoon, just before he went away. But he told me to keep my counsel about it," she added, changing color, "and I have not done so. I even told my sister. But that is no harm. She is as still as a church."

"And now you have told me!" said Paul, smiling.

"Yes; but I knew I might do that."

"The squire told you so?"

"No; but he said he only told *me* because he knew I was Mr. Van Alstyne's friend—and he felt sure he needed one. I don't quite know why, but I supposed him to mean that I must not tell Mrs. Van Alstyne—or any one else in the house."

The girl had hesitated and breathed a little quicker than usual while getting off this explanation of her breach of confidence. It justified itself entirely to her mind, but somehow it sounded rather lame when put into words. The quick pleasure it gave Paul found characteristic expression in a soft but amused laugh.

"What a ready interpreter you are!" he said. "Do you always stick as closely to the letter of your instructions where secrets are concerned? It is good to know your little ways, in case one thought of telling you some."

"I didn't ask anybody to tell me any secrets!" said Zip hotly, and quickening her pace. "The squire told me because he felt like it, I suppose. I made no promises."

"And so broke none? Don't go so fast, Miss Colton. If you don't trip over one of these hidden roots you'll certainly tumble down this slippery hillside. There! I warned you, didn't I?"

He caught her hand just in time to save her from fulfilling the latter prediction. She tried to draw it back again as she recovered her balance, but they were very near the bottom of the slope, and he seemed not to notice her attempt until they were squarely on the level.

"There you are!" he said, relinquishing his hold so naturally as to make her tingle a little over the impulse which had made her so prompt about her withdrawal. They were facing the west, and between the trunks of the pines burned the red gold of the declining sun, a huge globe just above the horizon in a hazy but cloudless sky.

"How red it is!" Paul said, stopping. The girl stood still likewise. They watched it sinking, silent both, until only the upper rim, a "paten of bright gold," lay throbbing on the edge of the world. Then Paul looked down with a renewal of an earlier impulse.

"Did I annoy you just now?" he asked gently.

"Annoy me?" she echoed, bringing back her eyes also from the distance to meet his.

"By what I said about your way of keeping secrets?"

He had been entirely serious, but the quick, almost imperceptible knitting of the girl's brows and the slight nervous quiver of her lower lip as she dropped her glance, awoke again the teasing impulse, whose salty savor preserved his sentiment from sentimentality.

"Ah! I see I did," he went on, biting his lip to keep back a laugh, "and I must beg pardon, for, really, I had no manner of excuse for it. My experience of your fidelity in that respect was only a week old yesterday. How many fibs do you think you led me into before I was able to surprise it?"

"Don't!" said Zip, with an impatient movement of her shoulders. As she spoke she turned toward home with a resolute step which would plainly know neither shortening nor relaxation until it brought her to Mr. Van Alstyne's door. Paul walked on composedly, not speaking again until they reached the stile. Then he stopped her, which was not difficult, his forethought having kept him on that side of her which was next the steps. And the lowest of them was so far from the ground that although she would have been glad not to take the hand he offered, yet the awkwardness of mounting it unaided counted for almost as much in her acceptance as the memory of her recent experience on the slope behind them. Moreover, though she still felt vexed, she was outwardly as cool as a snowflake, and knew it.

"Wait just a minute, Miss Colton," Paul said, retaining the hand she had laid in his, but barring her nearer approach to the stile by turning to face her; "there is something I would like to tell you, if you don't mind receiving a confidence, before we go back."

His voice was serious now, and so were his eyes when Zip lifted her own for an instant, and as he finished speaking he released his light clasp of her hand. So freed, she could scarcely choose but stand still and listen. But Paul Murray was apparently in no hurry to begin. For a moment longer he parleyed with himself, and then sent prudence to the right-about. He foresaw that he was going to have great need hereafter for that least engaging of the virtues, and why waste its strength beforehand on small encounters? To do him justice, he honestly believed that what he had resolved to say was no longer of actual importance. It was not that he wanted her to know it. At that moment he simply desired the pleasure of telling her, and binding her to respect his confidence.

"It is a real secret this time," he said at last, but without a hint of that jesting accent which now and again had wilfully stung the girl where she was most sensitive, and yet had done so with a swiftness so occult that neither of them could have assigned a reason why. One thing he knew, and that was that the wish to tease her was often irresistible; and one thing she knew, that the laugh in his eyes and in his voice curled her up like the mimosa at an alien touch, but left behind it no sting of humiliation and no trace of real anger.

"I shared it with Mr. Van Alstyne until yesterday," Paul Murray went on, his eyes bent on her face, which was downcast. "Now that he is so near his end—as I can't help feeling that he is, in spite of Squire Cadwallader—and that all he hoped to do must be abandoned, it would give me a pleasure to share it with you."

He stopped, and Zip lifted once more a pair of unembarrassed eyes.

"Why do you despair of him so soon?" she asked. "What the squire said gave me a little courage."

"I hardly know—except that I am certain that Mr. Van Alstyne himself has been looking forward to this time as likely to be fatal to him. I have sometimes tried to persuade him that it was a superstitious fancy. But I think the notion preyed upon him, and so helped to accomplish itself."

"I don't understand," said Zip, seeing that he paused.

"Why, all that has been going on here for the last nine or ten days has been calculated to discompose him, more or less, and the excitement aided the persuasion I have spoken of to produce its natural result. You see, there has been a rather curious complication in his affairs, dating from the day before his cousin's arrival, which was the day when he gave his lawyer instructions for the drawing of his will. He had delayed it so long, as he has since told me, because he was never quite able to determine which of several schemes he had in mind would be the most simple and most sure. As to the wisdom of that on which he finally settled, I have nothing to say. He told me that in doing so he accepted the counsel of the most honest and sensible legal adviser whom he knew. The document was drawn, and he was to go to town last week to sign it, but before the day came Mr. Hadleigh had arrived."

"Mr. Van Alstyne went up to Riverside last Tuesday, didn't he?"

"Yes; but he did not sign his will. He was considering certain alterations which might be made in some of its provisions without changing its general tenor. I had some talk about it with him early in the week, but don't really know on what he settled. We were both too much occupied afterward to have any chance. What I know is that he intended to go to town again on Friday to affix his signature, and that he received a telegram that morning asking him to postpone it until Monday on account of some unforeseen delay on the part of his lawyer. So there it stands, as null as any cipher, and here is his heir-at-law, or one of them, ready to work his own pleasure as soon as Mr. Van Alstyne's death shall have removed the last obstacle. Well, 'man proposes.'" Paul lifted his hat, but did not finish his quotation.

"And is that the secret?" said Zip at last, seeing that he neither went on speaking nor made any motion to resume their walk homeward.

"No," he answered smiling, "that is only preliminary to it.

The secret is purely personal to me, and is now hardly worth the telling. Would you like to hear it?"

Zip looked her answer.

"And you will keep it?" he went on, the laugh back in his eyes. "No sister to share it, though she may be stiller than any church? Nobody, in fact, but Paul Murray ever to catch one little lisp about it? Hope to die?"

Zip laughed too. "Dear me!" she said, "what a frightful tease you are! Hope to die! True as I live and breathe! Now, what is it? I don't believe it is anything."

"Well, it isn't much, as it happens. Perhaps I'd better keep it, after all. Oh! I won't—don't be vexed; that wouldn't be fair now. Well, if Mr. Hadleigh had not come I should have been Mr. Van Alstyne's sole legatee; in trust, of course, but still a trust of honor only, for the carrying out of his co-operative scheme. If the telegram from Judge Mount had not been sent, I suppose I should have been associated in that trust with Mr. Hadleigh. In either case I should have occupied a position so far beyond any sane hope or expectation I ever could have formed, that I doubtless owe my equanimity under the actual state of affairs to the fact that it always looked too much like magic to impress me fully. Besides, my knowledge of it was too recent to have had time yet to take strong hold of my imagination."

The girl looked at him with wide eyes.

"Really? You can resign so great a thing, such an opportunity for good, so easily as that?"

"Don't you see I've got to? I am truly sorry, I grant you that; but I think it is because I foresee the collapse of everything Mr. Van Alstyne has been working for, and not solely—well, let me be honest for once, since I am in for it—not even mostly on my own account. You see I never even dreamed of taking any such share in the fulfilment of his plans as he proposed to give me. I honor him, I love him, I would have been glad to take any part whatever of his burden, and help in any way to realize his dreams. But there it is. *C'est fini*, as Jean Popinot says every time he comes to tell me his wife has given him another black eye and he proposes to go back into bachelor quarters."

"I don't see how you can laugh!" said Zip.

"Why not? Who knows except Paul Murray, and one little girl who has promised to keep his secret, that he was ever so near, even in his dreams, to such a prize? Don't waste any pity on me. Think of Mr. Van Alstyne. I could find it in my heart to pray that what the squire said to you may have no vestige of truth about it. Think of lying there, bound hand and foot, eye and tongue, and yet knowing!"

"Let us go back to him," said Zip. "Poor old man! I love him too. Pray God it *is* true what the squire thinks! It would be too dreadful! I don't believe God *can* permit such a thing!"

Paul took her hand and helped her across the stile before he spoke.

"I wouldn't say things like that if I were you," he remarked quietly. "God can permit and does permit things much more difficult to bear or to comprehend than this. But what of it? Life is short, don't you know, and eternity is very long."

They walked on in silence across the field, until, as they neared the oak, a thought suddenly recurred to Paul Murray.

"By the way," he said; "confidence for confidence is a fair exchange, shouldn't you say?"

"If confidences are in the market."

Paul threw back his head and laughed.

"You give yours away instead of selling them? I should have remembered. Who did you think was behind you when you were crossing the pasture this afternoon?"

To his surprise the girl colored and looked so confused that although a prick of jealous curiosity stung him through and through, he hastened to withdraw his question.

"Don't answer me," he said hurriedly; "I don't want to know. And pardon the inquiry."

"No," said Zipporah after the briefest pause; "I'll tell you. I must, now."

"Don't!" he reiterated; "not if it annoys you. I only asked because it seemed to me that you looked relieved to find it was nobody but me."

"So I was," she answered, a little hurry in her voice. "I—I thought it might be Mr. Hadleigh. And I—I hate him!"

"So bad as that?" he said lightly, but with a question in the keen eyes that had caught and were holding hers. Apparently the mute answer to it reassured him, for presently he laughed again.

"Ah!" he said, "it is easy for a poor sinner to offend you, isn't it? What was his crime? Didn't he admire sufficiently the grace with which you managed those beautiful gauze wings yesterday? To be sure, you tore one of them pretty badly, but then—"

The girl grew rose-red again, and stamped her foot.

"Oh! you—you're *awful!*" she cried. "I'm going straight home. No; that was *not* Mr. Hadleigh's offence! I'm not going to tell you anything more about it."

"I told you not to," said Paul; "didn't I protest that I had not the least vestige of curiosity on the subject? Only, you know, if any one had asked me, say yesterday morning, whether I thought you 'hated' Mr. Hadleigh, I suspect I couldn't have said yes with a good conscience."

Zipporah made no answer. Her own conscience had been easy enough on the score of her amiability toward Mr. Hadleigh until, under the influence, perhaps, of his too frequent attentions to the claret-cup with which Mrs. Van Alstyne had provided her private table at the picnic, he had presumed upon it in a way which wounded her pride even more deeply than it had alarmed her modesty. It was only that he had caught her hand as she was passing him behind the scenes, and begun some too ardent phrase of admiration which he never got a chance to finish. But as he took his place beside Brother Meeker in the list of the girl's most intimate aversions, there had sprung up in her a sense of shame on her own account which Paul Murray's last words renewed with a keenness almost unendurable. The hot tears of vexation rushed into her eyes, and a quick shower rolled down her cheeks before she could turn her head. Paul was in dismay.

"Don't cry!" he begged, close to her ear and in a softly beseeching tone; "I am a brute to tease you so. You'll forgive me, won't you? I had no business to say that."

"You had," she objected, drawing well away from him. There was a catch in her voice, but though she was regaining possession of herself, their relations were so fast approaching a primitive sincerity that her self-accusation would come out. "You had—anybody had. I had no business to pretend I—to pretend I thought he was nice, when—when he isn't."

"What made you?" said Paul softly, a remorseful twinge in his own conscience reminding him of Bella. "What did he say to you?"

"Nothing made me. He didn't say anything. What right had *he* to call me Zip, and—and take hold of my hand, and say I was—I won't tell you *what* he said! Besides, I don't know; I didn't stay to listen."

"I wonder if he said you were a very nice little girl?" suggested Paul, the faintest suspicion of a twinkle lightening his eyes again; "because I could understand his temptation if he did."

"Please don't, Mr. Murray! He didn't say anything of the kind. And I'm not."

"I wouldn't like to doubt your word," said Paul, "but that is the only evidence I have against you. May I help you up this bank?"

They had crossed the bridge now.

"No, you may not," she smiled. "I don't need any assistance, thank you."

XXVIII.

DR. SAWYER'S CLINIC.

DR. SAWYER came over to pay the first visit to Mr. Van Alstyne the next morning, as the squire was pretty thoroughly knocked-up by fatigue. He found two patients waiting for him, Mr. Hadleigh being on the sick-list with what he dreaded as the premonitory symptoms of a recurrence of rheumatic fever, apparently brought on by a shower in which he had got a complete drenching on Sunday night.

Dr. Sawyer's medical diploma, which was his only one, was now about two years old. For the last six months it had been hanging in the ante-room of Squire Cadwallader's office, having previously decorated its owner's quarters in one of the public hospitals of the city whose college of physicians and surgeons had conferred it. The squire, whose traditions concerning the proper intellectual basis for medical or other special sciences were derived from a respectably antiquated source, had felt that he was yielding a good deal to sentiment when he admitted this son of an old friend into his office and drove about with him among his patients, but, having made up his mind to do it, he was too kind-hearted not to have thoroughly accepted the situation. He made himself eminently useful to his young colleague, and took out of him in return whatever aid of any sort he found him capable of giving.

Dr. Sawyer was a tall, rather ungainly young man, with a boyishly round face, and manners whose awkwardness would be likely to wear off in time, as it was chiefly due at present to a mingling of self-consciousness and youthful conceit. In reality, he did not quite deserve the epithet of chuckle-headed which

Squire Cadwallader now and then cast upon him in the strict privacy of marital communications. Unless Mrs. Van Alstyne surpassed him, he was doubtless the warmest admirer that Mr. Van Alstyne-Hadleigh had yet secured in Milton Centre and its vicinity.

The doctor found Mr. Hadleigh in bed with a good deal of pain in his lower joints and a marked tendency to fever, yet willing and even anxious to talk over recent occurrences. Dr. Sawyer felt himself bound in conscience to repress that inclination in a patient with a pulse so rapid, and as Mr. Hadleigh's conversational impulse took, on the whole, a more or less catechetical form, the doctor was presently satisfying both his professional scruples and his friendly feelings by doing nearly all the talking.

Mr. Hadleigh was not always a good listener. He had made enemies more often by brusqueness than by reticence, but as he had seldom suffered much at the hands of any foe, it may be supposed that ordinarily he was able to take a sufficiently accurate measure of his fellow-creatures for his own purposes. His other village admirer, Mrs. Van Alstyne, had already recorded her tribute to the high-bred attention which he paid to her communications, though she had been bothered not a little by her failure to profit much by those he vouchsafed in return. As for Dr. Sawyer, his intercourse with the brilliant stranger had not until now made any approach to conversational intimacy. He had admired him on general principles, as having almost in excess the social qualifications which he lacked himself, but did not yet despair of attaining. This morning he found him more than ever agreeable. Which of us has not felt himself flattered by that rarity, a perfect listener, even when the subject discussed did not relate wholly to our own admirable peculiarities and achievements? Not to imply that that topic was in the present instance entirely excluded from Dr. Sawyer's reminiscences and prognostications.

"Oh! no," he was saying at the point where it concerns us to record a nearly one-sided dialogue not much more remarkable for wit than for accuracy, "such seizures as this of Mr. Van Alstyne's are not necessarily fatal, even at his age. Not immediately fatal, of course, you understand. I remember when I was in the hospital we had a case something like his. The patient had been a man about town in his day, and had run through piles of money, and though he couldn't be called a victim to the alcohol habit, still I don't doubt that he had be-fuddled his brains much oftener than was good for him. I should say he might have been near Mr. Van Alstyne's age, perhaps five or ten years younger. He got excited over some political talk, tumbled over on the steps of his hotel, and was brought up to Fairview. It was a case of acute softening, but he had tremendous vitality to start with, and we brought him round again in about a month."

"Completely?"

"Did we cure him, do you mean? Of course not. But the softening would probably have become chronic and might have lasted two or three years if he hadn't got an upset which excited him so that it produced another apoplectic attack. That carried him off in a day or two."

"How did it happen?"

"A chattering nurse did it. If I had my way I would slit the tongues of professional nurses—make mutes of them in the Oriental fashion. They are seldom safe. To be sure, this fellow believed that Harrington—that was the patient's name, Fitzroy Harrington; he belonged to a very good family,—the nurse took it for granted that he was not fully conscious. There had been an accident outside the operating room. A patient had been brought in to have his hand amputated. He was still under the influence of chloroform, and the nurse, who was wheeling him out to the shaft to go back to his ward, supposed the elevator was there when it wasn't, and down the man went to the bottom and broke his neck, and waked up in kingdom-come without ever knowing what it was all about."

"Shocking!" interjected Mr. Hadleigh, with a disgusted look. "Are such accidents common?"

"Well, not to say common. Still, they sometimes occur. As to Harrington, we had begun wheeling him about a little. He was a private patient, and we gave him airings in a perambulator. But he had heard just enough to frighten him, and the next ride he was invited to take threw him into such a rage of terror that, as I say, it was all up with him in a day or two. Otherwise he might be living still. As well die at once, it seems to me, as go on into drivelling idiocy!"

"Is that what you anticipate for my cousin Van Alstyne?"

"Well, it is early yet to make a decided prognosis. I remarked to Squire Cadwallader last night that if there were no immediate recurrence of his stroke it would probably result in acute softening."

"And he agreed with you?"

"Oh! yes. I should say there couldn't be a doubt about it. His temperature is pretty good this morning, and his face a better color. And his paralysis is only complete on one side. Still, he is old, and he has been cranky this long while. I haven't the least doubt in my own mind as to the nature of his seizure."

"Is that a general impression?"

"Is what a general impression?"

"That he has been 'cranky,' as you say?"

"Oh! this long time. He is perfectly impracticable. Full of socialism and all that kind of rot. If he has really made a will of the sort everybody supposes he meant to, I don't suppose you would find the least difficulty in contesting it. I mean," went on the doctor, seeing an unpleasant expression flit across his listener's face, "that any one who has a natural claim might set it up with a fair prospect of having it admitted even in the face of express provisions on his part. I had a little talk on that subject this very morning with one of the squire's partners, Mr. Lamson. And I have heard the same thing said repeatedly before."

"What is the law in this country, do you know, with regard to the property of a man who lapses into a state of chronic imbecility? Who takes charge of his estate, and what is done with regard to his business?"

"No; I don't know. But I can find out for you, easily enough. I've a brother in a law-office in Riverside."

"Thanks, I'm sure. But I won't trouble you. How long am I likely to lie here, do you suppose?"

"That depends. The squire will look in on you this afternoon or evening. By the way, he might be able to give you the information you want."

"Very likely." Mr. Hadleigh made a grimace as he tried to turn over in bed. "He combines manufacturing with pill-giving and blistering, I think I've been told."

Dr. Sawyer flushed a little.

"The squire has no active concern in running things, but he has been a heavy shareholder in the Harmonia Mill ever since it was built. Lamson and Sprague are the active partners. I judge that Lamson would like to have a few words with you concerning the business as soon as it becomes evident which way the old gentleman's case is likely to turn. In fact he said so."

"Which way would it suit the lot of you best to have it turn?" said Mr. Hadleigh, with a perceptible sneer.

Dr. Sawyer felt himself uncomfortable for the second time within five minutes. He rose and picked up his hat.

"I'd like to see him get well, for my part," he said, with a rougher accent than had until then been audible in his voice. "I'll tell Lamson, if you say so, that you are house-bound for the present, and pretty certain to remain so for several days. We shall probably want to put leeches on to reduce the inflammation in those joints."

"I hope not, and be hanged to them!" growled the sick man. "I've lost more blood than I can spare within the last three months already. Building up is what I want, not dragging down."

"I have talked too long to you, I'm afraid," said Dr. Sawyer. "Your pulse is ten beats higher than when I came in. Do you want Mr. Lamson to call?"

"No, I don't—or when I do I'll let him know. Get your old man here as quick as possible, will you? Good morning."

Dr. Sawyer went down-stairs with a curiously mixed impression, in which anger, a sentiment with which he was by no means unfamiliar, was blended with a much rarer sense of humiliation and even self-dissatisfaction for which he was at some loss to account.

"Confound his airs!" he said to himself. "Now, what on earth did I do but answer his questions? If there is a man within ten miles who'd be gladder than that fellow to see the old gentleman dig out without delay, I'd be pleased to know what he looks like on the dissecting-table. The bloody snob!" he ended, with a neat colloquialism which he had recently picked up without a suspicion that he would ever want to put it to its present use.

XXIX.

ST. MICHAEL AND THE DRAGON.

"Humph!" said Squire Cadwallader reflectively as he listened to his colleague's report from Milton Centre. "Threatened Mr. Hadleigh with leeches, did you? Rather heroic treatment, isn't it? Much fever?"

"More when I came away than when I went in. About the leeches—well, I knew he objected to them, and just at the minute I felt rather savage with him. Besides, he wants to get up as soon as possible."

"I see. Any special reason that you know of for the increase of fever? Was he talking much?"

"No; I didn't let him. I sat with him an hour or so, as he complained of being left alone, but I tried to prevent his exciting himself. He is in a good deal of pain and his pulse was thumping when I left him."

"What were you savage about? You should never allow yourself to lose your temper with a sick man."

"I know, I know. I should have remembered when he irritated me that his condition would account for it. But he had been as mild as a lamb; and I was sailing along as smoothly as possible, amusing myself and him too, as I thought, when he suddenly came out with some slur or other, *à propos* of a sort of message I carried him from Lamson. I got in a heat without quite knowing why. In fact, I don't know yet."

"What does Lamson want with him?"

"Well, he stopped me this morning to inquire about Mr. Van Alstyne, and we had a little talk about his affairs. He said he wanted to see Hadleigh within a day or two."

"Did he ask you to tell him so?"

"No, he didn't. But some question or other that Hadleigh asked about the American law with regard to the property of imbeciles brought up Lamson to my mind and I mentioned what he said."

"Humph! I see. And then he vexed you? Didn't he want to see Lamson?"

"Apparently not. I suggested that you would be able, in all probability, to give him all the information he required about the legal matter."

"He assumes, then, that Mr. Van Alstyne will lapse into imbecility? You encouraged that supposition?"

"Well, I may say I was the direct cause of it. Hadleigh had evidently believed that it was a mere stroke of apoplexy, which was like enough to carry him off within a few days. His own father went in that way. We agreed otherwise last night, you remember, and as he asked, I told both him and Lamson, who made the same inquiry, that although the case was bound to terminate fatally it would not be likely to do so very soon. That was all right, wasn't it?"

"Well, there's no harm done in this special case, as I know of," returned the squire. "Still, as a rule, it is always better not to prophesy until you know. Did you give either of them an opinion as to the exact nature of his seizure or its probable duration?"

"Oh! softening of course, but whether acute or chronic it was too soon yet to determine. In one case I said it might end in a month; in the other that it might stretch over some years. Our talk was pretty general, you know. He seemed lonesome, and inquisitive, too, I thought, as was only natural. And as I had plenty of time I sat there and tried to amuse him. Among other things, I told him about that case of Harrington's, at Fairview, which I spoke to you about last night. He was a good deal disgusted by that, I noticed."

"Disgusted? Interested, perhaps, you mean?"

"Well, that too. But he asked me in a supercilious sort of way if we let such things occur often in our public hospitals."

Dr. Sawyer passed out into his own office. The squire sat for some time in an attitude which betokened meditation, his chin pressing heavily into the hollow of his left palm, and his eyes bent persistently on one spot in the carpet. An hour or two later, when he was ready to set out, he paused beside his youthful colleague.

"By the way, Alfred," he said, laying a friendly hand on the other's shoulder, "don't nurse your tiff against Mr. Hadleigh more than you can help. My hands are pretty full, and after this visit I doubt whether I shall not feel obliged to leave him under your charge. Rheumatic fever, unless it is complicated with heart trouble, is not serious, provided it is left judiciously alone for the most part."

"Oh! I'm not that kind," returned the young man. "I never allow sentiment to get mixed up with business. Besides, I see well enough that I was wrong in attributing to insolence and temper what was doubtless the mere result of pain and fever."

"Just so," said the squire dryly. "And so you thought you'd resort to venesection to cool you both down. Well, you're young yet."

"I forgot to ask," said Dr. Sawyer, "but as you want to leave his case to me, I infer that you are satisfied on the whole with what I did for him."

"Entirely," returned the squire in a non-committal sort of tone; "I doubt if you could have acquitted yourself more to my satisfaction if you had tried. But as a rule, it is well not to talk too long at a time to feverish patients. It is as well he don't want to see Lamson until he is in better condition."

Squire Cadwallader paid his first visit to Mr. Hadleigh, having assured himself on passing Mr. Van Alstyne's sick-chamber that there had been no apparent change in his condition, an item of news which he communicated unasked to his new patient. He found the latter suffering what were undoubtedly severe pains with a fortitude which commanded his respect, but with on the whole less fever than he had anticipated. The circumstance pleased him, for it would have gone against his professional conscience to break too violently the rule he had but just laid down to Dr. Sawyer on the extent of allowable communication with feverish patients. The squire was at first rather effusively hearty in his manner, having made up his mind to be interviewed, and to be communicative, after a fashion, on any or all subjects in which Mr. Hadleigh might appear to be interested. But the sick man's curiosity appeared to be limited to the sole inquiry as to the probable duration of his own confinement. And on that point the squire was far from reassuring.

"I don't like to see your illness coming back so soon," he remarked, laying his hand once more upon Mr. Hadleigh's pulse. "I am afraid it points to cardiac trouble. Did that complication arise in the first attack?"

"No."

"Then we may hope to guard against it this time. But I own I don't like all I observe in your condition, and I'm afraid I can't promise to let you outside of this room within a fortnight, at the earliest."

Mr. Hadleigh looked relieved.

"Come," he said, with a contraction of his thin face which began as a smile but ended as a grimace extorted by a sudden twinge in the wrist the squire was just resigning, "that is good news, too. Judging from my experience in Asuncion, I feared I might be in for another siege of six or eight weeks."

"You had a Spanish doctor?"

"And he bled me like a butcher. You don't mean, I hope, to let Dr. Sawyer carry out his threat of leeches."

"Not a bit of it. I fear I shall have to blister you, though."

"And I must have a man as soon as he can be got. My hostess is very kind, but—you understand, I prefer not to depend on kindness."

"Exactly. We'll do the best we can by you. All I insist on is absolute quiet. Keep your mind as easy as you can. Your body is safe to insist on those terms for itself. Is there anything I can do, or inquire about, or arrange for you, meantime?"

Mr. Hadleigh and the squire regarded each other full in face for a minute.

"No, thanks," the latter said presently. "Get me on my feet and out of doors in a fortnight and I have nothing more to ask. By the way, I have a dim notion that my confounded irritability annoyed Dr. Sawyer this morning. If you could make him believe that I didn't mean it, and that I apologize, if he is under the impression that I did, I would be obliged to you. He is chatty, and this bed is poor company."

"He'll be over in the morning," said the squire, getting up to leave the room. "I shall superintend your case, but unless more serious complications arise than threaten now, I shall be likely to leave you chiefly in his hands. He is abundantly capable of whatever is necessary. Good-by."

Then the squire got away to John Van Alstyne, at whose bed-side he found Mary Anne Murray and Mattie Colton. He looked at his patient carefully, asked a number of questions, and then dismissed the nurses, with an injunction to go down to the piazza and remain there until he was ready to give his instructions for the night. He was alone for a long time with the sick man before he went to the window and asked Miss Murray to come up again.

When she entered he was sitting close beside the bed. He rose, and, bringing another chair, placed it as near as possible to his own, and invited her to take it. She looked rather surprised and was about to alter its position.

"Don't," he objected, laying his hand on the back of it; "I want you to sit just there. Mr. Van Alstyne is partly conscious, I am certain. He may be wholly so, but that is a matter impossible to determine at this stage. I want to ask you to consider whether you can arrange your domestic affairs so as to be able to assume entire charge of him for the present? Miss Colton will assist you as far as she is able, I know. One of the complications I was afraid of in his case is happily averted, for some time to come, at all events. It may be renewed, but we will hope not. But another has arisen."

The squire, who had been speaking in an unusually deliberate and measured way, paused here as if to await some response from Mary Anne Murray. But as she offered none, he began anew.

"I have sent for a male nurse, as you know, but when he comes, I think he will have to devote most of his care to Mr. Hadleigh, who really needs attention more than Mr. Van Alstyne. I am persuaded that nothing is necessary in this room—nothing, that is, but what I can do for him in the visits I shall pay him twice a day—but absolute quiet and the closest attention to the few directions I shall want to give. I know of no one but you to whom I am entirely willing to apply for the help I need. As you must be aware, it is a matter which involves more than the mere chance of life or death for one man."

Mary Anne contracted her brows and pondered. "How can I?" she said at last. "There is papa to be considered—and the children."

"Is there no one you could leave in charge? With Miss Colton to assist you there would be always time for you to go home every day. I have thought it all over—rapidly, I admit, but I feel sure exhaustively—and I think there can be no clearer call of duty for you than this one. Lying here, helpless, Mr. Van Alstyne means something far more representative than a mere sick man. To me he does, at least. And until now I have never been in full sympathy with him. You have, or I mistake you."

Mary Anne's face changed. There came a faint glow into her thin, brown cheeks, and her eyes grew luminous.

"Yes," she said quietly, "I have. And I will undertake it. I shall find some one to take my place at home. Will to-morrow do? And will you explain to Mrs. Van Alstyne?"

"God bless you!" said the squire. "You lift a big load off my mind. Yes, I'll attend to everything. I have already given Miss Colton some intimation of what I feared and hoped, but that was when I was more immediately apprehensive than I am at present. But I recommended her to keep her counsel, and I recommend as much to you. I leave you entire discretion as to how far that caution should apply. You are the best judge of what you need to say at home."

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On the piazza Squire Cadwallader found himself confronted by Zipporah and her sister. The latter had a letter in her hand which Zipporah had brought in on coming from the school-house.

"What am I to do?" she said, appealing to the squire. "Your nurse has not come yet, and this house is getting to be a hospital. But my mother says she cannot spare me longer than to-morrow."

"Oh! that's all right," he said with a smile. "I've put the place on a hospital footing now, and if you can't be spared elsewhere, we'll have to spare you here. I've a great reinforcement for to-morrow, happily."

So John Van Alstyne's household settled itself down for awhile, and both within it and without there grew up a strange impression, vaguer in some minds than in others, and wholly definite, perhaps, in not more than three or four, that a mysterious and spiritual battle was raging there in which each of the visible combatants lay prone and helpless. By-and-by that feeling grew into such prominence with one of the watchers that she brought a little picture of St. Michael that she was fond of, and hung it at the head of John Van Alstyne's bed, and consoled herself with the sight of the great archangel's foot upon the dragon, against whom, as Zipporah reflected when it was explained to her, he "dared bring no railing accusation." With what may have been said outside, this chronicle has no necessary concern. But between those three or four to whom, as has been said, the situation had defined itself most clearly, there was never more open speech concerning it than has already been recorded.

LEWIS R. DORSAY.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TWO PROPHETS OF THIS AGE.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS in the very first article of the *Summa* uses the following words :

> "It is necessary to man's salvation that, besides the philosophical instruction which is obtained by the investigations of human reason, he should have a doctrine divinely revealed. And firstly, because man is related to God as to an end which reason does not comprehend: 'The eye hath not seen, O God! besides thee, what things thou hast prepared for them that wait for thee' (Isaias lxiv. 4). But since men should order their intentions and actions with a view to their end, that end should be known to them beforehand. Hence it was necessary for man's salvation that certain things which exceed human reason should be made known to him by divine revelation. And even with regard to such divine things as may be investigated by human reason it was necessary that man should be instructed by divine revelation, because (when unaided reason is used) the truth about God is arrived at by only a few men, and after long study and with the admixture of many errors; yet upon this knowledge depends all of man's salvation, which is in God. That men, therefore, might more conveniently and more surely arrive at salvation, it was necessary that they should be instructed concerning divine things by divine revelation."

This necessity of revelation, based upon the tendency of man to the knowledge of God and need of union with him as his end, together with reason's native inability, St. Thomas more fully explains in his *Summa Contra Gentiles*, third and fourth chapters of the first book. Ralph Waldo Emerson and Matthew Arnold and all their followers have denied the necessity of revelation, rejected it as contained in the Scriptures, and affirmed the sufficiency of reason to secure the destiny of man; being by no means clear as to what that destiny is. Further, they have even taken reason in the lowest meaning of the term, the action of the human senses and the products of their experience. The whole body of Christian believers maintain, with St. Thomas, that although reason has exalted powers, yet taken at its best its deficiencies make Christianity or the revealed wisdom of God necessary to secure our destiny. These deficiencies of reason are: you cannot know the destiny of man with satisfactory fulness, you cannot know it with satisfactory certitude, and what dim knowledge and uncertain grasp you do gain of it is got only after long study, and that by but few gifted intellects. With the aid of Christian revelation you know what the human destiny is and how to attain it; you know it quickly because it is taught by divine authority, and for the same reason you know it with certitude. Whence come I, whither go I, are the first questions put to the Christian as a child, and answered for him satisfactorily, briefly, and with divine authority. This all-necessary wisdom is certain, quickly had, and is sufficient. This revelation has satisfied humanity wherever it has been applied, and nineteen centuries stand there to prove it.

Against this Mr. Emerson protested, set up human reason, and a low phase of it at that, and with varying consistency assailed revelation and exaggerated human self-sufficiency in all his writings, both verse and prose; with occasional misgivings wrung from him by the sorrows of human infirmity, which human reason had no power to console. He failed; we know it and the world knows it. Mr. Arnold failed in his turn, though he veiled his purposes with the instinct of one nervously afraid of the logical consequences of his doctrines. Men go to these two prophets in vain to learn what is their destiny, to learn it easily, plainly, certainly. This is true of all who have not accepted and will not accept the Christian revelation. What mature men go to them to learn in vain, little boys and girls learn easily and fully from the simplest teachers of Christian truth.

The object of all religion is to teach man what his destiny is and how to attain it; to do this with readiness, with certainty, and with satisfactory fulness. If this is not known by revelation it must be known by nature. Confucius, Buddha, Zoroaster had only the light of nature to give. What have they taught us? Let us squarely ask, What is the outcome of their whole teaching, not about this or that particular point of morals? Moses has given us from God a revelation of the moral law supremely above all they can offer. What can they tell us of man's end and destiny? Whence is man, whither is he going, and how shall he proceed? They have one and all failed. Here then is a practical answer to the question, How are you going to prove that nature is insufficient to instruct the intellect of man as to his destiny? Ask nature's high-priests and oracles.

Has the science of biology, or of medicine, or of human law answered the question, "Whence come I, whither am I going, how am I to attain an adequate end of life?" Did John Stuart Mill allay the cravings of his soul with his social theories? Did his father teach him happiness? Is anything more miserable than the man-worship of Thomas Carlyle, except his own life, bereft of Christianity? What did he find in Goethe? What did anybody ever find in Goethe? Coldness and heathenism. And at bottom what more can he find in Kant, Fichte, Hegel, and we may add, Schelling, together with the whole host of English un-Christian philosophers?

Socrates was the most eminent philosopher of Greece, and the Greeks were the greatest people of antiquity, and their art and literature still hold the primacy. Yet Socrates was but the greatest man of heathenism, and he could not answer those terrible questions of the universe, the whence and the whither of human destiny. He said to Alcibiades that he might as well not pray; who could tell whether his prayers were pleasing to the gods or not? How did he know whether his prayers would help him to his true destiny?

But after Christ had come the little child knew more than Socrates, and the heathen philosopher's Christian slave was infinitely wiser than his proud master, more so than Socrates had been in comparison with the common brutish heathen of his day. Peter, the Galilean fisherman, triumphed, where Socrates, the sage of cultured Greece, miserably failed.

Emerson and Arnold are the interpreters of nature as known without God. But what are they face to face with Christ? Minimizers of Christ and maximizers of themselves; and to that minimizing and maximizing must their disciples sooner or later surely come. Every one of them who is consistent undertakes to level up to Christ: this becomes his life task; this is necessary if he is going to make his belief in the all-sufficiency of nature satisfactory. The implied claim of Emerson and Arnold and their followers is to answer the questions of the soul better than

Christ did; to make their answers the oracles of God; to be for the nineteenth century what Christ was for the first. They must be Christ's superiors or nobody, and as far as capability to impart wisdom goes they become nobodies. Such teachers will not frankly admit that Christ's answers are good enough for the men of to-day. They will not admit that the first century is equal to the nineteenth. Because the physical world is more open to science and more fully under human control, they wish to make out the same with regard to supernatural revelation.

Just so the mesmerizers and spiritists are groping after something better than Christianity. They strive to set before the Christian miracles the diabolical and magical mysteries of which they are the ministers; they are working out a futile task in the order of nature's powers, and the disciples of Emerson and Arnold in the order of nature's truth.

And now if I am asked what I consider the supernatural destiny of man to be, I answer that it is the relation he bears to God over and above his natural relation of creature. The ultimate term of the supernatural life is a participation in the Divine nature. This consists in sonship with God. The natural relation of man and God is creature and creator. The natural relation of sonship with God belongs only to the Eternal Son, the second person of the Blessed Trinity, born of the Father before all ages. Can any man legitimately claim this *natural* sonship with God, strictly speaking? No, certainly not, except the man Christ, who is the divine person of the Son of God, and has taken up our human nature by a free act of benevolence. But besides him neither man nor angel can claim to be Son of God by nature. But men can be and are born again through Christ—and in no other way—unto newness of life which is a divine life, a supernatural existence; and thus men become gifted with a capacity for knowing and loving God with a power far above nature's power and transcending the natural capacity of mankind. This is regeneration.

All this Emerson and Arnold repudiate and their followers with them, and even pretend to ignore it. Some of them admit that the divine life is indeed man's destiny, but affirm that this divine life is communicated to man as the son of God in the natural order, in different ways and in different degrees. They pretend to have by nature—Christ or no Christ—all that the Christian aims at obtaining by the pure benevolence of God in supernatural religion. What the Christian craves from mercy these men claim in justice; they are the Sons of God because they are men. I do not believe that they, especially the Unitarians among them, have ever fully realized, ever actually faced this idea, though they have often uttered it and some loudly proclaimed it. But only when giving up the idea of a personal God altogether, and completely following such leaders as Emerson and Arnold, and others like them, will general scepticism have fully realized its logical significance. Meantime one and all they look upon us Christians as sickly children hanging about the skirts of their mothers. Just as Henry Thoreau once said to me, after my conversion, "How can you hang on to the skirts of that old woman?"—meaning the Catholic Church. The Son of God instituted the church to introduce us into the divine life by the sacraments, to give us a divine symbolism of worship and a sufficiency of it—for without symbolism the worship of the unseen God is incomplete—and to establish among men a divine authority for expounding and propagating the doctrines of heavenly wisdom: and all this is what Thoreau and men like-minded call the skirts of the old woman.

It is hardly necessary to produce examples of Emerson's futile questioning of mere nature. It has been done before in these pages; the following will serve as reminders:

"All my hurts
My garden spade can heal. A woodland walk,
A quest of river grapes, a mocking thrush,
A wild rose, or rock-loving columbine,
Salve my worst wounds."

Is this true of every man? Is this true of Emerson? When he is touched with a hurt which comes from the invisible and the eternal we hear a wail of despair. Listen to his *Threnody:*

"The south wind brings
Life, sunshine, and desire,
And on every mount and meadow
Breathes aromatic fire;
But over the dead he has no power:
And looking over the hills I mourn
The darling who shall not return."

So it would be with Matthew Arnold and every other human being. The stars and the skies and the seas, the spades and the walks and the roses—there comes a time when the sound of the grave-digger's dreary spade drowns all their singing.

Meantime it must be said of Emerson that he was more frank than Arnold, or had deeper experience—perhaps both. For he not seldom avows his perplexity and unrest, as in the following:

> "What our society most needs to-day is a baptism of the Holy Ghost. I see in the young men of this age character but scepticism. They have insight and truthfulness, they will not mask their convictions, they hate cant; but more than this I do not readily find. The gracious motions of the soul—piety, adoration—I do not find. Scorn of hypocrisy, elegance, boundless ambition of the intellect, willingness to make sacrifices for integrity of character, but not that religious submission and abandonment which gives man a new element and being, and makes him sublime" (quoted in *The Index*, Aug. 24, 1882).

With reference to Arnold what we wish to do is to place him where he belongs: an impugner of the best known of all truths, the being of a personal God. We wish to bring him and his out of the obscurities of fine phrases and get him into the open. We quote from various parts of his writings:

> "The proposition that this world, as we see it, necessarily implies an intelligent designer with a will and a character . . . is utterly impalpable" (*Last Essays on Church and Religion*, 131).

His tendency is downward: his endeavor is, indeed, to prevent its becoming degrading, and one may go a great distance on this road without getting one's feet in the mire; but, as Emerson expresses it, mire is at the end of it: "He speaks to us of the glorious gods, and leads us into the mire." That road does end in the mire, and that very soon if one travels with a quick spirit. It often ends in worse than mire; witness Percy Bysshe Shelley. But to quote again:

> "We have really no experience whatever, not the very slightest, of persons who think and love except in man and the inferior animals" (*God and the Bible*, 69).
>
> "The personages of the Christian heaven and their conversations are no more matter of fact than those of the Greek Olympus" (*God and the Bible*, xxi.)

In his *Last Essays* he summarizes virtue and the moral law, conscience and charity, as "the instinct to live and be happy."

Matthew Arnold was a polished scholar, but as a heathen might be so. He was a heathen, and he knew the heathen. He was more at home among the heathen than in Christian society; and this is a trait of his class. Knowing the heathen better than the Christian and having more affection for him, and knowing his difficulties better than the Christian's, he could but say in answer to the question, What is highest good? "A stream of tendency which makes for righteousness." An easy way to let a man down, who wants to go down, by a pretty phrase. To pass from reading the Hebrew prophets to reading Arnold and Emerson, is to lose one's hold upon God and throw one into general scepticism. Matthew Arnold is a guide who lets you down by pretty phrases.

The reader will pardon my placing here the whole of Mr. Arnold's poem entitled "Self-dependence," with some comments. That poem expresses the doctrine which prevails throughout his poetical and prose writings:

> "Weary of myself, and sick of asking
> What I am, and what I ought to be,
> At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
> Forward, forward, o'er the star-lit sea."

Now, any being weary of self and sick of asking what he is and what his end may be is sailing on the wrong course in life, and the sooner he gets from the prow to the helm of the ship—where he ought to be—and puts about, the better for him. Meantime the lessons of life he seeks from the stars and the sea:

> "And a look of passionate desire
> O'er the sea and to the stars I send:
> 'Ye who from my childhood up have calmed me,
> Calm me, ah! compose me to the end!
>
> "'Ah! once more,' I cried, 'ye stars, ye waters,
> On my heart your mighty charm renew;
> Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
> Feel my soul becoming vast like you!'"

But the vastness of the Christian's aspiration is the limitless God, who made the stars and the seas, not that mankind should call upon them with a passionate cry, but upon God the Creator and Lord of all, with a hopeful and loving voice, who has made man their master and not their disciple. The ancient heathen looked yearningly into the entrails of birds and beasts for auguries and omens; and it is not much wiser to strain one's eyes toward the dead stars and the dead waters or over the mute hills for the solution of life's problems.

Now listen to the gospel of selfishness:

> "From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
> Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
> In the rustling night air came the answer:
> 'Wouldst thou *be* as these are? *Live* as they.
>
> "'Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
> Undistracted by the sights they see,

> These demand not that the things without them
> Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.
>
> "'And with joy the stars perform their shining,
> And the sea its long, moon-silvered roll;
> For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
> All the fever of some differing soul.
>
> "'Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
> In what state God's other works may be,
> In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
> These attain the mighty life you see.'"

That is to say, to be self-bounded, self-regardful is the main object of life and is the secret of happiness. To be regardless of the fever of the differing soul and positively exclude love, amusement, sympathy, and so all human fellowship, is the means of attaining to "the mighty life." Does it not read so? Is it not taught so by the voices he hears from sky and ocean? Is not this the message of Buddhism?

The last stanza is this:

> "O air-born voice! long since severely clear,
> A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear:
> 'Resolve to be thyself and know that he
> Who finds himself loses his misery.'"

A singular contradiction with the first words, "Weary of myself," etc. His ship lands him back in his own weary and unresponsive self at the end of his verses, after all. Meantime he loses his misery by finding only his miserable self, as he starts by calling himself. This is not the way the immortal soul finds eternal wisdom. It is the way in which the soul has been baffled from the beginning by sailing in its own ship, not at the helm but the prow, and listening to its own stars and waves in company with such captains as Matthew Arnold and Emerson. How different the result when we bring to the contemplation of nature the spirit of Christianity, as Dante did.

Not very long before his death Mr. Arnold published an essay on the poet Shelley. Shelley was an atheist from boyhood up, and taught and propagated atheism; and he practised immorality—that is, if the ten commandments are a standard. He took to atheism from love of it, as an emancipator from the restraints of Christian morality. This came out in many ways both in his private life and in his poetry, but especially in his cruel desertion of his young and devoted wife and their little daughter. Going over to France with his concubine, he wrote a letter to his afflicted and disgraced wife which for cold-blooded cruelty is hardly surpassed in the literature of crime. What does Matthew Arnold think of it? Of course he condemns it. But just why? Is it because the writing of that letter and the base and cowardly deed that preceded it violate the commandments of God? Listen to Mr. Arnold in *The Nineteenth Century:*

> "Certainly my comment on this letter shall not be his (Prof. Dowden's, the biographer of Shelley), that it 'assures Harriet that her interests were still dear to Shelley, though now their lives had moved apart.' But neither will I call the letter an odious letter, a hideous letter. I prefer to call it, using an untranslatable French word, a *bête* letter. And it is *bête* from what is the signal, the disastrous want and weakness of Shelley, with all his fine intellectual gifts—his utter deficiency in humor."

Now, no man could thus account for Shelley's brutality, and have in his heart the high standard of morality taught by Christianity.

> "His misconduct to Harriet, his want of humor, his self-deception, are fully brought before us for the first time by Prof. Dowden's book. Good morals and good criticism alike forbid that when all this is laid bare to us we should deny, or hide or extenuate it. Nevertheless I go back after all to what I said at the beginning; still our ideal Shelley, the angelic Shelley, subsists. Unhappily the data for this Shelley we had and knew long ago, while the data for the unattractive Shelley are fresh; and what is fresh is likely to fix our attention more than what is familiar. But Prof. Dowden's volumes, which give so much, which give too much, also afford data for picturing anew the Shelley who delights, as well as for picturing for the first time a Shelley who, to speak plainly, disgusts; and with what may renew and restore our impression of the delightful Shelley I shall end."

Now, the very truth is that this Shelley was a scoundrel, a scandalous adulterer; and what we complain of in Arnold is that he, knowing all this, deeply regrets that he was ever found out by the public and calls his villany misconduct, want of humor, self-deception, and affirms that Shelley, in spite of all, is still the ideal, the angelic Shelley. Now, it is possible for a filthy wretch to write angelic poetry; but angelic poetry doesn't make a filthy wretch a decent man, much less an angel. Arnold really seemed to value morality not for its absolute right, but for its seemliness. Just before the above sentences, and after reciting a further revelation of Shelley's lechery, he writes: "And I conclude that an entirely human inflammability, joined to an inhuman want of humor and a superhuman power of self-deception, are the causes which chiefly explain Shelley's abandonment of Harriet in the first place, and then his behavior to her and his defence of himself afterwards." Nowhere do you find the utterly brazen depravity of this gifted criminal characterized by Arnold as it should be by any Christian or honest man. Yet Arnold is a teacher, a setter-up of ideals among American and English people! Was I not right in saying that he is a leader who lets one down, if one is willing, by beautiful phrases? And may not the same be said of Emerson and of all leaders of his class? I. T. HECKER.

TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

DODD, MEAD & CO. are getting out a new Library Edition of the Besant-Rice novels, of which we have received the first six volumes: *The Golden Butterfly*, *My Little Girl*, *The Monks of Thelema*, *By Celia's Arbor*, *This Son of Vulcan*, and *With Harp and Crown*. They are all very amusing reading, as old novel-readers already know. The two first named are especially full of a quaint humor of which Mr. Besant, now that he works alone, seems to have lost the secret. These two differ in most respects, but they have one entertaining feature in common. How is a really satisfactory girl, honest, candid, innocent, attractive, to be produced, is the moot-point to which the authors address themselves. Catch her young is the answer—from three to five will do—keep her as much as possible out of the way of her own sex, and let those of them who must approach her be either very young and ignorant or very old and ignorant. Then hand her over to the kindly charge of some good man, middle-aged or old. Let him teach her everything she ought and nothing she ought not to know—it would be better to impart all necessary knowledge orally. Prayer is a good thing to recommend, but omit church-going. The very best thing of all would be to keep her entirely secluded, with plenty of open-air spaces to romp in, and never teach her to read and write. We are not so sure that this last detail has no specific virtue. With poisonous novels and "newsy" journals hanging on every twig of the modern tree of knowledge the alphabet becomes a perilous thing for the small Eve. The practical trouble about the scheme seems on the whole to be a numerical one and almost fatal to its success. There are so many good little girls of five or thereabouts that one dreads lest, here and there, or now and then, the proper proportion of really good middle-aged or old men might fail to be kept up. "The good die young," as Mr. Saltus insinuates.

Harper & Brothers have just issued a volume, *A Brother to Dragons*, containing three of the stories by which Miss Amélie Rives first drew the attention of the public which reads the monthly magazines. They are written in the colloquial English of "Master Shakspere's" time; or, in what Miss Rives imagines that English to have been in the mouths of servants and other "lewd fellows of the baser sort." Each tale is narrated by a speaker of this class, apparently for no reason more valid than that of providing a tolerable excuse for verbal licenses that border on indecency. There is a rude force in them; but it is not of the kind which suggests much promise for the future. Rather, it awakens curiosity concerning the nature of the reading on which their author's mind has been nurtured. The dramatic literature of the Elizabethan period and those which succeeded it down to the second James have evidently formed a large share of it, and the use to which she has put her studies in this direction suggests a second course, embracing the Frenchiest of the French novels of to-day. A novel by the same writer, called *The Quick or the Dead?* issued in Lippincott's about the same time, furnishes still more ample occasion for the verdict foreshadowed by what preceded it. In the interest of young girls who write without quite understanding what they say, and still less what they suggest, there might well be a censorship, if not of the brotherly or the paternal sort, then of the editorial. Some day this pretty young woman—who allows her picture to precede her story, and then paints her heroine so as to resemble it extremely—who takes the veil from her sensations as she does the *fichu* from her shoulders, and tears her passions to rags and tatters to amuse the groundlings and to make herself the subject of talk which would doubtless cause her ears to burn could she imagine or overhear it, will doubtless know more than she seems to know at present. And then will come her day of sadness and lamentation, as now has come that of her hysteria and folly.

One of the most delightful books of the year is *The Island, or An Adventure of a Person of Quality*, by Richard Whiteing (London and New York: Longman, Green & Co.), an Englishman whose admirable letters from Paris were, some years ago, a notable feature of the New York *World*. It is hard to define its charm, because it is so composite. There is the style, to begin with, limpid, flexible, absolutely free from affectation, and yet with a crisp airiness of touch more French than English. And then the humor of it is so pleasant, the sentiment so clean and kept so well away from sentimentalism, the conception of the heroine, Victoria, so large and fine, and the expedient of her outworn but nobly-respected affection for poor "Curly," which supplies the necessary material for the struggle without which most love-stories must be tame in the telling, is kept so well in the air! Taken by themselves, here would be reasons enough for pronouncing a verdict of excellent on any book. But *The Island* has still another excuse for being in its clever satire on the greed, and humbug, and anti-social life of England in the first place, but, by implication, of all existing civilization. The story is told by the "Person of Quality," who, finding himself "out of focus" with London and Paris on account of the chronic dissatisfaction which he feels to underlie it all, embarks on an Italian trading vessel for a voyage round the world. By an accident he is cast ashore on what he believes to be a desert island, and the ship sails away without him. But the island is Pitcairn's. It contains about a hundred souls, descendants of the original mutineers of the *Bounty*, guileless, pure, and peaceable, living all for each, and having one great ideal, England, to whose larger aspirations toward perfect justice and more sure attainment of human blessedness they bend their eyes with innocent longing. The "Person of Quality" is a godsend to them. What they imperfectly know concerning that heaven on earth over which rules Victoria the Good he will be able to impart in all its precious fulness:

"So it was one long, bewildering inquisition. Would I tell them of the great churches, the great wonders manifold of that far-off Isle of the Saints? What of the rulers and statesmen, of the bishops, those captains of captains of the thousands of God; of the choirs of the faithful—five thousand strong, as they had heard—hymning Handel under a crystal dome? They seemed to see human life not at all as a mere struggle, but as a great race for a crown of virtue, in which Britain was first, and their poor island so decidedly nowhere that she could afford to sink rivalry in unqualified admiration. I winced, and winced, and winced again.

"'We are but poor things here, and we know it,' said the schoolmaster.

"'You will improve,' I said kindly.

"'Well, sir, we are always ready to learn; perhaps you would like to take a service yourself next Sunday? You are not in orders, but you have heard the Archbishop of Canterbury, I dare say.'

"'No, only a bishop now and then.'

"'Oh! what opportunities,' said Victoria sadly. 'We once had a navy chaplain here, but it was four years ago. Though, of course, that is no excuse for our not being better than we are.'

"'They say he has fifteen thousand a year to spend on the poor,' said the schoolmaster, returning to the Primate.

"'Yes, he has fifteen thousand a year.'

"'I've heard of a lady who has made fifty thousand people happy all by herself,' said one of the women. 'She's a baroness.'

"'And that's not the highest,' said another; 'there's duchesses who must be richer. *Oh, what a country for the poor!*'"

Again, Victoria, who is the daughter of the governor of Pitcairn, appeals to the stranger to lead her and her companions "to the higher ground." "Civilize us," she says to him.

"'Make us like England. Give us larger things to live for. Tell us what we must do. There must be something wanting, but I cannot tell what it is. It all seems so beautiful here—the shining sun, friends to love, peace, the singing, the sea, the very wind in this wood! Yet I know there must be something. That is why the queen's ships never come again. We are like children, perhaps.'

"'Keep so.'

"'No, no; we want to be like you. This is baby-land. Make us great and good. You know the secret: you have lived *there.*'"

Thus adjured the Person begins his task of enlightenment, warning Victoria beforehand that "it hurts." "How else could we expect it to do us good?" rejoins innocence. That very night the preliminary instruction is given in this wise to her and her father. We wish we could quote it all, but quotation from Mr. Whiteing is too tempting—too easy, moreover, for he is guilty of no padding. He explains that what is chiefly necessary to conform them to their ideal is "variety of formation"—in other words, "the division of classes":

"Look at the beautiful gradation at home—an aristocracy for the fine art of life; a middle class for the moral qualities, which are not fine art, but only helps to it; a lower for the mere drudgery outside of both art and morals. *The great mark of all progressive nations is that struggle of each man to make some other do his dirty work for him, which is commonly known as aspiration for the higher life.* A few live in dignity, unhaste, affluence, and wear the fine flower of manners; but to sustain the costly show, and help them so to live, *the many give up all hope of these things on their own account,* sometimes forming perfect castes, who do the dirty work from father to son, as others fill the office of earl marshal. . . . This self-denying section has many names. Sometimes it is called the slave class; but 'working' or 'lower' class, or 'sons of toil" is usually preferred, as being the politer and less descriptive term. They engage in all the malodorous tasks, to the end that the others may smell sweet and accumulate porcelain. . . . Now you are in a curious, not to say an unexampled position. You are without this indispensable class; and how you have got on even so far without it is a mystery to me. . . . A few centuries ago we were no better off than you: every man with his bit of land for tillage, his common for grazing, a rather demoralizing plenty in every hut—no really efficient slave class, in fact. But a patriotic nobility soon put a stop to that, enclosed the commons, broke up the small farms, and made a proletariat that is, to this day, the wonder and the envy of the world. . . . You have to master the principle of the movement, that is all. Teach a whole community *to unite riches with righteousness as the object of its hunger and thirst*; and the thirst, especially, will beget a tremulous cerebral excitement which will keep it always on the go. . . . The great principle is, not—as I fear you imagine—that one man's best of service ought to count as another man's best *in respect to his right to the needful things of life*, but that, on the contrary, each bit of human helpfulness should be weighed in a balance, and more pudding given to those whose morsel weighs most.' . . .

"'But won't the others get less?' said Victoria, now beginning, I thought, to repent of her part in the plot.

"'Oh! yes, but the others are stupid.'

"'They are brothers.'

"'Only by courtesy, I think you will find. "Brothers in Christ Jesus," I believe is the exact term.'

"'They get hungry three times a day all the same,' said the girl, flashing revolt.

"'I am afraid you will begin to think I want to civilize you against your will,' I returned after a pause. The rising was quelled."

Two very taking books for boys are Robert Louis Stevenson's *Black Arrow* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons) and W. L. Alden's *New Robinson Crusoe* (New York: Harper & Brothers). Mr. Stevenson is one of the pleasantest of contemporary writers, no matter on what subject he tries his pen, and independently, almost, of whether one agrees with what he happens to be saying when he speaks in his own person and not as mere story-teller. *The Black Arrow* is a tale of the Two Roses, with Richard Crookback as one of the characters. Nevertheless it is interesting, though hardly so much so as *Treasure Island* was.

Mr. Alden is, as usual, very funny. His hero is Mike Flanagan, who at sixteen is cast away on a desert island in company with Mr. James Robinson Crusoe, a passenger on the ship in which Mike sailed as ordinary seaman. The island Mr. Crusoe recognizes as the identical one in which his "sainted grandfather," Robinson Crusoe, of whom Mike had never heard before, was likewise cast away. Mr. Crusoe deems it a filial duty to reproduce, so far as may be, every incident of his grandparent's solitary life. He is not even reconciled to Mike's presence, useful and agreeable as he finds him, until he conceives the expedient of blackening him with a burnt cork and rechristening him Friday. On this thread of a scheme, capable as only Mr. Alden could make it of being knotted in all manner of serviceably funny ways, the story is constructed. Mr. James Robinson Crusoe is, of course, a lunatic, whose voyage was begun in search of sanity. How it comes to him at last, after Mike has under-gone much amusing martyrdom in honor of his companion's "old idiot of a grandfather," is worth reading the book to learn.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, in *Wessex Tales* (Harper & Brothers), begins to write like a man who is tired out. There is not one of these stories, "strange, lively, and commonplace," which is not extremely suggestive of a literary tread-mill which for some reason or other must be kept going, irrespective of the fatigue of the creature supplying the motive power. He has still an abundance of raw material to work up, but of the zest with which he once turned out the completed product, and which he imparted to us who consumed it so readily in the days when he was telling us about *A Pair of Blue Eyes* and *Far from the Madding Crowd*, or even the *Mayor of Casterbridge*, no trace appears in the present collection.

The collected *Poems* of Rose Terry Cooke are brought out in a handsome volume by W. S. Gottsberger (New York). There are some very pleasant verses in it. Mrs. Cooke's muse never takes a very lofty flight, but it always sustains itself well above the level of the commonplace, and in such poems as "My Cup," "The Man who loved the Queen," "Nonnettes," "Prayer," and "Mary, the Mother of the Lord," she makes good her claim to serious admiration and remembrance. And as a rule, to both her sentiment and her technique the same epithets may be applied—pure, unexciting, faultless.

The Ordeal of Richard Feverel (Boston: Roberts Brothers) marks, we believe, by general consent of his most ardent admirers, the high-water level of George Meredith's achievement. There is no doubt that the level is a really high one, as there is also no doubt that Mr. Meredith's most ardent admirers number among them many of those whose admiration seems best worth having. Thus Mr. Stevenson, who does so much good work himself, says of him modestly that he is "easily the master of us all." There is even a growing Meredith cult, which, like the contemporary Browning worship, provides a narrowly exclusive test of the critical faculty, Mr. Meredith being not infrequently "caviare to the general." Those who can endure it well become acknowledged "past-masters" of appreciation. He is "the novelist of novelists," as we were told long ago, at a time when *Evan Harrington*, after being half read, proved for the second time too much for our own powers of endurance, by reason, as we inclined to believe, of its vulgarity of tone, and its affectations in point of style, while *Vittoria* positively declined to let itself be read at all. But *Richard Feverel* is not hard reading. It comes wonderfully near being a great book. It is crammed with good things in the way of epigrams and pithy sayings. It has some notable character-drawing. It is interesting in point of plot and narrative. But it just barely misses the bull's-eye of completely satisfactory achievement—of such achievement as one gratefully ascribes to Thackeray in *Vanity Fair*, or, for that matter, in *The Newcomes* and *Henry Esmond.* And it misses it for a reason almost identical with that which brought Sir Austin Feverel's plans for his son so painfully to naught. It is, like that gentleman's scheme of education, too visibly the result of a "system." It never grew spontaneously; it was watched, as Richard Feverel was watched, by a progenitor who proposed to play the part of Providence to his offspring. "The perfection of art is to conceal art," they tell us, and we believe it. But we believe, also, that it is a perfection unattainable by the conscious artist. Sir Austin, desiring to make a nonpareil of his worse than motherless son, sets out to guard him from all temptations, to shut out the knowledge of evil, to pull at all the springs of action from an unseen coigne of vantage, as if Richard were a puppet, while yet fostering every worthy seed of manhood. When he has successfully brought him to "the magnetic age; the age of violent attractions, when to hear mention of love is dangerous, and to see it a communication of the disease," Sir Austin sets out in search of a fitting wife for him. He leaves Richard behind him, with misgivings and unwillingly, and yet he leaves him, well-persuaded that to a boy of nineteen there will be small attraction in a little bread-and-butter miss of thirteen or so—for Sir Austin has no mind that his son shall become a husband under twenty-five, and a wife must be trained for him on the same general lines as have been followed with himself.

But hardly has the father's back been turned, when the son's head follows suit. He meets his fate at sunrise on a summer morning; she is plucking dewberries on the bank of the weir across which Richard is pulling his pleasure boat, and when they look into each other's eyes all is over with them in the sentimental way. She is very charming, Mr. Meredith's little Lucy Desborough. There is hardly anything sweeter than she, so far as we know, in all modern fiction. Thackeray we rate far higher than Meredith, but he has drawn no girl so innocent, so fair and loving as this one. The story is too long and complicated to outline all the plot. Suffice it that Richard contracts a clandestine marriage while yet a minor. The father, not contented to abandon his system, contrives the separation of the pair, not intending it to be final, but wishing to subject Richard to the various trials he believes necessary to his perfection. Among them is that of throwing him into the way of vile temptations. If he passes them successfully at this stage, or even should he momentarily succumb, it will be a preservative against doing so later on, at the age when men, as Sir Austin knows them, are more prone to fall. Richard comes very near passing this ordeal scathless—he is as pure as his own Lucy and as heartily in love. Yet he falls, and the fall hurts him so, by reason of his exceptional training, that the separation from his wife which he has hitherto borne with anguish, he now perpetuates through shame and an unendurable sense of guilt. And when at last he is persuaded that he may return and find a welcome, he learns, just as he is about to do so, that Lucy also has been subjected on principle to a trial somewhat like his own, and though she has passed it without even a suspicion on her own part of what had been intended, yet the knowledge fires Richard into fury. He challenges the man whom he wrongly supposes to have made love to his wife, is dangerously wounded, and Lucy dies of brain fever, induced by grief, before he recovers. As the reader sees, the scheme of the story is wholly artificial. The treatment of it is much less so, but nevertheless, as a whole, it remains too conscious, too wanting in simplicity, to attain real greatness. And yet how near it comes!

Mr. Edgar Fawcett's latest "Chronicle of Contemporary Life" is called *Olivia Delaplaine* (Boston: Ticknor & Co.) It is colorless, unexciting, and, we should incline to believe, not harmful—unless, indeed, to literary tyros, to whom the style would offer an extremely undesirable model. Mr. Fawcett is not a pessimist like his friend, Mr. Saltus. He seems to be an optimist by choice in point of morals, which is greatly to his credit, but we fear he is a snob, more or less unwillingly, in some other respects. He is as inveterately and successfully given to the chase of the wild platitude as Mr. Roe, but he lacks that author's simplicity and good faith about it. Mr. Fawcett brings down the same game and bags it, but he wilfully ignores its name and nature. He has said of himself that his "most authentic gift is poetry," and perhaps it is. "Authentic," by the way, is a word in high favor with Mr. Fawcett. He employs it on all occasions and in the most bewildering combinations. Thus he says of his hero that "the process which went on with him as often as he bade farewell to Tom, spoke a greeting word to Dick, or shook hands with Harry, was no less undeliberate than it was authentic," and of his heroine that "it had never *authentically transpired* that she had married Spencer Delaplaine with the fixed belief in his immediate death." Why not "validly exuded" as an alternate and equally delightful phrase? We do not wish to imply that Mr. Fawcett's story is devoid of merit. It shows some skill in construction and a certain knowledge of not very admirable human nature, and we believe it obtains contented readers. It is only fair, therefore, to add that readers who can be pleased with Mr. Fawcett are tolerably sure not to be morally injured by him. Moreover, they are probably incapable of being deteriorated by his influence in matters of taste.

Stubble or Wheat? A Story of More Lives than One (New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.), is by an enthusiastic son of Princeton and disciple of Dr. McCosh, Mr. S. Bayard Dod. He offers it as "a spray of rosemary" to his Alma Mater. They teach sound metaphysics at Princeton, and Mr. Dod has profited by the tuition. But his English style does not speak so well for his college as do his sentiments with regard to Schopenhauer and the evils of pessimism. His hero, Sydney Morris, who once blandly says to Dr. McCosh in class concerning some philosophical profundity, "I can't agree with you, sir," and is told in reply, "I am *very* sorry that you can't, Mr. Morris," hears, while he is searching after the "*Ding an Sich*,"

> "the blare of the brazen trumpet with which Schopenhauer proclaimed himself the prophet to whom it was given to unravel the mystery, and to tell men the answer to the unanswerable, to the question that contains in itself an argument in a circle, a contradiction in terms. It fell in with all his vague imaginings, his unhealthy dreams, his unhappy grasping after what is not, and cannot be, and ought not to be within the compass of the human mind and heart; namely, to be happy in itself, self-centred, self-satisfied, self-being all and in all."

And, being an honest, simple-minded youth—simple in its good sense of sincere—Sydney takes pessimism seriously. He is not

> "strong enough to toy with it as a purely mental exercise, and prate, in gloomy jeremiads, of the afflictions of life, and yet live the life of a Sybarite; to pose as a grim philosopher, who saw beneath the surface the hidden mysteries of life and could expose the hollow sham, while yet he enjoyed life to the full; and did not think it all the part of a philosopher, any more than it was that of an apothecary, to swallow his own drugs; to make the bitter tinctures for others, while he himself drank wine. Sydney was too earnest and too sincere a nature to play such a part. He was too impulsive to be able to resist the impetus of such a train of thinking, or to adopt it without pursuing it to its fair, legitimate termination."

Suicide, that is to say, dawns upon Sydney as the only proper and rational end of human existence. But while considering the best means to accomplish it, the ex-Princetonian falls in love, and as he is beloved again, and happily married, he begins to reconsider his position. All would have doubtless gone well with him had not his wife developed symptoms of heart disease. They did not necessarily point to a speedily fatal termination, said the doctor, but she should avoid excitement and worry, and live a quiet country life. And then, with this provocation, up came again, and finally, the fatal tree of pessimism, sprouting from its deadly germ. Sydney is once more persuaded that all life is evil because one precious life is in danger. He dawdles about, and having, as a rich man, no steady occupation, he sets himself to contemplate " suicide as a fine art."

> "It was not the mere extinction of life that so enthralled his mind. That was the gross, the brutal side of the matter. He aimed at the slow extinction, one by one, of those vital powers which, to him, were only avenues of suffering."

In pursuit of this aim he tries inhaling nitrous oxide, don't like the effects and drops it, declaring as he awakes groaning from its " anæsthetic influence " that this is " the very purgatory of the Romish theology." Then he opens " one of the veins of the forearm, and watches the great drops of the warm, fluid life fall, one by one," until he finds himself getting very sick at the stomach, his head in a whirl and his eyes dim, but not, apparently, too dim to see about applying a timely tourniquet. Haschish also he experiments with, and then opium ; likewise absinthe. And finally, under the influence of too persistent daily doses of the latter, he flings himself into the river. His mental process seems to have been like this : Life, as life, is no good. Yet it would be good to me if Gladys had not heart disease, and I were sure she would live as long as I do. But she has heart disease, and so life is, as a matter of fact as well as by theory, no good. I will make sure that she shall live as long as I do by dying now. Whereupon he incontinently makes her a widow, and, being an optimistic widow, she gets over the difficulty with her mitral valve, and when last heard from was flourishing and in great peace.

Mr. Dod's little book, his " spray of rosemary," is not very well worth reading. As a class exercise one feels that, though lengthy, it might have been a striking success. Or had it been printed for private circulation, the author might have reaped much consoling commendation from his readers. But for the general public! That is quite another thing.

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A CONVERT'S PROFESSION OF FAITH.

The following eloquent letter of a recent convert to a prominent Methodist minister first appeared in the Nashville *Democrat*. Our readers will thank us for laying it before them :

"DEAR DR. KELLEY: I see from your lecture yesterday that two or three very important facts have impressed themselves upon your mind while comparing Protestantism and Catholicism. As I have made, most laboriously, the journey from the gloomy regions of doubt and denial to the serene and bright land of promise, I must feel the keenest interest in every sincere soul driven from its moorings and looking for safety. With a hope to direct your attention to facts as clear as the noon-day sun, though eyes blinded by prejudice cannot see them, I write this letter. The Church is not an organization like a political party; she is a sentient being; she knows the facts of her history as you know yours; she has a heart; she has a mind ; she has a will which belongs to her as yours does to you ; all along the centuries she is the same ; ever ancient and ever new ; ever yielding, when to yield does not forfeit her divine commission to teach all truth ; ever firm in the maintenance of those dogmas through the belief of which alone can the human race be saved ; as well talk of a man without bones as of a church without dogmas. Admit dogma, admit authority—and without authority, which means law, there is chaos everywhere—in the physical, political, and moral world, and you must 'go to Rome.' But I meant to speak of the gentleness of the church to the sinful, the sorrowful, the poor. It is not a doled-out alms she gives, but the warm mother-love which has no equal beneath the heavens. It cannot be counterfeited, and, verily, her children feel its reality. You have only to look in their faces to see the truth of this assertion, any day in the year, at any Catholic church in this city. Protestantism (of course I speak of the system, not of individuals) is a sham which deals in symbols—the bread is a symbol; the wine is a symbol ; good works are a symbol. Catholicism is real and in earnest to the smallest detail ; the bread and wine are the real Flesh and Blood of our Lord ; all the holy Sacraments are real, and their effects as vitalizing to the soul as the sunshine is to the world of matter ; so necessary are they that vigorous spiritual life is ordinarily impossible without them. Ah ! more and more I wonder that Protestants can denude themselves of their riches. How can they give up the strong and sweet consolations of their mother and go away into the coldness of poverty to gnaw the bone of 'intellectual freedom'? What a fallacy ! Almighty God has, in his wisdom, revealed all religious truth to one body only—the church—through the apostles and their successors. No amount of intellect could have found out religious truths. They are of revelation. Outside that domain everything in the universe is free to man's inquiry. Surely, no sane being can find in that law a fetter to shackle his intellect. Only by obedience to law can man find freedom.

Our mother, who is worthy to be called the 'Bride of Christ,' and 'without spot or wrinkle,' is a real mother : she teaches her stronger children to protect the weaker, and love makes them all one family. Since our Lord confirmed Peter in authority, since the church entered on her active mission of blessing and serving mankind, never has there been a moment when her faithful children were not offering day by day, moment by moment, every pulsation of their hearts, every energy of their being, to be consumed by her in the service of God. Our priests and sisters, so firm in faith, so strong in intellect, so gentle in heart, so innocent in life, are heroes and heroines whose steady courage is an example, an inspiration, to us poor halting strugglers in the battle for good against evil. Protestantism almost ignores God—it almost asserts and really believes that to do good to our fellow-beings is sufficient to save our own souls. The church proclaims with the voice of authority that God rules—our duty to him is first and last. Men must be loved and served for God's sake.

And now comes the miracle which you see and have the courage to acknowledge, and which in our Lord's time excited the wonder even of those who saw sight restored to the blind, hearing to the deaf, life to the dead, and, wonder of wonders! the Gospel is preached to the poor. Nowhere on earth can that magnet be found which unites the rich and the poor except in the church. The marvel is that men do not realize that the spirit of God must dwell where such union exists—that charity which passeth all understanding has always been the property of the church. In all ages and countries men and women have stripped themselves of everything dear to the carnal mind, and have lived and died triumphant that the promise of a hundred-fold returned even in this world had been fulfilled.

Protestants, as individuals, are often wonderfully good. The church teaches of faith, that in a certain sense God's Holy Spirit is with every man born into the world, but as an organization Protestantism is a curse to the world I heartily believe. It is not for me to say that you or any other good man may not go to heaven—that is not the question just now—but I do say that every breath of truth is healthy for the soul, that the church is the pillar and ground of truth, and that no man can possibly be as happy out of her communion as in it. As well tell me that the shaded light, the fœtid odors of a jail are as delightful as the blossom-laden winds of the free hills. A Protestant may honestly think he has faith; a childless woman may press to her bosom the child of another; she may think that no love could possibly be stronger, but when she feels the warm pressure of the lips of her own baby she will be ready to say, 'I know and feel the difference.' So it is with the Christian who at last finds himself safe in the bark of Peter; this is safety, this is peace. This, Dr. Kelley, is not my testimony alone, but the voice that rings along the corridors of time. Dr. Johnson remarked that no man in his day could point to a single death-bed recantation of the belief of the Catholic Church, while the apostates from Protestantism when brought to that true and real test were numerous. The fact exists to this day, and it is worth consideration.

"With my hearty wishes for your temporal and spiritual welfare, I am, respectfully, your friend, MRS. M."

PLEASE BE MORE ACCURATE.

We notice that the article of "Our Drinks and our Drunkards" in THE CATHOLIC WORLD for June contains some statements which are liable to give a false impression.

On p. 348 we read: "From corn, rye, and wheat we get the alcohols which, in the form we drink them, are known as whiskey. These alcohols are not the same as the alcohol of brandy. They are amylic alcohols."

Now, from this certainly it would be generally understood that the alcohol of whiskey—amounting often to above half its whole weight or volume—was amylic (or amyl) alcohol. But, in point of fact, we have only to consult any organic chemistry to find that amyl alcohol, though undoubtedly to be found as a partial product in the process of fermentation, is far from being the principal one. For example, Richter says (p. 95, Smith's translation): "The various sugars when fermenting break up principally into ethyl alcohol and carbonic dioxide. Other compounds, like propyl, butyl, and amyl alcohols (the fusel alcohols), glycerol and succinic acid, are produced in small quantities at the same time."

Undoubtedly amyl alcohol is not a wholesome thing, and it may be well admitted that three ounces will kill a man. But at this rate, on what is implied in the article, as quoted above, it would not take much whiskey to produce the same effect. Experience, however, shows no such difference between whiskey and brandy. There is many a man who could take his six ounces of either and survive without difficulty.

Later on we find it stated (p. 349) that the "brandies," as well as other liquors, "which three-fourths of the people drink are made from these poisonous alcohols"; though previously the writer made a distinction, but not a very well founded one, for they may be formed to some extent in the fermentation of grape-sugar as well as in that of maltose.

Loose writing of this sort should be avoided. It does as much harm as good to the cause of temperance.

"GOD IS LOVE."

Yes. But not the God of Calvin, nor of Rev. A. H. Strong, D.D., who, in his book on *Philosophy and Religion,** asserts that the holiness of God necessitates his justice but not his love. God, he would have us believe, may or may not be merciful, but he must be just—that is to say, mercy is optional with him, but justice not.

Oh! what a deadly venom is couched in these words! And the worst feature about them is that they pass current among so many as orthodox views. By a strange perversity (and what but Calvinism is responsible for it) the very extreme of heterodoxy has become the palladium of orthodoxy; error has usurped the seat of truth. To fear God is made the chief duty of man; what is only the beginning is made the end of wisdom in direct contradiction to the words of St. Paul, who says that "love is the fulfilment of the law." So fatal is this error, so unworthy of a Christian this conception of God and the duty we owe him, that we think it was no exaggeration for Tertullian to say that God would rather a man should doubt his divinity than his mercy. The denial that God's holiness is love is practically the denial of God himself. Take away the idea that God's holiness is essentially love and the whole *raison d'être* of religion is destroyed. It was a misguided, God-fearing father who reared the God-hating Ingersoll.

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* *Philosophy and Religion:* A Series of Addresses, Essays, and Sermons. Designed to set forth Great Truths in Popular Form. By Augustus Hopkins Strong, D.D., President and Professor of Biblical Theology in the Rochester (Baptist) Theological Seminary. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

Now, genuine orthodoxy holds that charity and mercy belong to the very essence of holiness, that is, are inseparable from it, and finds the most perfect synonym for God in the word love. *Caritas* might be substituted for *Deus* in every Catholic prayer. It was this orthodoxy which gave us the English word God from *good.* It was the love of God which made him create, which made him become man, which made him suffer and die upon the cross, and unless holiness and love are one, these things are inconceivable. Holiness and justice are one, or there is no such thing as sin ; holiness and love are one, or there is no such thing as forgiveness. If love be subordinate to justice in God, sin is never really forgiven, which is something like what Calvinism teaches.

The true Christian teaching is that mercy and justice are both inherent attributes of God, and that we cannot, strictly speaking, say that one of them is greater than the other, because they are both infinite ; but, if we consider them in their actual operation upon all men, we may truly say that God's mercy is greater than his justice. As Holy Scripture says : "His mercy is over all his works." The holy Psalmist says : "Thy justice is as the mountains, thy mercy is in the heavens," and we interpret the passage to mean that as high as the heavens are above the mountains, so high is God's mercy above his justice. It would have been less an error, we take it, if Dr. Strong had asserted that the holiness of God necessitates his love but not his justice.

Now, we maintain that there is only one possible explanation of the relation of these two attributes, viz., that God by nature is equally (*i.e.*, infinitely) merciful and just, and the two attributes are necessarily in perfect harmony. It follows from this that God is merciful as well as just to all men. He has shown by his acts far more mercy to some men who are reprobates than to others who are saints.

Dr. Strong's theory of the relation of justice and mercy to holiness is behind the age. Happily the present trend of evangelical theology is in an opposite direction. New Haven—not Rochester—is leading the van of progress toward truth ! Professor George B. Stevens, of Yale University, who is a fair representative of the best thought and profoundest scholarship among the orthodox Congregationalists, has in the *New Englander and Yale Review* for June refuted Dr. Strong's theory of justice and mercy in a most able manner. We heartily approve of all that he says in his article, but would call special attention to the following point which he makes :

> "If love is not at least co ordinate with justice in the Divine nature, no logical ground can be found in the Divine Being for the work of redemption. . . . The perfection and glory of the Divine Being consist in the eternally perfect harmony in unity of all the qualities of his life. To us this stratification of attributes is unsatisfactory in itself and doubly so in the results to which it leads."

Enough of this Rochester theological pessimism. H. H. Wyman.

ZEAL FOR SOULS.

We understand that a new congregation of missionary priests, under the name of the *Congregation of St. Peter Claver,* is soon to be canonically established at l'Abbaye de Clairefontaine, near Arlon, Belgium, to provide priests for the European immigrants in America. "The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few" ; we therefore pray the Lord to send us these good men whenever they are willing to come. Great numbers of our non-English-speaking immigrants, outside of French and Germans, who are reasonably well provided for, will be lost unless good, zealous priests, who are of their nationality and who speak their language, can be had. If only three such men were to come to New York or Chicago, they could do a great work. If pastors in the city or country could call upon them to preach, instruct, and hear confessions, the scattered immigrants might be reached. Rev. Henri Dégrenne, missionary apostolic at l'Abbaye de Clairefontaine, Belgium, enumerates four objects of the institute to be founded there: (1) To instruct boys in view of the missionary priesthood; (2) To give clerics a good course of theology to the same end; (3) To form priests for the missionary life; (4) To receive lay brothers, whose office will be to teach the catechism and aid the missionaries in their labors.

Our readers can obtain a fuller understanding of this work by reading the *Revue de l'Emigration*, which was commenced on July 1 of the present year. The subscription price of this magazine is six francs per year, which should be sent to the office of that journal, l'Abbaye de Clairefontaine.

THE GREGORIAN MASSES AND CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

The Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD:

DEAR SIR: I have read with great interest the articles published at different times in THE CATHOLIC WORLD on church music and congregational singing, and I heartily endorse the general tenor thereof. Vesper service, the whole congregation uniting in singing, would be attended almost as well as the Mass of obligation, and would, in a certain sense, be more enjoyed because more directly co-operated in. Almost everybody can be trained to sing, if the training commences at school, and the Vespers, with all the responses at Mass, being easy of execution and rather melodious, could without much difficulty be learned by the largest portion of the congregation.

But what about the Gregorian Masses? They are found in the body and at the end of the Gradual—I have before me the Mechlin edition—and seem to be very poor music; nay, the very poorest of the whole body of Gregorian chant. The *Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus*, and *Agnus Dei* form a much larger portion of the chant at Mass than the *Introit, Graduale, Offertorium*, and *Post-Communio;* and yet, whilst there is much variety of tone, and even much solemn and impressive sweetness, in these latter parts, there is, in my humble opinion, little variety and scarcely any musical value, considered in the light of solemnity, dignity, or melody, in the greater portion of the chant at Mass. I suppose some like these Masses, but I do not. *De gustibus non est disputandum:* maccaroni to the Italian, sauerkraut to the German, baked beans to the New-Englander taste best; snails are relished by some nations and dog-meat by others. If Italian, German, New-Englander were to dispute the question which dish be the best, argument would avail nothing, but relative taste would decide the matter, and each nation would be inclined to consider the others' taste vitiated. Do not, then, ask me for any argument on this Gregorian question. Taste—my individual taste, I may add—is my guide. The refined preparation of any kind of food whatever, with its piquant condiments—might make it fairly palatable to any palate. So also any common ditty, in itself distasteful to the cultivated ear, but sung in proper *tempo* with some expression, rightly harmonized, executed by a large chorus of trained voices, and sustained by a powerful accompaniment, is apt to be favorably received by everybody. Even these Gregorian Masses, if chanted by a large and well-trained choir, harmonized for different voices, sung in good *tempo*, and properly divided as to intervals and sustained by the full notes of the organ, are apt to be impressive.

St. Gregory knew not the power of the organ, and harmonizing is a modern innovation in his chant, though perhaps a necessity in order to make the chant more in accordance to musical taste. Good music is beautiful without these accessories. Take the Requiem Mass of the Graduale: harmonizing spoils it; leave even the organ silent, and let it be sung plainly and earnestly by a few male voices, and a congregation is moved to tears. But these Gregorian Masses seem to have been an afterthought in the formation of the chant of the church. I have played them for several years, and they seem to be made of such poor musical material, devoid of harmony and melody, the time is so monotonous, that it would scarcely appear reasonable that the church should require this chant and no more.

I have often thought that the angels, when singing the *Gloria in excelsis* at the birth of our Lord, could not possibly have manifested their joy by means of the Gregorian *Gloria* of these Masses. I hate all operatic and trivial music in church, but at certain festivals, expressive of Christian joy, I am pleased to hear music corresponding with the spirit of the festival, and I believe the Lord, too, is pleased with these joyful emotions of the heart. David danced before the ark with all his might, for he was greatly rejoiced in bringing the Lord into his house, and were we simple enough—as some good children in Spain, who, I am told, execute a dance before the Blessed Sacrament—we too, each in his own way, might dedicate our affections and emotions to God. These examples are alleged not for imitation, but simply as an illustration of an idea.

These Gregorian Masses have on some a depressing effect, and are suggestive of gloom, rather than tending to elevate, to console, and to brighten, effects which we may justly seek in the exercises of religion; and I wonder not that musicians, sometimes successfully, sometimes otherwise, have sought to produce Masses more corresponding to the cheering feelings of religious souls.

The congregation might be taught to sing also at Mass, if some easy and melodious Masses could be substituted for the Gregorian ones.

ORGANIST.

SURPLICED CHOIRS.

In *Harper's Magazine* for June appeared an interesting article, beautifully illustrated, telling the story of the early rise and gradual development of the surpliced choirs in New York. The studied indifference of the writer to any effort of Catholics in New York in this direction, as well as his cool assumption that the surpliced or boy choir is an entirely Anglican institution, prompts us to say a word on this subject.

That the surpliced choir of men and boys—not, indeed, the monstrosity of "surpliced women," which the writer in *Harper's* fancies would be tolerable in an Episcopalian Church—does not owe its beginnings to the English Church is a matter of history. It is, moreover, evident from the very nature of the only melody which the Catholic Church has officially put into the mouths of her clergy, and those who would assist them in interpreting her sacred liturgy, the Gregorian chant. All, both men and women, may sing the chant with profit to themselves and even edification to their hearers if they sing with a religious motive; but there can be no doubt that the fulness and sonorousness of a male chorus best interpret its spirit. I can hardly fancy that the saintly men who arranged and systematized the chant ever pictured to themselves a bevy of the gentler sex, even were they disguised in ample surplices, striving to interpret that sacred melody in an organ-loft, much less in the sanctuary of a church open to the general use of the public. Of course, where there are monasteries of religious women their choir service is devotional and rubrical.

The cathedrals as well as all the monastic institutions of Europe have had for centuries before the English Church existed their choir schools, where men and boys were trained to chant with the clergy the offices of the church. Many of these still exist, and it is to these Catholic schools, to these cradles of musical culture, that most of our celebrated musicians owe their first inspirations. The gifted Gounod, with others, confesses this.

Why, then, it may be asked, have not we in this country followed up some such useful system for training choristers as the choir schools of Europe? The first and most obvious reason is simply that we have been too poor. We have had to beg and borrow too many dollars to build our churches and schools—that is to say, to provide the merest necessaries of the worship and instruction of the people. Again, our clergy who could and would interest themselves in a work of this kind have had to give up so much of their valuable time to this dollars-and-cents and brick-and-mortar business that the work of training choristers was lost sight of, or handed over to laymen who knew little and sometimes cared less for any traditions that extended beyond their own limited experience. But the time is approaching when these reasons will have ceased, and then this important church work will be entered into with the same zeal and energy that has already accomplished such wonders in other directions.

Still, among Catholics throughout the country notable efforts have been made in this direction and with no little success. Of this fact the writer in *Harper's* is either ignorant or purposely forgetful. To speak only of New York. It is now some eighteen years since the first choristers, duly vested in cassock and surplice, began to chant the whole liturgical service in the Paulist Fathers' church. Although critics may find room for improvement in that choir, still the choristers there need not at all feel ashamed of their success. And what is far more to their credit, they sing for the honor and glory of God, waiting for their salaries in the next world, remembering well that God does not pay those who labor for him every Saturday night in current money of this world. Concerning this surpliced choir a musical critic, not a Catholic, wrote in a pamphlet lately published: "The two finest examples of the two extremes (namely, the Catholic and Anglican ecclesiastical styles) are undoubtedly to be heard in New York at the Paulist Fathers' church (for the Gregorian) and at Trinity Church (for the modern Anglican cathedral music)."

And the work is spreading. No one can listen to St. Francis Xavier's excellent and well-trained choir of men and boys, who do honor to themselves and credit to the music they attempt, without feeling that they have already accomplished a great work and are laying the foundations of a permanent tradition. Again, at St. Stephen's the work begun eight or ten years ago continues to prosper, while at the Cathedral there is a fine choir of surpliced boys who chant with a precision that impresses one with the idea that what they sing with their lips they believe in their hearts.

Now, none of these choirs are ear-babblers; but are made up of boys and men who receive regularly, two or three times a week, instructions from well trained and competent musicians. All this is enough to show that here in New York the Catholics have made a good start and a praiseworthy effort to hold their own. The sanctuary choir of men and boys belongs properly to the Catholic Church; she owns it, and when others adopt it they are but wearing borrowed plumage in this matter as they do in many others, for whatever is best and most praiseworthy in Protestantism it has stolen from the Catholic Church and tried to make its own.

UNCONDITIONAL SUBMISSION.

The following appeared in the *Christian Advocate,* the organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The official editor is Rev. J. M. Buckley, D.D.:

> "Despatches announce that the Pope has issued an Encyclical of twenty-seven pages on slavery, exhibiting the teachings of the Bible and inculcating the abandonment of the slave-dealing in Egypt, the Soudan, and Zanzibar, and condemns with great vigor slavery and the slave-trade generally. In conclusion he praises Dom Pedro for abolishing slavery in Brazil.
>
> "More than a week before the Encyclical appeared, the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church passed resolutions commending the course of Dom Pedro. There are more things than this in which Romanism and Protestantism are one; but this cannot blind us to the fact that one stands for mental freedom, subject only to the revelation of God's will contained in the Scriptures, the same to be interpreted by the honest inquirer under the influence of the Holy Spirit, and the other for unconditional submission. Where Romanism holds the truth, it is a powerful ally to all defenders of the truth, but its errors—and especially its great fundamental error which produces a slavery of the mind—must be resisted."

Matthew Arnold, in his famous essay on Shelley, relates that poor Mrs. Shelley, the poet's wife, receiving for advice concerning her son's training, "Oh! send him somewhere where they will teach him to think for himself," answered: "Teach him to think for himself! O my God! teach him rather to think like other people!" That nasty creature Shelley thought for himself. We know that he did it and we know what it made of him.

But how can one think for himself who is *taught* to think for himself? Mr. Buckley's little boys and girls—and may God favor them with their father's manliness!—are taught to think for themselves as being good Protestants. That is to say, the matters to think about and the rules of thinking rightly are given them by Mr. and Mrs. Buckley. He is their vicar of Christ, he is the vicegerent of God; and their mother is vicar and vicegerent in the same way.

The only kind of teaching to think for one's self possible would be that of a dumb handing over to the pupil of the categorical list of reasons for and against the proposition to be taught, and then letting the pupil's mind work out its own ends by its own methods: a process of instruction which would extinguish human wisdom in a few generations; which generations would have Shelleys for its poets and Ingersolls for its orators.

We know Mr. Buckley to be an intelligent man—in some things—and believe him to be an honest man; this last because some years ago we read his words about the Fathers of the church in a magazine article, to the effect that "the old Fathers were a set of old fogies." Any man who writes and prints that about Augustine and Jerome, Chrysostom and Athanasius, may be only intelligent in some things, but he is too courageous to be aught but honest. Now, then, Mr. Buckley, why do you say that the Roman Church demands "unconditional submission"? Is it because you do not know any better? It must be so. Then you do not know that the church is bound by all her previously given dogmatic decrees, by the plain words of Scripture, by the facts of history, by the products of science, and that therefore her demand of submission cannot be unconditional?

The sin of private ownership of the treasure of revealed truth is that of Protestantism. What is for each to know is for all to know.

Will you divorce your divinity student from the entire Christian past? Will you say that the consensus of the people of God is not a rational motive of certitude? Can you fancy a mind able to resist it and maintain a peaceful conscience? Will you literally maintain that the Holy Spirit must be confined in his assistance to the soul to interior illumination alone.

What will you do with the illiterates? Will you put the open Bible before men who cannot read? What with the vicious? Send them to a school to be taught to think for themselves? That makes atheists.

KNOWLEDGE OF PUBLIC QUESTIONS.

In compliance with the request made by the editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, I shall gladly commit to paper some reflections on the convention, held June 6 and 7 at Cincinnati, by the Catholic Young Men's National Union. As yet this Union does not fully represent the United States, though it has been in existence fourteen years. In the Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council an emphatic desire for its extension was manifested. The prelates of the church acknowledged the "great amount of good accomplished" by this Union of societies working in various ways for God and our neighbor, and encouraged the members to make greater efforts in the future.

This public recognition of young men and their work for the church has already produced good results. According to the constitution of the Union, the two chief officers, the president and vice-president, must be clergymen; provision is made also for an executive committee and representatives from every diocese. At each convention the delegates are encouraged to study public questions relating to Catholic interests, and certainly there is much need of utilizing every agency which can aid in fostering the growth of enlightened public opinion among Catholic laymen.

While the Union was organized chiefly for the benefit of young men, I noticed that many of those present at Cincinnati are no longer in their teens. The presence of the senior delegates gave mature thought to the topics discussed. Like older brothers of the family, their influence was most beneficial in securing recognition for sound opinions based on information not easily obtained by the junior delegates. Of course it is hardly to be expected that in any gathering where young men predominate every speaker will say exactly what should be said, and in the very best way. But making due allowance for the differences in mental power of perspective, it was gratifying to find at this convention evidences of intellectual activity, and of a desire to be in conformity with the leaders of Catholic thought, whether among the clergy or the laity.

By listening to the reports of the societies represented at the Cincinnati Convention an impartial observer could gain much valuable information as to what our young men are doing in parochial work under the guidance of their respective pastors. He would perceive also that in many cases they have taken the initiative in providing opportunities for their own self-improvement. Very few of the societies have had wealthy patrons to erect costly buildings for them, similar to those provided for the Young Men's Christian Association. With such facilities as their limited resources will permit, the societies of this Union are striving to keep our young men under positive religious influence, a result which Protestants have sought to accomplish by a lavish expenditure of money.

On several occasions during the convention the delegates showed enthusiastic demonstrations of loyalty to American principles, in which those of German descent joined heartily. As a specimen of the mind of the convention on this subject, we quote the following from an essay read by Mr. William C. Wolking, of Cincinnati:

> "How can we, as Catholic Americans, show our patriotism? God grant that the day may never again break when Americans may be mustered to fight against a foreign foe, but in the times of peace there are constant opportunities for the exercise of exalted patriotism. First of all, we should be loyal and honorable citizens, and the more perfect, the more zealous Catholics we are the better citizens will we be. The welfare of the State depends upon the virtue of the individuals who compose it, since the light of history shows that when a nation loses the knowledge and fear of God its rapid decline and fall are inevitable. Therefore, by striving to make ourselves perfect Catholics and citizens we are fulfilling our first duty to God and our native land, and by the mysterious influence of good example upon even those who are without the pale of the church we are further contributing to the stability of our institutions. We should assist in the establishment of sound and wise laws, in the election to office of men who are eminent by virtue of their integrity and ability, and not by virtue of their partisanship. We should reprobate, and with might and main oppose, every scheme, every theory, every social or political system subversive of our liberties and our laws."

One of the best of the addresses made at the convention was delivered by Mr. Daniel A. Rudd, who was introduced by Rev. Father Mackey, of St. Peter's Cathedral, in Cincinnati, as the editor of the *American Catholic Tribune,* a journal edited and published by colored men. The reception given to him was most fraternal, and left no room for doubt that he was among the friends and well-wishers of his race. Some passages from Mr. Rudd's address will show the feeling of the colored people towards the Catholic Church:

> "I hardly expected when a little boy, in the State of Kentucky, that at this early day of my life—and I am a young man yet—I would be standing before a Catholic convention of this Union, to lift my voice in the interest of my race and of my church; but such is the case.
>
> "This is the third time that it has been my pleasure to meet Catholics of this country in national convention assembled; the first time was in Toledo, in 1886; the second, in 1887, at Chicago; and now, in this year of our Lord, 1888.
>
> "It may seem strange to you, possibly, to hear me talking about colored Catholics, or any other sort of Catholics, yet it must be so; we have in this country a large number of our own race, many of whom are Catholics, more, possibly, than any one of you have ever imagined; various estimates have been given, but for our own purpose we prefer to give our own figures. I believe that there are about two hundred thousand practical Catholics in the United States of my race.
>
> "That is, indeed, a grand showing, considering that we have done nothing ourselves to promote and facilitate a knowledge of the church among our own race, except possibly to attend to our own duties, and we thought that we were doing well if we succeeded in keeping ourselves in line individually. According to the statistics there are seven millions of negroes in the United States. My friends, this race is increasing more rapidly than yours, and if it continues to increase in the future as it has in the past, by the middle of the next century they will outnumber your race. This is worthy of your consideration.
>
> "We have been led to believe that the church was inimical to the negro race, inimical to

the genius of our Republic. This is not true; I feel that I owe it to myself, my God, and my country to refute the slander.

"We are publishing a weekly newspaper; whatever it is, it is the best we can do in this work. A meeting of our people will be held somewhere; the time and place has not yet been fixed, but I am here, gentlemen, to ask your assistance, to ask your kindness, and you have shown it to me to-day.

"When that convention meets, I trust that many of you will, either by your presence or in some other way, show your interest in this work. I believe that within ten years, if the work goes on as it has been going on, there will be awakened a latent force in this country."

I cannot mention all the public questions brought before the Cincinnati Convention of the National Union. But as one who has their best interests at heart, I would urge the young men to stand fast by the resolution which they adopted condemning drinking in a saloon as the principal source of intemperance. The liquor interest now exerts an influence subversive of good government. Always and everywhere our young men who are anxious to make known Catholic thought should boldly defend the temperance movement.

THOMAS MCMILLAN.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MANUAL OF CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES. By George Park Fisher, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale University. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Dr. Fisher has contributed more for the advancement of the science of Ecclesiastical History and Christian Evidences among non-Catholics than any other man in America. However, he has not thus far (as we are aware) brought to light anything which has caused his religious brethren alarm. Nor have we, after a careful perusal of his *History of the Christian Church*, found the slightest indication that he will ever change his base. He is a long way off even from doubt as to his position. No suspicion is excited when he asserts, that "the church stood forth after the middle of the second century as a distinct body"; that "it claimed to be," in opposition to schismatical and heretical parties, the "Catholic Church"; that "membership in this one visible church was believed to be necessary to salvation"; that "the unity of the church was cemented by the episcopate—by the bishops as successors of the apostles"; and that "the episcopate, like the apostolate in which Peter was the centre of unity, was a unit" (*Church History*, p. 57). The reason is plain. He has previously affirmed that "the original basis of ecclesiastical organization was the fraternal equality of believers" (p. 35), and that the connection of the churches was at first not organic. Nor does his loyalty toward his co-religionists appear to be lessened because he holds that "Peter was the centre of unity" in the apostolate; and that after A.D. 150 "the episcopate was a unit," because eighty-three years, to their thinking, is a sufficiently long period for Congregationalism to have developed into an undivided universal hierarchical church. We do not imagine, either, that to their minds there appears to be any serious discrepancy in holding that "to the apostles [was] given the power of the keys and the power of binding and loosing—that is, the power to exercise Christian discipline and legislative or judicial function in the planting of the Gospel" (p. 37), provided the church is also described as Congregational and unorganic.

Professor Fisher has certainly brought out facts of history which his confrères have never before known, and this is to us a great cause of rejoicing. We hope that he will continue his providential mission.

His little book on *Christian Evidences* is a precious gem. He has not the genius, learning, nor unequalled English of Newman, but he is superior to all his associates in letters and theology. In a few instances his ideas fall far below his words, as, for instance, when he says that "the church grew up and, under varying forms of polity and modes of worship, has perpetuated itself until the present day" (p. 30). Points of controversy between Catholics and Protestants are hardly touched upon in this book. When, however, he expresses an opinion on such matters he shows himself to be thoroughly Protestant, but his opposition to us is never bitter.

Among sincere Protestants this book will do much good.

DISCOURS DU COMTE ALBERT DE MUN, DÉPUTÉ DU MORBIHAN, accompagnés de notices par Ch. Geoffroy de Grandmaison. Trois tomes. Paris: Librairie Poussielgue Frères.

The first of these volumes contains discourses on social questions, the other two are made up of political discourses, letters, etc. Comte de Mun frankly identifies the altar and the throne as the object of Catholic political life in France. In a letter in reference to the death of the Comte de Chambord published in 1884, and printed on page 102 of the third of these volumes, he thus affirms his politico-religious creed:

> "From the first I have held M. le Comte de Paris as the legitimate heir of the monarchical cause in France, and I have not for a single instant ceased to believe it to be the duty of Catholics to defend the cause which he to-day represents, at the same time with the ideas which in the religious, political, and social order, appear to them to be the foundation of a truly conservative government."

This seems a very narrow idea of the Catholic faith as adjustable to public life, one plainly at variance, too, with the Pope's Encyclical Letter on the Christian Constitution of States.

Yet, however he may puzzle us and annoy us with his queer politics, the Comte de Mun has grasped some fundamental truths on the social side of public life with wonderful power, and in these volumes has advocated them in a style worthy of his earnestness and the critical importance of the subject. Cardinal Gibbons, we think, was plainly right in his judgment that workingmen's societies exclusively Catholic were not possible in America. But De Mun may be right in thinking differently of Frenchmen. In that country it seems as if what is not Catholic must be positively anti-Catholic. At any rate, the *Cercles Catholiques d'Ouvriers* have had some success, and may help by a greater development to solve the most pressing problem of the times.

THE LETTERS OF CHARLES LAMB. Newly arranged, with additions. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Alfred Ainger. Two volumes. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

There must be some enduring quality, both personal and literary, in a series of friendly letters which in the course of half a century pass through the hands of six or seven editors. Lamb was one of the men who, as George Augustus Sala remarked of him, have been "passionately loved by their friends"; though the remark would doubtless be completer in its meaning if the qualifying phrase "of their own sex" were added. He was hardly made to be a hero to the other; perhaps because, while his weaknesses were manly, his many good points were not unfeminine. These letters, by which both editor and publishers have done their best, exhibit him in a most advantageous light, not only as the kindly yet competent critic of a dozen or so contemporaries who have left a more or less enduring mark in English literature, but as a cheery companion, a steadfast friend, and a loving brother. They are full of plums, too, to all who can enjoy his gentle humor. We recommend to such readers the sixty-fifth letter in the collection, in which Lamb describes to Coleridge a visit of condolence he paid to Joseph Cottle after the death of his brother Amos. "O Amos Cottle! Phœbus, what a name!" was Byron's way of pillorying that poor poet. Lamb's way with Joseph is more amusing, besides being utterly devoid of malice. He describes how he found the surviving poet, "with his knees cowering in the fireplace," lost to every sentiment but grief, and how he drew him gently into forgetfulness by pretending that he had read with pleasure his recently published epic.

> "At that moment," Lamb says, "I could perceive that Cottle had forgot his brother was so lately become a blessed spirit. In the language of mathematicians, the author was as 9, the brother as 1. I felt my cue, and strong pity working at the root, I went to work and beslabbered *Alfred* with most unqualified praise, or only qualifying my praise by the occasional politic interposition of an exception taken against trivial faults, slips, and human imperfections, which, by removing the appearance of insincerity, did but in truth heighten the relish. Perhaps I might have spared that refinement, for Joseph was in a humor to hope and believe all things . . . so what with my actual memory, of which I made the most, and Cottle's own helping me out, for I *really* had forgotten a good deal of *Alfred*, I made shift to discuss the most essential parts entirely to the satisfaction of its author, who repeatedly declared he loved nothing better than *candid* criticism. Was I a candid greyhound now for all this, or did I do right? I believe I did. *The effect was luscious to my conscience.* For all the rest of the evening Amos was no more heard of, until another friend who was present remarked, 'Amos was estimable both for his head and heart, and would have made a fine poet if he had lived.' . . . Cottle fully assented, but could not help adding that he always thought that the *qualities of his brother's heart exceeded those of his head. I believe his brother, when living, had formed precisely the same idea of him;* and I apprehend the world will assent to both judgments. I rather guess the brothers were poetical rivals. . . . Poor Cottle! I must leave him, after his short dream, to muse again upon his poor brother, for whom I am sure in secret he will yet shed many a tear."

We quote so fully because we doubt whether the whole collection contains a letter more entirely characteristic of its author.

VERSES ON DOCTRINAL AND DEVOTIONAL SUBJECTS. Two volumes in one.
OUR THIRST FOR DRINK: Temperance Songs and Lyrics. By the Rev. J. Casey, P.P. Dublin: James Duffy & Sons.

We have already called the attention of our readers to a poem on intemperance by this writer. He is a clever Irish priest who has turned his native wit and knack for easy rhymes to the service of the apostolic zeal which fires his own soul, as these various books give ample evidence. If superiors of schools wish to give to their scholars a book that will indeed prove a *prize* to the reader, one that will furnish delightful and most instructive reading, let them present the first of the above-named volumes. Every Christian doctrine, devotion, commandment, and sacrament is described and enforced in a most effective and charming manner. The poems and ballads on temperance are very forcible, and often highly amusing, especially those which are parodies of well-known popular songs—as, for example, the ones entitled "Tippler Machree" and "The Toper and his Bottle," the opening verses of which we subjoin :

(*Air—" Widow Machree."*)

"Tippler Machree, 'tis no wonder you're sad,
Och hone ! Tippler Machree:
Your face so disfigured—your clothing so bad !
Och hone ! Tippler Machree.
Your large purple nose
And your torn old clothes,
A condition disclose
Which is painful to see.
All your sorrows, alas !
Have sprung from the glass,
Och hone ! Tippler Machree !"

Philologists with keen perception will not fail to heartily enjoy the double-syllabled *tor-rn.*

(*Air—"John Anderson, my Jo, John."*)

"John Jameson, mavrone, John,
I love your sight no more ;
I loved you long, but now, John,
My folly I deplore.
Your smile was sweet and bright, John,
Your breath was like the rose ;
But you have been to me, John,
The cause of all my woes."

We cannot refrain from giving our readers a few lines of a rhyming "Letter from Miss Lizzie Vintner to Kate Publican on Sunday closing." Had we space we would like to print the whole of it, with our compliments to the grogsellers of our own country :

"I write, my dear Kate, though we're all in a flutter,
Our grief is so great scarce a word can I utter ;
The cause of our grief there's no need of supposing,
You know, my dear Kate, 'tis that sad *Sunday closing*—
Which threatens on Sabbaths our traffic to stop,
And to rob the poor man of his holiday ' drop.'
The day for our business, the brightest and best,
Is surely the Sunday, the sweet day of rest :
On Sundays our tradesmen and others are free
To visit our houses and go on the spree," etc., etc.

The comparisons between the wretched, miserable home of the poor drunkard, and the enticing appearance of the dram-shop with its soft carpeted stairs, its bright lamps, decanters, and neat furniture, and between the poverty of its customers and the ability of the grogseller's daughter to buy "grand dresses," and with a carriage and pair "to take us to parks where we breathe the fresh air," are drawn with no little dramatic power of description.

HANDBOOK OF THE LICK OBSERVATORY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA. By Edward S. Holden, LL.D., Director of the Observatory. San Francisco: The Bancroft Company.

Really a very interesting and complete account of the great telescope and all the other instruments of this the most promising observatory now in the world. Probably most of our readers are aware that the telescope is the largest refractor ever made, having a diameter of three feet, and undoubtedly giving more light, and being able to stand more magnifying power, than even the six-foot reflector of Lord Rosse. Its location on Mt. Hamilton, 4,000 feet above the sea, will contribute very much to its usefulness, and it is possible that a magnifying power of 2,000 or even more may be often employed on it with advantage.

It appears from the report of Mr. S. W. Burnham, than whom there is no better authority on the subject, that the "seeing," as astronomers call it, is even better during the summer months than might be expected from the elevation. There seems to be no special superiority in the winter; still the removal of nearly a mile of the densest part of the air between the telescope and the stars cannot be without its effect.

We are glad to see that visitors will not be admitted at night to the observatory, except on Saturdays between seven and ten. It must be remembered that observatories are established mainly for the advancement of astronomical science, not for its diffusion; and it is simply impossible to do any valuable work in the presence of mere sight-seeing visitors. The hours assigned are amply sufficient to satisfy legitimate curiosity or desire of knowledge.

A good deal of astronomy is taught in this little handbook, and to read it would do most people far more good than to go to the observatory. It is well illustrated with views and drawings of the various instruments.

EARLY DAYS OF MORMONISM—PALMYRA, KIRTLAND, AND NAUVOO. By J. H. Kennedy, Editor of the Magazine of Western History. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

One of the most interesting problems to be settled in the near future is the relations of the Mormon Church to the United States government. We have in the Mormon Church the spectacle of a religion permitting, and to some extent forcing on its adherents a practice that is plainly against the common law of the land. In the last few years Congress has declared open war on the Mormon Church in order to stamp out the detestable crime of polygamy; and the whole American people are plainly convinced of the justice of this legislation. It is, meantime, questionable whether the polygamy abomination may not be overcome, and that more efficaciously, by other means than by penal enactments.

It is hard to see how polygamous marriage can continue to exist among a people who are cultivated and enlightened by modern civilization, or who have any of those finer sentiments of humanity with which Christianity has leavened society. Monogamy is in accordance with the nobler instincts even of nature. There is something about the conjugal love between one man and one woman, permanently joined in wedlock, so much higher than the polygamous relation that its elevating influence tends to establish it as an institution of all enlightened society. Therefore, let the light of Christian ideas and opinion into the Mormon territory, open up the country to commerce and traffic from East and West, and it may well be said that polygamy as an institution will disappear. Meantime the laws against it are good and should be enforced.

In confirmation of the above, we may say that, as a matter of fact, polygamy prevails chiefly in the remote districts far from railroads and other avenues of communication with the rest of the country. Another fact is that in Salt Lake City a very strong party exists, consisting of the younger and more intelligent members of the Mormon Church, who are decided and open in their opposition to polygamy. The writer was told by a Mormon elder that only two per cent. of the Mormons are polygamists. This is doubtless too favorable a statement; but there is no doubt that many Mormons are not polygamists because they abhor the custom; others because they cannot support more than one wife. Indeed it is very singular that any man, Gentile or Mormon, who has any regard for his peace or comfort, would think of having two or more wives in a country in which women have become so independent that the only sure way of living happily with one is to be very humble and obedient indeed.

There is another mode of attack against polygamy that will not savor of religious persecution, and will prove efficacious. It is to cut off the supply of new Mormons.

There are being imported into this country every year thousands of Mormons who are from the lowest class of the European populations. And it is from this class that the polygamist section of Mormondom is recruited. These cannot become citizens unless they swear to obey the laws. If they believe in and practise polygamy, they cannot swear to obey a law which does not permit it. If the Chinese are excluded because, for one reason, they do not intend to become and will not become citizens, why are not these Mormon hordes turned back also, being equally incompetent for citizenship? The Mormon missionaries lure them here under promises of as much land as they can till and as many wives as they can support; why not pass a law forbidding the holding of property in the Territories by aliens, except they will swear to their intention of becoming citizens?

Mr. Kennedy's book gives a detailed history of the early doings of the Mormons at Palmyra, Kirtland, and Nauvoo. Not much has been heretofore written of the beginnings of this sect. Yet this is perhaps the most interesting portion of its history. The story Mr. Kennedy tells as plainly, and, we believe from his own professions and the care he has taken to collate facts, as truthfully as it can be told. He has given us a book of a great deal of interest.

SERMONS FROM THE FLEMISH. Third Series. Volume Hyperdulia. The Feasts of Our Blessed Lady, with May Readings for Congregational Use. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

The first and second series of these sermons have already been noticed in these pages, and the praise then bestowed upon them must be repeated in a notice of the volume before us. In the forty sermons appropriate to the various festivals of the Blessed Virgin, which make up the volume, there is the same simplicity and directness, the same felicitous illustration, characteristic of the other volumes of the series. The matter is excellent, and while the language is clear and often forcible, there is not a word used for mere rhetorical effect. The present volume has every guarantee of a widespread popularity.

THE CONSOLING THOUGHTS OF ST. FRANCIS DE SALES. Gathered from his writings and arranged in order by the Rev. Père Huguet. Translated from the seventh French edition. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers; Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

Perhaps it is our state of life and long experience in the pulpit which inclines us to believe that this book would be an excellent workshop for sermon-making. Unction is the best word to describe one of St. Francis de Sales' most conspicuous qualities, and unction is the most necessary of all the qualities of manner in a preacher. Here we find all the topics of Christian doctrine and life amply and yet briefly expounded, and very attractively illustrated by the greatest modern instance of the sweetness of Christ.

SEVEN OF US. Stories for Boys and Girls. By Marion J. Brunowe. New York: P. J. Kenedy.
DROPS OF HONEY. Stories for Young Readers. By Father Zelus Animarum. The same.
NANNETTE'S MARRIAGE. Translated from the French. By Aimée Mazergne. The same.

The publisher of these books is to be commended for his enterprise in adding something new and bright to the current stock of Catholic premium literature. The stories are good—*Seven of Us* is specially worthy of praise—the binding attractive and tasteful, and we feel that they will be sure of a welcome from our young folks. The only thing these books lack is a number of good engravings to illustrate the text.

THE PRACTICAL QUESTION BOOK: Six Thousand Questions and Answers. By Lamont Stilwell. 12mo. Boston and New York: The Educational Publishing Company.

A series of practical questions selected from the leading text-books is always a useful auxiliary in class-room work. To make it a *vade mecum* is to substitute drill-work for genuine teaching, and the result is permanent injury to teacher and scholar. This book is excellent for review purposes only. It contains an outline of United States history, arithmetic, grammar, orthography, reading, composition, rhetoric, physiology, book-keeping, civil government, natural philosophy, and pedagogics. A list of works from which quotations have been made is given.

SOLITARY ISLAND: A Novel. By John Talbot Smith. New York: P. J. Kenedy.

This novel made its first appearance in serial form in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and is therefore familiar to the majority of our readers. The author is further known as a frequent contributor to these pages of stirring articles on topics of current interest. As a writer his chief characteristic is boldness and strength, of which the novel before us is a fine example. Within a setting of the marvellous scenery in and about the Thousand Islands he has sketched in strong and vivid colors the picture of a life of moral decline and resurrection. While we do not wish to be understood as placing the author on the same literary level with George Eliot, the story as such invites a comparison with Tito Melema in *Romola,* but shows a superiority in the lesson as great as eternal hope is above eternal despair. Florian, the one central character, is another Tito, and if he does not meet with Tito's fate it is because he is a Christian.

But in his anxiety to be true to his purpose the author gives too little attention to details. To resume our former metaphor, he has sketched rather than painted. But this, however, cannot be said of his description of natural scenery. We cite the following as an example of his power in this respect:

> "The day shamed his melancholy by its magnificent joy. The wind was not strong enough to roughen the water into ugliness, but white-caps lay along the deep green of the river, and, like the foam at the mouth of a wild beast, gave a fearful suspicion of the cruelty that lurked below. Against Round Island's rocky and flat shore the waves beat with monotonous murmuring, and distant Grindstone showed dimly through the mist. Across Eel Bay—Bay of Mourning it should be named—the afternoon sun sent a blinding radiance. The islands about were still in sombre green, for very few maples found a foothold in the rocky soil. Here and there their warm colors of death relieved the dark background. He paid very little attention to the sights about him. The swish of the water from the bow, the brightness of the sky, the sombre shores, the green waters, the whistle of the wind, and the loveliness of the scene passed before his senses and became inwoven with his melancholy. There was a bitterness even in the cheerful day."

The book, we are sorry to say, is marred by many typographical errors. For instance, to say that the thong of a "leather discipline" was "tipsey with fine iron points" is apt to provoke a smile on a grave subject.

Catholic in its tone, wholesome in its lesson, the book is worthy of a place on the shelves of every parochial library.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mention of books in this place does not preclude extended notice in subsequent numbers.

THE CITY OF REFUGE; or, Mary, Help of Christians. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

A COMPANION FOR THE ASSOCIATION OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

THREE INTRODUCTORY LECTURES ON THE SCIENCE OF THOUGHT. By F. Max Müller. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.

PROBLEMS OF TO-DAY. A Discussion of Protective Tariffs, Taxation, and Monopolies. By Richard T. Ely, Ph.D. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

AN EXPOSITION OF THE GOSPELS. Consisting of an Analysis of each Chapter and of a Commentary, Critical, Exegetical, Doctrinal, and Moral. By His Grace the Most Rev. John MacEvilly, D.D., Archbishop of Tuam. 2 vols. Matthew, Mark, and Luke. Third edition, revised and corrected. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

AN EXPOSITION OF THE EPISTLES OF ST. PAUL AND OF THE CATHOLIC EPISTLES. By His Grace the Most Rev. John MacEvilly, Archbishop of Tuam. 2 vols. Third edition, enlarged. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

THE NONCONFORMISTS: What May We Learn from Them? By F. Daustini Cremer, M.A., Rector of Keighley. London: Griffith, Farran & Co.

THE

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HOW TO OBTAIN CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

PREFATORY.

NO. 1.

"GALESBURG, ILL., February 20, 1888.

"*To the Editor of* THE CATHOLIC WORLD:

"VERY REV. SIR: Allow me kindly to address you the following blunt remarks:

"The Rev. Father Young says and repeats in THE CATHOLIC WORLD: *Let all the people sing*. We do *let* them, but they *will* not sing for all that. What I and many other priests are looking for is some practical direction and practicable method of teaching and training the people to sing in our churches. No one feels worse than I do the dreariness of silence—congregational silence shall I call it?—during divine service. No one detests more than I do the hollowness of the vociferations of certain choirs, especially of hired singers. But what can be done towards introducing congregational singing? We have tried for years with our school children; but our success is limited to the singing of a few English hymns. When we come to Latin psalms and hymns, we find it well-nigh impossible to teach even the regular choristers. No one will sing without organ accompaniment, and this cannot be obtained from the average organist. Besides, how can any one sing from the heart words not understood, strange-sounding, and hardly pronounceable? Indeed no *hand* need be *put upon the mouths of God's loving children*, as Father Young seems to think is being done; they can but too well keep still without that. Even *bidding* them to sing brings out no music. It seems to me that our people lack the power of song. That is the main difficulty. They cannot be made to sing; while in other countries people cannot be made to keep still!

"I am, Very Rev. Sir, with the kindest regards,
"Yours most respectfully, L. SELVA."

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No. 2.

From the *Niagara Index*, published at Niagara University, New York:

"We read two pages of Rev. A. Young's would-be funny performance in the May number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. If it be true, as is reported, that Father Young has, like St. Francis, the power of teaching most insensible creatures to praise the Lord in beautiful melodies, let him practically use this wonderful gift of which other people, though musically trained, cannot boast. He will be welcome here. But such stuff as he writes in the first two pages of the article referred to—we have no patience to read the rest—shows his ignorance of the state of musical affairs in American Catholic colleges, and will make enemies to the cause which he and we advocate. There is a large field for Father Young's apostleship. Let him go through the parochial schools and exercise his wonderful power there. Or, if he is bent upon doing higher things, let him go to seminaries and teach seminarians to sing the "Dominus vobiscum" and other essential parts of the Liturgy correctly—if he can. We are not able to do so because those seminarians have not been taught the rudiments of singing, when at the parochial school. Now, at their age, their neglected and abused chest and throat and ear are beyond redemption.

"M. J. KIRCHER, C.M."

The reasons for prefacing the subject-matter of this essay by the presentation of the foregoing honest inquiries and opinions will be apparent before its conclusion. It has been exceedingly gratifying to learn, through many private letters and no little public comment in the newspapers and magazines, how true and harmonious a chord was struck in many hearts by the various pleas made in these pages for liberty to praise God in the great congregation. Thousands of devout souls, and quite as many, if not more, to whom devotion, though ardently longed for, is something inexplicable and unattainable if not embodied in some sensible action, have felt a painful sense of restriction in their acts of public worship, and an undefined longing to get nearer to God by giving audible expression to their hearts' loving emotions and sentiments of adoring praise; and, as it were, attracting the notice of the Supreme Object of their worship as nature prompts, by making some sensible sign of their presence before him.

It is the most natural thing to so desire and act. Look at a vast crowd surging around the spot where stands the beloved and revered form of some great leader, be he pontiff, priest, or king, president, general, orator, or poet. Are they silent and motionless? Far otherwise. They can hardly be restrained from pouring forth their loud and prolonged shouts of welcome and praise long enough to listen to the words he wishes to speak to them. See every arm raised aloft, each one vying with the other to reach higher in the air, all waving their hands as a sign of their happiness and to proclaim their loyalty, reverence, and devotion to him and to his cause. And he that is standing on the very outside lines of the crowd, out of possible sight and hearing of the hero of the hour, will shout as loud as any, and make full as vigorous a demonstration as they who are standing directly beneath the gaze of the one upon whom all eyes are riveted and for whom all is done and said. Draw near; watch their faces. See how their cheeks mantle with animation, how their eyes sparkle with unwonted brilliancy, and how their lips tremble with emotion! Take the hand of one and feel his pulse. What makes his heart beat so fast and throb so strongly? All this is due to the free, unrestrained acts of enthusiastic voice and fervent gesture expressing the feeling that he, the beloved and revered one whom they have assembled to honor, sees their waving hands and hears their glad shouts, and that the sight and the hearing are both sweet to him.

Come into a Catholic church on the festival of Corpus Christi. There is to be a grand procession of the Blessed Sacrament through the aisles. There are beautiful banners carried, and clouds of incense float upward. There are flowers scattered in the pathway of Him who is dearest and most adorable and worthy of all praise. One feels that as the Divine Presence passes by in triumphal procession It should awaken in the breasts of that dense crowd of worshippers a longing desire to rend the heavens with joyful accents of praise, following the sacred language of the church in the sublime sequence of the *Lauda Sion:*

> "Sion, thy Redeemer praising,
> Songs of joy to him upraising,
> Laud thy Pastor and thy Guide:
> Swell thy notes both high and daring;
> For his praise is past declaring,
> And thy loftiest powers beside."

And a wave of awe-inspired, reverential movement might well be looked for visibly stirring the surface of the mass of people as the full-ripened ears of the thickly-standing field of wheat bend and sway, as if lowly worshipping when the spirit of the strong-winged wind sweeps majestically by.

But hark! there is some testimony of the voice. A few flower-crowned children in white are singing, or there is an operatic solo being trilled forth from the organ-gallery by a lady artist, while the other men and women singers of the quartet stand idly leaning over the gallery curtains to look at the show. The people down-stairs are listlessly kneeling on their haunches, reverently though silently gazing—so silent that one hears the rattle of the beads in the hands of some one who is just then praying to the Blessed Virgin instead of to her Sacramental God. Oh! for one outburst of joyful, intelligent, devout, heart-stirring strain from the throats of that multitude! Oh! for some sign of quickened pulse and throbbing heart! How *can* they keep so still? How can they restrain their emotions from finding utterance? What is it that holds these faithful worshippers in thrall and denies to the Holy Object of all love and praise the grateful homage of their hearts, out of whose abundance their mouths should be eloquently speaking the words He cannot but be longing to hear? Lord! is there no one to touch the lips of thy people with a coal of fire from off thine altar and loosen their fettered tongues, that they may break freely forth in tones of harmonious acclaim and honor thee with a sweet hymn of praise?

"That would be all very fine," says Father A., "but I don't believe they *can* sing."

"If they tried it," says Father B., "they would sing out of all time and tune, and make a horrible mess of it."

"Even if they can sing," says Father C., "they won't, because they wouldn't like it themselves."

"I haven't any organ in my church," says Father D., "and of course it would be out of all question with us. Nobody ever heard of people singing without an organ."

"Oh! there's no use in trying it with the old folks," says Father E. "The only way is to begin with the children in school."

"To teach a lot of people to sing who never sang before would cost a deal of money," says Father F.

"There is no doubt it would be a glorious thing to hear, and be of inestimable benefit to the people themselves," says Father G., "but one hasn't the least idea of how to go about securing it." And so the chorus sings: They can't sing; they won't sing; they wouldn't like it; it isn't worth having; it costs too much; there isn't music enough, and nobody knows what to do to get it, etc., etc. My reverend friend of Galesburg has intoned nearly all the objections in one breath. Whereon I have something to say.

To Father A. I say: You are mistaken. The people *can* sing.

Ab esse ad posse valet illatio. What is, can be. That is to say, putting aside the discussion of all comparison between the supposed lack of musical taste and vocal ability among our Catholic people and the contrary among the very same classes in Protestant denominations (all of whom can, and the majority of whom do, sing), our people, taken just as they are in cities, towns, or villages, can be taught to sing together, and they can be easily so taught.

A priest writes me from a small Western country town: "We have no Catholic school. Nearly the whole congregation are farmers, many living far into the country. Our choir of fifteen persons sing unison Masses, and the *proper* to the psalm tones. All the people except the very old and incapable sing the following evening service: The priest recites the Apostles' Creed. The Lord's Prayer, three Hail Marys, and the Doxology are then sung alternately by the choir and the body of the people. The priest reads a short meditation on the Mystery of the Rosary, the Lord's Prayer is sung, the Aves recited, and the Doxology sung. After the Rosary a hymn to the Blessed Sacrament is sung. Benediction follows, the people singing the 'Uni Trinoque,' the responses of the Litany, the 'Genitori,' and alternate verses of the 'Laudate.' Finally, a hymn with chorus is sung. Our success is most gratifying. Is it not possible to train this congregation to sing High Mass?"

Another priest writes me from a country village in the East: "When sent here I saw at once that we could not have regular church music unless the whole crowd sang. Three or four women would screech in the gallery something generally far beyond their powers to render properly; but if one of them fell ill, especially if it was the organist, or if something else happened to keep one away, we'd have no singing. I determined to reduce the vocal music to its lowest terms, and so get the congregation to sing." Here follows a description of simple arrangements of the Common of the Mass set chiefly to psalm tones. He adds: "The people learned it at once and never tire of it. I take my verse with the sanctuary boys, and let all the rest take the other. They can put in their stylish hymns at the Offertory and Communion if they like, but we are independent of them and have our little fun without them."

In the beginning of Lent, 1884, I announced to the people of our own congregation of St. Paul the Apostle that I would teach them to sing a new hymn after vespers. Copies of a pamphlet containing a few hymns were distributed to them. The teaching occupied only fifteen minutes, and out of about eight hundred people present at least five or six hundred learned to take good part in singing two hymns; neither words nor tunes of which they had ever seen or heard before. They learned them well enough to sing them at the succeeding services in Lent, with the regular choir on Wednesdays, and without the choir on Fridays, at the Stations. I held two other such rehearsals, and by this time they had learned nine new hymns; and they sang them so well that we were not ashamed to invite his Eminence the Cardinal, the Most Reverend Archbishop Corrigan, and many prominent clergymen and laymen to come and hear them. The verdict of "very good indeed" was unanimous. Ever since then our people have sung these hymns during Lent.

On Epiphany night, this present year, I repeated the experiment at the Church of St. Brigid, in this city. The people learned two hymns in twenty minutes, and sang them well during the following Lent. I went down in Holy Week to listen to them and congratulate them, and by request of the pastor, on the spur of the moment, they learned a third hymn in less than ten minutes.

On Quinquagesima Sunday the same result took place in the Church of St. Paul, at Worcester, Mass., where certainly eight or nine hundred out of the fifteen hundred persons present learned four hymns in two lessons, and sang them all from beginning to end with great fervor and enthusiasm on Ash-Wednesday night with only a weak piano for accompaniment, whose sound must have been inaudible to those who were singing.

And just here I will answer Father B. None of these people made a "terrible mess" of it by dragging or flatting. They kept good time and never lost the tone, although singing for over an hour.

What man and woman has done, man and woman can do. I am confident that there is not a congregation of Catholics in this country so unintelligent or so unmusical as not to be able to imitate their brethren of St. Paul's in New York and Worcester, and at St. Brigid's.

"But," insists Father C., "they won't sing, because they wouldn't like it." By which objection he means that the effort being made, the people will care so little for it that they will show their lack of interest, or even their dislike of it, by not coming to the services where there is congregational singing. Let Father C. come to the service of the Stations in the Paulist Church in Lent—when, of all services whatsoever, the vast church is the most densely crowded, there being no less than twenty-five hundred people present, and often three thousand—a service when the people have all the singing to do, none of the regular choir being present, except some of the boys in the procession.

What does the Rev. Dr. McSweeny, the rector of St. Brigid's, say of his congregation? "Our congregation are pleased with their new privilege of joining in the singing, and their attendance at the services at which they sing is greater than usual. I have no doubt but that it will become more and more popular. As it is I am quite surprised at the readiness and facility with which they have seized on the airs, and all are delighted with the general effect. I quite agree with you in your opinion that the lay people should take a more active part in the services than merely looking on and listening, especially as it is sanctioned by Catholic usage in countries where the church has had time and opportunity to display her spirit and realize her ideas. The last Council of Baltimore (No. 119) also recommends it."

Let us hear what the V. Rev. J. J. Power, V.G., the rector of St. Paul's, Worcester, has to say: "1. My congregation still like their singing work. 2. They have improved and are improving weekly. 3. The attendance at Vespers is now *three times* what it used to be. 4. I have had a rehearsal every Friday night since you were here, and we have some rousing choruses. 5. They are learning 'O Salutaris,' 'Tantum Ergo,' and 'Laudate Dominum.' I could go on and make other points down to 13thly, but the above will suffice to show you that we are not asleep, and have not yet tired of the work! I enjoy it as much as they do."

But Father C. is still quite sure he is right; and in proof that the people do not care for singing worship, and much prefer the silent method, he triumphantly directs our attention to the fact that all the Low Masses are crowded, and, despite the love our people have for sermons, the High Mass is, as a rule, poorly attended, and Vespers are unanimously voted, so far as attendance goes, a failure. If his objection proves anything, it proves at the most that the people are tired of and do not like the common uncatholic fashion of giving all the vocal praise of public worship to a few—who are often a few with whom they have little or no sympathy, and with whose singing their souls are no more in personal communion than they would be with the music of a hand-organ—hired praisers who ought long ago have gone out with the hired mourners, with their paid-for crape and tears, of old-time funerals. And it proves, I think, one thing more: that the Catholic sense of the people protests against the character of the music and singing commonly furnished by the few; their absenting themselves from such services being, in the judgment of many, a strong proof of their faith and devotion, in that they are as a mass anxious to have the little time they spend before God in public worship free from such distracting, confusing, unintelligible sounds. Their absence from the garbled, unmeaning Vespers, such as one generally hears, I hold to be a tribute to the intelligence of those who stay away. On which point I need not further enlarge.

"It is all very well for you priests in the city," says Father D., "where you have good musicians and a grand organ to carry the thing through." This objection has already been answered by the singing of nearly a thousand people at Worcester, where the sound of the piano was practically inaudible. But I have something else to say thereon. The fact is one well known to and bitterly animadverted upon by the best artists and writers on *singing* (which, if there be such a thing as divine music, it alone is), that the worst enemies to vocal music, and whose trade has done more to retard the progress of this divine art than all other causes put together, are the organ-builders and the piano-makers. People nowadays have come to think that the chief beauty of a song is in its musical accompaniment (and no wonder, since the melodies composed are in themselves generally so poor, expressionless, and bald), and that an organ, and a big one at that, is just as necessary in a church as an altar; as in many a church we know the organ has cost twice and thrice what the altar did. No wonder the organist very logically esteems the claims of his more costly and more beautiful instrument upon the notice of the congregation as of far greater moment; giving rise to more than one painful exhibition of subservience of the sacerdotal function to its usurped sovereignty. I aver, and I am upheld by all whose judgment is of worth, that it is a huge mistake to suppose that the braying of a big organ, with trumpet, cornet, and bombarde stops all on, is a help to the singing of either a limited chorus or of a great one like a full congregation. On the contrary, it confuses and retards the singing, and so overlays all audible vocal articulation that not only the words are rendered unintelligible, but one is not able to tell sometimes in what language the choir are singing. It is the organ that would make the people drag the time, as it does when used to "carry the thing through." The laws of acoustics are inexorable, and prevent union of the sounds between it and the singing of those who are at even a moderate distance from it. The sounds of the organ-pipes must travel from the organ *to* the people (a very appreciable time even in fifty feet) before they can hear them. *Then* they sing. Now the sound of their voices must take time, doubling the first, to return to the ear of the organist before he can hear them. The result is inevitably discordant, confusing, and dragging, one waiting to hear the other. Everybody knows what unendurable cacophony (truly a "horrible mess") is often produced where the practice prevails of accompanying the priest during the Preface and the Pater Noster.

But an organ is not a necessity in a church at all, least of all is it necessary as an accompaniment to singing. If you wish to hear good singing, intelligent singing, where you can distinguish the words sung (lacking which any singing is reduced to a mere combination of harmonious sounds, a result most certainly in flat contradiction to the divine idea of *church* song), singing where one gets the effect of the emotional rhythm of the singer's melody, and is affected by the spirit of the song, go to a church where all the singing is done without organ, as in St. Peter's in Rome; in the ancient cathedral of Lyons in France; in many city and village churches in Europe, and in the orthodox synagogues of the Jews. My dear Father D., if you have no organ, do not despair. Congregational singing is possible without one; or, if you can afford it, get a small one, and use it to give the pitch, and as a means of rehearsal, that by playing the tune over upon it first the people may catch the air they are to sing, thereby saving the leader's voice, which, for the matter of that, would be far more serviceable for that purpose, if he were able, than the organ. Then let the people get accustomed to sing without it, or let it follow the singing by a quiet accompaniment, sparing their ears its deafening din, the wearing effects upon their throats straining to overpower it and make themselves heard, and the utter quashing of all personal feeling in their own hearts, to say nothing of the obliteration of all intelligent understanding of what is sung. I say again, and let him who can disprove it, *singing* is the music which the Catholic Church recognizes, approves, and desires as the fulfilment of her ideal of solemn worship, and the usurping organ has been the death of it. Some persons rate the solemnity of a celebration as some speakers appear to grade their powers of oratory, by the amount of noise that is made. But it is *vox et præterea nihil.* In order to prove that I am not talking "rot" or "rant," I wish a pastor could be induced to try an experiment, viz., to order that one-half of all that is sung at Mass and Vespers be sung without accompaniment of any kind; and continue this practice for one year. I would then be ready to lay a heavy wager that if the question be put to the vote of the congregation they would decide, with no mean majority, to discontinue the use of the organ for the other half. And now I will let my readers into the secret of my confidence of winning the wager. In order to comply with the orders of the pastor, and to sing anything that would be worth either singing or hearing, the leader would be obliged to select pieces whose melodies and harmonies would possess intrinsic "wealth," as musicians understand that term, vocal music which, like a perfectly handsome and charming lady, or a true gentleman, does not depend upon instrumental ornamentation to prove its worth, any more than the lady or gentleman in question depend upon their dress, gorgeous or ornamental finery to impress beholders with a belief in the genuineness of their beauty or gentility.

Organists will readily see that I am far from endangering the emoluments of their profession by this plea for little organ-playing, and the playing of small organs to accompany singing. For, as educated musical artists, they would to a man far prefer fine vocal music *well* accompanied, and know that it takes a much more skilful and accomplished organist to accompany singing in a delicate, sympathetic manner; and that he who can thus enhance the vocal effect is in fact worthy of a much higher salary. Besides there is plenty of opportunity for him to display his talent as a performer apart from the singing. Really fine compositions for organ are not written to be sung to.

Again, good, devout congregational singing can be had by those pastors who cannot afford to pay highly salaried organists, and therefore my plea will be equally welcomed by organists of moderate acquirements. Many such will then find engagements where now they seek in vain for one.

"Oh! there is no use trying to make the old folks sing: one must begin by teaching the children in the parochial school," says not only Father E., but so far as all private letters I have received, and all comments seen in the journals give evidence—say *all* the fathers from A to Z. This singular method of solving the question of present starvation by giving good advice about planting corn and wheat next spring-time has not a little astonished me.

There is one father, however, whose name is Y., now writing who, while he knows perfectly well and fully agrees that the children should be thoroughly taught and constantly exercised in singing, both in school on week-days and Sundays and at Mass, would just as soon think of expecting congregational singing to grow out of that alone as he would count upon seeing all the grown-up people who never danced in their lives dancing at a ball which they must attend every week, but at which not a soul has as yet ever stood up on the floor to dance, because the little ones are sent regularly to dancing-school. We have had our children singing in almost every Catholic school in the land for more than one generation. Has congregational singing ever grown out of it? Do not the children stop singing when they leave school? Why do they stop? Plainly because there is no singing done by their elders. How are the children when grown up to sing in church if there is no singing there for them to join in, and keep up the practice? Are we never to have congregational singing till all the children are grown up? Must all the fathers and mothers, the young men and women of our Catholic millions, die and never know the unspeakable joy, comfort, elevation of spirit, and sweet consolation in that highest and purest outward and sensible expression of heartfelt praise which comes, and can only come, from *one's own singing?* The common agreement of so many in relegating the whole question to the education of children forces upon my mind a most unwelcome conclusion: that but very few seem to have any personal experience of what it is to *sing*, or of the effect upon one's own soul produced by one's *own* singing. Are we also among the gropers, the blind leaders of the blind, who are vainly looking for a Catholic Church of the future, a "Catholic Church singing" (unquestionably one of its highest ideals), but one which, like the Church of the Future dreamed of by the gropers and blind guides aforesaid, is always *to be* and never *is?* God forbid! Free the church *now* from these bonds of silence and inaction if it can be done now. Give the faithful a chance to lift their voices in glad acclaim to God, and who does not see that the most marvellous results will instantly follow in the increased intelligence in faith, and in the deeper edification of the spiritual life of the people?

In all the ordinary routine of clerical duty our priests labor like giants, and our people are no niggards in supplying the means for every good work proposed to them. So, Father F., I think I may dismiss your fears of the cost with a very few words. It will not cost as much as you fancy. How much would you be willing to pay to have congregational singing established on a fair footing in your church? "Congregational singing of what?" you ask. I reply that it may be considered as of three grades. First—that the people will be able to sing English hymns at Low Mass; also, if you please, before and after High Mass and Vespers; and at all devotional services on Sunday nights during Lent, the month of May, etc. Second—that now being able and well accustomed to sing together, they should sing, as they ought, at least all the *Common* of the Mass; the Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus, and Agnus Dei. Third—that they unite with or alternate antiphonally with a select chorus in chanting the true rubrical Vespers of the day, and the Antiphons and Litany for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Do you wish to know how much money all that will cost?

I make you a proposal. You shall have the first kind of congregational singing fairly started in your church if you will give as many dollars as you have sittings in your church. For this sum I will teach the people or see that they are taught, and will supply all the hymn-books, one for every person. Time required to accomplish the object proposed, two or three weeks. When this result is achieved and the people have been faithfully encouraged to continue, and ample opportunities afforded them throughout the space of about a year (though in some places it would not need so long a time), they will be ready to take up the second grade. This, I am convinced, can be achieved at the same cost and in like time, the needed books being also furnished to them; and the third grade can quickly follow at the same expense. If you do not think this perfect congregational singing to be worth three dollars a head, all books being included, I advise you to sit down and read over again my former essays; or, perhaps a little story will illustrate my meaning better. A certain person wishing to purchase a first-class painting asked the dealer the price of one by a celebrated artist. "Ten thousand dollars," was the reply. The would-be purchaser opened his eyes wide and drew a long breath as he said: "I want a first-class picture, and you tell me that the one I see is genuine; but I cannot understand how a piece of painted canvas can be worth all that money." "Then," said the dealer, rather bluntly, "I must refer you to the study of art and artists until you do understand it."

That the people would gladly contribute the requisite money, or so much of it that the payment of the balance would draw but lightly upon the church's bank account, is beyond dispute; taking it for granted, of course, that the pastor is heartily in sympathy with the project, is anxious and determined to obtain the result, and, not to put too fine a point upon it (if the comparison may be made), would far prefer big congregational singing to a big organ costing double or triple the sum before a note of it is heard, and a quartet of high-priced artists to do the small singing to its loud playing.

"But," says Father G., "is the patient to be left without hope of restoration to musical health unless your proposal is accepted? Are you the only Doctor of Congregational Singing in the country? Have you no recipe which can be made up by the local musical doctor and administered *secundum artem?*" I am coming to that as the practical point of this article. I can do no better than explain what may be called the "method" I have adopted in teaching, a method so simple that I would despair of getting a patent for it, and if I could I wouldn't, for I hate quacks and all patent nostrums.

In the first place, the people must be amply supplied with hymn-books, each person having his own. To have only one book for two or more persons is practically to hinder one or the other from having a clear, distinct view of the words, and thus to prevent their intelligible pronunciation. Again: several singing together in this way will result in their instinctively combining to produce a tone which will lack the strength and fulness of the sounds produced as the aggregate tone of several voices singing apart. In order to show the simplicity of the "method," I will give an example in calisthenics. Standing upon an elevated platform in sight of all assembled, the gymnast addresses them and says: "You all have arms and hands, and you can move them as well as I can." Going through the motions himself first, he then calls upon them to imitate him. Stretching out his right hand at right angles to his body, he cries out: "Everybody stretch out their right arm like mine. Now! all together." It is done. Doing the same with the left arm, they also promptly imitate the motion. "Now lift up both your arms above your heads like this" (suiting the action to the word), "all together!" That exercise is successful. "Now bring both your arms down to your sides!" It is instantly done. The lesson is over.

That is just what I have done in teaching singing. The following is therefore my simple recipe, easily compounded and readily administered by the local doctor of music, and good enough materials for it to be found anywhere. Let the pastor go into the pulpit, and by a few plain, earnest words impress upon the people that God has given them voices to sing his praises, and that he is waiting to hear them: that many of them can probably sing as well as others whose singing they admire, and some, he has no doubt, a good deal better—better at least *to suit God,* who is their heavenly audience and the only one to please in church. If the pastor be a singer, he can do the teaching himself. If not, let him have the assistance of a singing leader, who should stand in an elevated position so as to be seen by all. Then he or the leader, as the case may be, reads over the first verse of the "beautiful" hymn they are to learn. Everybody has a book and follows the reading, but because the pastor reads it they see more beauty in it than silently looking at it. If there is an organ, bid the organist now play over the whole tune distinctly, requesting the people to listen very attentively. Then say: "Now listen to me while I sing over the first line, and the instant I finish it I will sing it over again, and every one with a tongue in his head will sing the same with me." The strangers, the people, and pastor too, are astonished at the result. Here is a mixed crowd of people, of whom not a dozen, perhaps, have ever sung with others, and certainly never in public, nearly all singing with great unanimity and in good time and tune. There are exceptions, however. Some over-timid ones, or a few over-curious people will keep silent to hear "how they will do it," or some very old folks, who are there for devotion's sake, and, like good Christians as they are, persevere in prayer with their beads no matter what is going on, and are probably thinking all these new-fangled ways to be "very queer." But the sound is inspiring despite their devotion, and they soon forget just where they were in the decade, and the curious ones find themselves moved with holy envy to rival the others in the "repetition."

Now smile all over your face and exclaim, encouragingly: "That is excellent, wonderfully good; I am delighted! I knew you would like it!" And you are sure to tell the truth: for considering all things, the novelty of it, with their former ignorance and inexperience, it is indeed excellent and wonderfully good. Always make it a point to praise, and never to find fault. Then go on. "Now listen while I sing the second line which you will repeat as before with me." That second line is sure to be sung better than the first. Your smiles and little word of praise did that. Afterwards repeat both the first and second lines. The third and fourth are to be treated in like manner, and the lesson is over: for now the whole verse is readily sung. Then get them on their feet. That brings out a double volume of tone, especially as you will be wise in telling them that now, having learned it so well, our Lord wants to hear them do their best, their *very* best, and his holy benediction will fall upon every one that joins in the singing and tries his best, even if he can only manage a few notes at the first trial. You will find it child's play now to teach the other verses of the hymn. Every one's face is radiant with pleasure, and they are so well pleased with their success that they are thinking of the congratulations they will make to one another as they go home after the service. They have, perhaps, learned this first hymn so quickly, and are so delighted with their new accomplishment, experiencing such a pure and heartfelt pleasure, as all pure-hearted singers do, that the proposal to learn another hymn "on the spot" will be received with evident satisfaction: like a marksman who has hit the bull's eye at the first shot, he wants to do that just once more before he lays down his gun.

There is my method in a nutshell. Seeing that it has proved so efficient, my advice to those who may try their hand at teaching a chance congregation of people to sing is to give this simplest of all simple methods a fair trial. You may possibly know another method more thorough indeed; but just try the plan I have indicated, if only as one uses a primer. But be sure to preserve a confident tone and manner, manifesting your own assurance of success. The result may lack a good deal in polish—but foundations are none the worse for being rough, and, as foundations, really look better and inspire one with the feeling of their stability and strength. Ornamentation befits the higher and later developments of the structure.

I hope that the main point I have endeavored to enforce in my little lesson has not been overlooked—the *motive* which I invariably present in the most urgent, earnest language I can command—*all this is for God and to please him.*

The likening of myself to St. Francis by my reverend and friendly critic, as published in his notice inserted as prefatory to this essay, needs no explanatory after-sentence, in the language of the lamented Artemus Ward, to inform his readers that "this is sarkasum"; but I will not deny that I have taken my cue from the "method" employed by that wonder-working saint in his simple, charming, and effective sermons to the birds and fishes, and especially in presenting the same motive he did in order to draw forth their expressions of praise to their loving Creator. If you wish to touch a Catholic's heart, make your plea "for God's sake," or "for the love of God." That appeals to the confidence he has in the strength of his whole fabric of faith, and touches every fibre in his spiritual organism. Impress that motive deeply and you will get melody out of those who have no more genius for singing than a cow, or, if you will, a fish. And you have laid up the act of his singing with every word and tone of that hymn in the inner sanctuary of his soul, where the reigning, moving spirit is the love and adoration of God and of all things divine.

When you get people who have never sung before to sing a pious hymn you give them the taste of what is to them a new spiritual food, to their great surprise and delight; and though they do not put their feelings into so many words, yet it is no exaggeration to say that the language of the well-known versicle and response at Benediction would aptly describe the sentiment of their hearts: Panem de cœlo præstitisti *nobis;* omne delectamentum in se habentem. Thou hast given us bread from heaven to eat, in all sweet savors abounding. For he who is indeed the "Bread of Life from heaven" is the intoned Word proceeding from the mouth of God, and by which man lives—the Word of the Father who receives "per ipsum et cum ipso et in ipso" all his divine honor and glory, and whose spirit gives meaning to and breathes forth the divine harmony of the universe. The supreme impression upon the mind is, and they never will be able to shake it off: "This is the hymn I learned to sing to God." I need not say how necessary it is to enforce that impression on all future occasions, nor need I add with what consoling results. That explains how the V. Rev. Father Power's congregation at Worcester soon swelled to thrice its ordinary number, remembering as I do the words in which he addressed his people at their rehearsals. Give the people a chance to tell God how much and how truly they love and adore him, and let them utter their words in those tones and accents which give unquestioned consecration to speech, being instinctively associated with the inspiration and elevation of the soul; and at once the fire of divine love, surely alive, but often yet only silently smouldering in their hearts, will be fanned into a flame, quickly spreading and kindling new flames in the hearts of others.

But to secure a thorough accomplishment of the design one must not stop with teaching a chance assemblage of people in the church. If it is to be so well done as to "go of itself," and become an integral part of their worship and a settled tradition, a weekly lesson must be given to the children by themselves;

the same hymns taught to the people being rehearsed by them in school.*

There should be at least one common congregational rehearsal, such as I have described, held one evening in each week to sing over old hymns and learn new ones. A select choral society of young men and women would be a great help. These could meet on another evening and be taught something of musical notation, learning also some good, healthy-toned choral pieces other than the hymns for their vocal exercise and innocent diversion. But such members should be strictly held to the obligation of attending all the general rehearsals for the people, as also the regular congregational services; and in order to avoid the wrong motive, the human motive, self-adulation, and the cultivation of music for its own sake, they should not sit together in church, but should scatter themselves about as they might if no such society existed.

"FOR THE PRAISE OF GOD" must be the sole motto. It must be the ding and the dong of both priest and teacher; and every attempt of the devil to sneak in another motive must be promptly and vigorously squelched. Then there will be not only good singing, but what is better, *devout* singing.

Beloved and reverend brethren in Christ, you who so generously give your lives in sacrifice for souls and for God's glory; who, like other Atlases—nutantis orbis statum sustinentes—go staggering under the burden of the world's woes, that ye may bring the weary, wandering, and heavy laden more lovingly to God; and who never shrink from labor if duty calls: the word I have spoken is in your hearing. If it be the word of God it will bear much fruit; though, following our Lord's own blessed doctrine proved in his own personal sacrifice and the consequent triumphs he has won, it must first die. It must die as *my* word, and passing into your hearts and minds there be buried, and from thence rise again *your own living word*, a quickening spirit, before whose vivific breath all things shall spring into fruitful, exuberant life and undying strength.

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* Just here I cannot refrain from expressing my frank opinion on the subject of suitable hymns for children and for adults. I am convinced from long experience that the majority of hymns given to children to sing in services of worship are too childish. They are only fit for the nursery, if indeed for that, lacking as so many of them do all logical musical idea. They are strings of notes without rhythm or sense. Hence they are neither true, good, nor beautiful. When not positively bad, as echoing the sensual "motive" of an immoral operatic air, they are often inane and silly; utterly unworthy to be the tone-expression of divine thoughts and words. It is high time we put away childish things and learned to esteem something better. At the risk of being thought intrusive and self-conceited, I presume to take this occasion to reply to some of my friendly critics, and say that herein lies precisely the merit claimed for the tunes I composed for the *Catholic Hymnal*, in that they are not what is erroneously styled "simple," by which is often really meant what is in fact irrational and nonsensical. On the contrary, with few exceptions, they will be found on fair trial to be truly simple, each one expressing one, definite, musical idea which the people can easily catch, correct in phrasing and not lacking sufficient beauty in form to make them reasonably true as a faithful tone-expression of the sentiments of the hymns, while being pleasing enough to be easily remembered. That they are not all chef-d'œuvres of hymnody I need not be told, but there are enough good ones in the book to serve their purpose. I heartily recommend also the *Roman Hymnal*, by Rev. J. B. Young, S.J., and especially because it contains the Common of the Masses in Gregorian chant with full notation for Vespers. But if a pastor is already well supplied with other books, then I say take them, if better cannot be afforded; take anything in the shape of hymns, at least to make a beginning with.

Alfred Young.

A COUNTRY NEGRO MISSION.

Keswick, a small village in Albemarle County, Va., has now a flourishing mission among its colored inhabitants. As late as October, 1886, there was no Catholic, white or colored, in the place, save one—namely, the teacher of the colored public school. By birth a native of Albemarle County and a slave, he had hardly been conscious of his shackles, for he was but a child at the time of emancipation. Like thousands of the young men of his race, he longed to drink of the Pierian spring. Like them, also, he had to endure hardships and practise a self-denial seldom recognized as within the power of the negro in order to gratify his desire. Seeking in Pennsylvania to slake his thirst for knowledge, our Lord gave him there to drink of the water which should become in him a fountain springing up into eternal life. Returning to his home, the young Catholic convert applied for and secured the position of teacher in the public school. As soon as he had got his school in good working order, he wrote to me, then living in Richmond, to come up and preach to the colored people.

With some misgivings, for the man was a stranger, I responded to the invitation. On my arrival at Keswick I was met by the teacher and one of his pupils, whose father was to be "mine host"; they soon brought me to my journey's end. Standing there on the porch of his fine house, which is the centre of a farm of fifty acres, my colored host, a man of splendid physique, presented in his own person an argument of what the black race is capable. And it was a cheering surprise to learn that in that part of the Old Dominion were many such colored farmers. At night I was brought down to the school-house, little better than an enclosed wooden shed, about twenty feet by forty, built on a piece of land which was given by mine host to the County School Board. It was packed within and besieged without by an expectant congregation, for never before had the word of God gone out from a priest's lips in that place. With but three exceptions the audience were negroes. I began the services by having them sing the hymn, " Nearer, my God, to Thee "; afterwards I explained the " Sign of the Cross," the " Our Father," " Hail Mary," and " Creed." Then all standing recited the prayers after me. A sermon of one hour and a half followed, and nothing shorter would have satisfied them. This simple people not only tolerate but actually request sermons which, in the cities of the North, would be of intolerable length. This was followed by a second hymn and the repetition of the prayers. The services closed with the priest's blessing, to receive which all stood up. As a result of the visit a Sunday-school was organized, embracing young and old, married and single, the school-teacher acting as catechist.

On my second visit I brought the requisites for Holy Mass, which was a most extraordinary sight to this poor people. Placing the teacher at the Gospel side of the improvised altar I had him read out in English the ordinary of the Mass. Four times I turned around and explained the ceremonies. A most profound impression was made by the majestic simplicity of the great Sacrifice of the New Law, which was enhanced by the colored teacher receiving Communion at the hands of the white priest. And no congregation could be more reverent than those simple folk.

But these visits of the Catholic priest soon roused the white Protestants of the neighborhood, who up to that time did not seem to have so much as recognized, at least spiritually, the negro's existence. An Episcopalian clergyman, who lives in the next village, volunteered to teach the Sunday-school. Of course the teacher declined the offer. True to his Episcopal instinct, the clergyman would then like to become a scholar, and was denied admission. Foiled in this attempt, the whites, whose leader was an old Episcopalian lady, next attacked the teacher. He was summoned to the county seat, there to answer before the School Board grave charges made against him. The county seat is eight miles from Keswick; to it the teacher made several journeys, going to and fro on foot, all fruitless, because one or other member of the Board of Trustees was absent, and losing besides a day's pay by each fruitless visit. At last he stood before the assembled board, by whom he was suspended and the school-house was closed, not only upon the school children, but also against the priest. It was only on alighting from the train at my next visit that the poor fellow told me of his troubles. Several of the fiery ones among the negroes were in favor of breaking open the school, but wiser counsels prevailed. Through the kindness of a white gentleman living in the next county, they secured the grist mill of the neighborhood, and all hands set to work to fit that building for purposes of worship. It was only at nine o'clock at night that the services were begun. It was a weird sight. The few benches we could procure were all filled, the idle mill-stone seated several more, the vacant spaces of the floor were filled with squatters, and upon the rafters, straddling them and holding on in every fashion, were scores of others. Turn where I would, above or below, at one side or the other, black faces were visible, while a fair sprinkling of whites were seen around the doors or scattered among the blacks. In this mill three adults, the first-fruits of the mission work, were baptized. They had been admirably instructed by the school-teacher; they made the responses, prompted by the teacher, in clear, ringing tones. The whole service was reverently participated in by all. The hands of the clock warned us of the hour of eleven before the wondering crowd received the priest's blessing and departed. At my next visit four more were baptized, this time in the parlor of mine host, and on the following day the three first received into church made their First Communion.

To render the work permanent it became necessary to build a school-house, which was done last summer. And now St. Joseph's Colored School, Keswick, Va., is one of the chief consolations of the missionary. A rather singular result of this good start is the little Catholic boarding-school that has grown up at Keswick. Applications to attend the new school came from several respectable young colored men at a distance, so that it became necessary to provide a convenient place in which to lodge them. The teacher, therefore, took a house, the rent of which and the expense of their own support are paid for by himself and the six young men who occupy it. They follow a simple rule of life, rising at half-past five o'clock, and have fixed times for prayer, study, recitation, meals, recreation, and retiring. Save the teacher and one other, all are unbaptized. At present there are about fifteen Catholics at Keswick, and if a priest could only live there or go there oftener, especially on Sunday, incalculable good would follow.

About eight miles from Keswick is a place called Union Mills, quite an extensive property, consisting of a mill, cotton-factory, many out-buildings, with a magnificent old-style Virginia mansion, which is situated on the crest of a knoll, at the base of which runs a small river, which can be seen for miles as it meanders southward through a beautiful country. The family of the present owner are Catholics, and being very much interested in the colored people invited the writer to open a mission there. The school-teacher of Keswick accompanied me. The old cotton-factory, a large three-story brick building, was put in order for the visit. The old plantation bell, hung in its tower, summoned the negroes to the service ; unfortunately it was a very dark and cloudy night, so that not more than one hundred negroes were present. The usual hymn opened the services, then followed the explanation of the "Sign of the Cross," the "Our Father," the "Hail Mary," and the "Creed." Any one familiar with instructing children knows that in teaching them how to bless themselves, the readiest way is for the teacher to use the left hand. Forgetting this, I blessed myself with the right hand, and the poor people, imitating me too closely, all blessed themselves with the left. But this little awkward piece of forgetfulness was soon corrected. The services were the same as at Keswick. I was greatly impressed by the appearance of one of my hearers. He was a noble specimen of the negro. Very tall, straight as an arrow, black as ebony, but with regular features, this old colored man sat bolt upright before me, never once taking his eyes from my face. Upon questioning my hostess, who by her presence and that of her family greatly strengthened the negroes' reverence for the religious exercises, I learned that this noteworthy negro, whose only name is "Uncle John," is universally looked up to by the negroes and beloved by all, white and black alike. Everywhere in the neighborhood is he known for his honesty and the purity of his life. Often he goes off into the woods, passing hours there absorbed in prayer and talking, as he simply says, to "de great Massa." He seems to be one of those chosen souls, scattered here and there upon this earth, who, though separated from the visible body of the church, yet belong to her soul.

A Sunday-school was opened at Union Mills, and was taken in charge by the three Catholic ladies living there. It, too, has been very successful. Preparations are being made to open a Catholic day-school there.

Thousands of such missions and schools might be started among the millions of blacks in the South if there were priests who would break the bread of life to those famishing souls. And these priests will come. The opening next autumn of our Seminary for the Colored Missions, in the city of Baltimore, will give an opportunity for the zealous youth of our American Church to enter upon the labors of this harvest, so ripe, so fruitful, and so consoling.

JOHN R. SLATTERY.

VIA CRUCIS.

" SAY, toll-man, the name of the road I see stretching so cheerless, lone, and wild ?"
" 'Tis the Via Crucis that beckons thee. Amen. Then take it boldly, child.
For the road must be trod by the sons of men in tears and in silence, soon or late— "
With a sob the little one now and then looked back as he passed through the well-worn gate.
O Via Crucis ! thy stones are wet with the tears of travellers young and old,
And thy land-marks are white gravestones set over smiles forgotten and hearts grown cold ;
But thou bringest peace when sighs are past,
And after a little thy gorse grows fair ;
Though feet bleed sorely, we learn at last
To bless thee, thou foot of heaven's stair !

LUCY AGNES HAYES.

THE PRIEST AND THE PUBLIC.

That typical American ecclesiastic, Cardinal Gibbons, is said to have lately dissuaded his clergy from using the street-cars, not assuredly because he would have them hire a hack, but because he is a great walker himself, and knows the need and value of exercise for men of his profession. From what I know of him, I feel assured that he hesitates no more now to use the democratic conveyance than before he was exalted to the Papal Senate. Here suggests itself a question, however, which may be of interest, and which is indeed one of great importance, and the answers to which show considerable difference of opinion. The question is: How shall the clergy present themselves before the United States public?

Appearance goes for a great deal, as we all know. It produces those "first impressions" which "last longest." We wish, as in duty bound, to impress the people favorably, being heralds of the true religion. Shall we borrow titles, carriages, and dress from the manners of courts and gentry, or shall we be content with a name sufficient to distinguish us and our office individually, and with apparel enough for health and decency?

Of course we all know what the Gospel inculcates in this regard. It is morally certain that "Jesus of Nazareth" had only that one seamless tunic which the soldiers cast lots for under the cross, and which was doubtless knitted for him by the busy hands of the Mater Admirabilis. He bade his disciples be content with one suit likewise (Luke ix. 3), to accept no titles, to carry neither purse nor staff, but to go about in the plainest way—on foot was evidently supposed, for they are bid shake the dust from their feet in certain contingencies—and to subsist on what the people gave them to eat.

Nevertheless the Gospel cannot be taken too literally. Our Lord's own company had a purse which was carried by Judas, and St. Paul declined to eat at any man's expense, but earned his own living; not that he hadn't a right to "live by the Gospel," as he indeed teaches, but on account of "*the weak*," who needed an example of still higher virtue, as they might possibly suspect him of self-seeking if he accepted any return for his ministrations.

On account of "the weak," therefore, the priest may depart from the letter of the evangelical law, and the example of the saints; and the practice of the church shows us this. We must become "all things to all men in order to bring all to Christ," as the same Apostle teaches. If for this it is necessary to wear purple, we must wear it; to be called "Eminence," we must put up with it; to use a carriage, it must be made use of; to live in a palace, in a palace we must live. We do not read in the account of St. Paul's life that he changed his apparel before appearing in the Areopagus, but there is no doubt he got himself up as decently as he could; as to his attire when he made his noble stand before Festus and Agrippa, the "prisoner of Christ" was not able to give it much attention. . In fact, I believe St. Paul practised what he preached, and "having enough to eat and wherewith to be clothed" was "content with these" (i. Tim. ii. 8); and I confess that I feel it a task to defend the usages which later on were adopted by the members of the priesthood, of splendid robes and vast palatial residences and pompous titles. However, it is a difficult question, and there is much to be said pro and con.

How majestic and beautiful and striking is simplicity of manners! One of my earliest recollections of college-days in New York is the occasional visit of the Regents of the University to the infant institution which floated on its banner the name of the Apostle of the Indies. The chief of them for a while was Prosper M. Wetmore, and you can imagine how exalted a personage he was in the eyes of an under-graduate. One day, going to school, I met this gentleman on the corner of Union Square and Fifteenth Street, carrying a small market-basket. He had evidently gone out to procure some fresh fruit or vegetables for his household. It is over thirty years since, but I love the reminiscence, and long for the plain manliness of those days, which, far from being incompatible with nobility, learning, and culture, seems to be a consequence of them. Picture to yourself Socrates or Plato, Zeno or Aristotle, and what clings to them of the "impedimenta" but the graceful toga? Think of tacking *Mr.* before or *Esq.* after the name of Homer!

Another idol of my boyhood, whose memory as I grow older I do not less revere, was Peter Cooper. How interesting and edifying it was to see him, the master of great wealth and the patron of a splendid institution of learning, drive his plain vehicle to the post at the Seventh-street door, and himself fasten the horse before he went in on his daily visit to the *School of Design* or the *Debating Society!* In appearance as in his heart he was still the humble, sensible, man-loving mechanic, who had always cherished the wish to procure for young work-people "that education from which he himself had been debarred." Was his influence less because he did not ride or dress as, to use a common phrase, "became his wealth and social position"? We boys honored the ground he trod on. And Doctor Brownson! Oh! who that has had the happiness and the high honor of conversing with this complete man in his modest house at Elizabeth can ever forget the impression produced? Who ever felt anything else than delight with his frankness, admiration for his wisdom, reverence for his gentle, humble manners?

Let us turn to ecclesiastics. Bishop Bayley, of Newark, was a man of truth and piety, loving and beloved of his priests and his people. Yet who more democratic, with all his frequent allusions to the early expatriation of his ancestors? I noticed him one day hailing a stage on Broadway, and as the driver did not stop for him he ran after the conveyance like any honest citizen anxious to get to business.

I went with a priest once to call on the former archbishop of an American see. As we approached his house, I saw a group of poor men and women, evidently of the needy class, standing about on the sidewalk, and apparently awaiting their turn to enter the hall-door, which stood wide open. "There they are!" said my guide. "Every Monday morning he gives audience to any poor people that want it, and the door is left open and no porter in sight so that they won't be timid about entering." We went in, and for my part, to use the strong simile of a French writer, "I felt as if I were about to call on Jesus Christ." What the priest thought and felt I will say later on, but I never before realized the character of the successor of the apostles so much as on that occasion. He is the same prelate who was found mending his cassock while stopping in Baltimore in attendance on the Plenary Council, just as the Apostle of Alaska, Archbishop Seghers, lately deceased, had to do and did, as we read in his letters, far up on the banks of the Yukon.

I might recall other instances in the lives of laymen and clergymen which have left an indelible and a most edifying impression on myself, precisely on account of their plain, unaffected ways. What an appalling thought it is, indeed, this—that our every slightest act may be noted and treasured up, and produce an everlasting effect on those who observe it! My object, however, is to inquire whether and how far the democratic simplicity of Sts. Peter and Paul, of Archbishop N—— and Father D—— and Bishop Bayley are expedient for the propagation of the faith of Christ amongst the general public, and its preservation in the children of the fold. I leave Doctor Brownson and Horace Greeley and Peter Cooper, as well as Socrates and Plato, out of the question. It shocks one to have a person that hears of their wisdom, patriotism, and philanthropy ask how much their income was or how they dressed, as if suspending his verdict on their characters till he weighed their wealth. So much for philosophers of whom, indeed, it may be said that, unless their singularity gives us reason to suspect their sanity, their titles, abodes, and apparel make no difference in their acceptability as teachers of wisdom.

But teachers of the faith: Does it make a difference whether they are entitled eminence, grace, lordship, right reverend, and such? whether they ride in a carriage or in a street-car, or go afoot carrying their own carpet-bags? whether they wear a dress-hat or a Kossuth, a cassock or a pair of trowsers? It appears that it does to a greater or less extent, and among peoples of different character and condition.

For instance, I am assured, and experience has taught me, that in Ireland a priest is no prophet unless he wears that strange capital integument which is the object of so much bantering and to which so many contemptuous epithets are applied, but which I believe is now technically known as a silk hat. I know many an excellent priest of this country whose mission would be barren in the Isle of Saints because he prefers the easy, graceful, sensible slouch of the Western plains. What does this show on the part of the Hibernians? We shall see later. "Lord me no lords," our most illustrious theologian, Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore, used to say—"lord me no lords; you left your lords in Ireland."

A graduate of the college already mentioned complained in my hearing that Cardinal McCloskey came to a certain church of his metropolitan city to give Confirmation, and actually came in a street-car! "*O tempora! O mores!*" I was expected to express a respectful amount of virtuous surprise at the forgetfulness of his dignity on the part of the first American cardinal. I didn't. But I only want to show how the people, even the educated, even in the chief city of the republic, look at these things.

There was a layman's opinion. I told about my call on Archbishop N——. Would you believe me when I say that the priest who accompanied me actually found fault with the bishop for receiving those poor wretches? I could not help remembering how "He receiveth publicans and sinners," and I was astonished at the coincidence. "Couldn't he let one of the young priests give the pledge to those fellows, and also listen to the stories of those poor women, who only want a dollar?" So, what edified me beyond anything I had experienced, even in my five years' residence in Rome, actually caused this ecclesiastic to find fault with one of the pioneer bishops of our country.

I heard from other parties that the wealthy Catholics of his diocese didn't like the same prelate either, because he accepted a splendid carriage and horses only to send them at once to be sold for the orphans. And these critics were men and women who were wielding pickaxes and hammers, and bending over washtubs and gridirons, along the canals and railroads or in the mines, while the bishop was already deep in the wisdom of Aquinas and Dominic, and was treading in the footsteps of Bertrand and Las Casas.

Why do the Irish want their priests to wear a high hat? I suppose it is not only because he is their chief social and political representative, and they feel that they will be respected according as he is, and they know the deference paid to dress and appearance generally, but also they feel that the mass of themselves are so poor and suffer so much from the ignorance which results from poverty, that they will fail to recognize the priest as their superior unless he assumes a head-gear similar to that of the easy and better-informed classes. So much, too, is the imagination bound up with the reasoning faculty, that the height of the hat by which he excels his brethren helps them to remember the superior station he fills and to reverence him accordingly. Thus you see there is deep philosophy and profound knowledge of human nature even in the choice of a covering for the head. If we were all perfect, and sin had not brought shame on us, doubtless we would get on very well in the majestic nakedness of Adam, who was clothed only with the royal mantle of "original justice," and in the "beauty unadorned" of the mother and queen of humanity. But I fear me that there would be sad disorders if we attempted a sudden reversion to that beautiful fashion of the body. We are a fallen race, and are not strong enough to do without the otherwise absurd, ugly, and distorting encumbrance of clothing.

Now as to the dwelling of the priest. There is no doubt that the Irish like to have their priests live in a "decent" house, and for the same reasons which make them insist on the tall hat. Indeed, I was respectfully but firmly interpellated once, because I did not buy a dwelling for myself that far outshone in appearance and actually exceeded in value the adjoining church edifice, in which the pioneers of a certain parish modestly offered worship to the Hidden God. And this while I was pinching and scraping to form the nucleus of a fund for the erection of a new and larger church which the common voice demanded. Yet verily those same Irish have a remarkable predilection for the ministrations of priests who "profess poverty." The whole business looks very much as if they would force the secular clergy, cardinals, bishops, prelates, and all, to represent them and protect them before the world and in temporal matters, but when it comes to settling their private affairs with God, ah! then, "send for Friar Thomas."

In Ireland and in Canada they call the bishop's house a palace, and truly it is amusing sometimes to see the unpretending building to which this appellative is applied, and it is sad, too, at least to some, to notice the appalling wretchedness of the dwellings of those whose contributions went to erect the sometimes magnificent mansion that bears this regal title.

Is there philosophy in this too? There is. It is found here also in the *weakness of human nature.*

Alzog, the German ecclesiastical historian (vol. ii. pp. 118-132), tells us how Saint Boniface, the Apostle of Germany, "exerted himself to have the bishops created spiritual peers of the empire, in order that they should enjoy a certain political consideration and prerogatives which all would recognize and respect, and possess some sort of protection against the violence of kings and the insolence of nobles." He says, moreover, that "the possession of allodial estates on the part of bishops and abbots, although frequently entered into from sordid motives, was necessary in that rude people, because the clergy had to establish themselves permanently in the country, and this could only be effected by entering into close alliance and maintaining intimate relations with the great and powerful, who commanded the respect and obedience of the lower orders. Now, in order that bishops and abbots might be regarded with similar feelings, it was necessary that they should become in some sort the equals of the nobility, and, like them, be qualified to take their places in the diet of the empire, and the only available way of rising to such distinction and consideration among a *coarse and semi-civilized people* was to follow the example of the lay lords, and acquire large landed possessions, held either in freehold or in fief." But "peers of the empire" had to dwell in castles and "palaces"; this is how the bishop's house came to be so called.

There are some of those *prince bishops* still among the nations of Central and Eastern Europe, and the principle on which their existence is based is one of those whereon is founded also the temporal sovereignty of the pope.

Was St. Boniface wise in this course? There seems to be no doubt at all about it, even though the people were not *coarse and semi-civilized*, for even the most highly cultured nations have always felt that the chief representatives of the spiritual power should have a position, a maintenance, and a state equal to that of the lords temporal. But what about a state of society in which lords temporal do not exist? Of course, as Alzog says, there was "danger of avarice," and God knows what frightful abuses followed this policy, but yet, as human nature is, it was the only enduring way to keep up the necessary influence of religion. For republicanism, in all its majestic and beautiful simplicity, is maintained in this fallen world only with difficulty; pride, luxury, and lust, on the part of the stronger members of society, trampling on poverty, gentleness, and chastity, has too often been the normal condition, and the weak must have their protectors, the bishops and priests, recognized in public life in a secure position. Have things come to this pass in the United States that our priests must have their noble dwellings and "palaces," must attire themselves like the rich and wear titles of nobility? Is the Republic fallen so low that its citizens cannot recognize the truth unless its herald is called "Your Eminence" or My Lord" or "Your Grace," and lives in a palatial mansion and preaches in an expensive edifice? We may, we shall, alas! come to this in the course of time, for history repeats itself; but are we there already? It is a hard question to answer.

There were those who thought and said that Cardinal McCloskey's red stockings would, like the "single hair" of Judith's neck, draw the plutocrats of New York and their wives (the latter first) irresistibly to the conviction of and submission to the truth. And yet I remember two of the most wealthy Catholics of New York turning their backs on the Cardinal and that splendid Cathedral, and going off to be married in one of the neighboring Protestant conventicles by a man in a black broadcloth coat. And this just about the time of those historic events, the creation of the first American Cardinal and the opening of his new Cathedral.

Do we need Monsignores—that is, merely titular dignitaries—so soon in the American Church? I presume some will say we do. But there are those who think that the American people still listen more willingly to the one that is addressed himself and addresses them like St. Paul, as "Men, brethren" (Acts ii. 29). "Talk to us like a man, brother!" seems to express the popular sentiment. When we shall think more of a man because he has a title then we shall be going down, if not to the *coarse and semi-civilized* condition of the rude Gothic tribes for whom St. Boniface legislated, surely to the far worse attenuated refinement and semi-satanic polish of the people of Imperial Rome. Men, like the decaying swamp-wood, often glisten more brilliantly as their combustion and decay advances. But, thanks be to God! we still contrive to maintain respect for the office and person of our Chief Magistrate, although addressing him merely as "Mr. President," and uphold the law even with the gallows, all the time that we entitle simply "Governor" that fellow-citizen who holds in his individual hand the awful power of life and death.

This is still a missionary country. We Catholics are scarce more than one in eight, and our losses, in all probability, still outbalance our natural increase and gain by conversions. Now what is the most effective manner for the missionary? Look at them when they come to give a "mission" even to the faithful? They discard all titles, come in all simplicity of speech and manner, do not even don the surplice; and erect a simple, democratic platform down almost to the level of the people, instead of speaking from the formal, aristocratic pulpit.

A canon of the diocese of Osma, in Spain (they are wealthy and dress grandly, those canons), once accompanied his bishop into France. On their way they passed through the country of the Albigensian heretics, and met certain Cistercian monks whom Innocent III. had despatched to convert those sectaries. Observing their pomp and magnificence, (!) which contrasted strangely with the abstemious life and poverty of the heretical leaders, the bishop, invited to the council at Montpelier, suggested that if those monks would successfully accomplish their mission they must put aside all the state and circumstances of a *triumphant church*, and set about converting the heretics in the simplicity and poverty of apostles. The holy bishop himself took part in the work, and, putting off his purple robes and gaiters, went about barefoot preaching the word of God. The canon accompanied him, and after the bishop's death continued the work, and founded that Order which, with the one instituted at the same time by Francis of Assisi, saved the tottering Lateran Basilica from ruin. The canon was known ever after as plain Brother Dominic, but the church after his happy death placed the letter S. before his venerated name. (Alzog, *Ecclesiastical History*, vol. ii. p. 709.)

Is there no lesson here for us? Are we prudent in putting on already the blazonry of a *triumphant church?* The saints have again and again been sent by God to recall the clergy to simplicity. They never objected to the divine nor to the ecclesiastical hierarchy; on the contrary, they did all in their power to sustain it and yielded it entire and perfect obedience. What they opposed and attacked with all their might and the force of their own example was the human adornment, the trappings and the show, the unnecessary possessions, all those things, in fact, which impede the priest in his struggle against the devil, *the world*, and the flesh. "Oh! yes; that's all very well in theory, but practically—" Far be it from me to condemn what seems to be the practice of the rulers of the church. But this I know, that when those princes and lords and their American counterparts want first-class Gospel preaching they generally call in one of the disciples of Dominic, or Francis, or Ignatius, confident of getting a genuine article at that store; when they themselves want to settle their accounts with God, they go to the same shop; and even His Holiness, and Their Eminences, and the prelates generally, when on their death-beds, deal with one of the same firm.

Well! we're off again. Isn't there some way of explaining these apparent anomalies and reconciling these inconsistencies? One was suggested to me recently which may serve to unite things seemingly so widely disjoined.

It is this: The church is catholic—that is, universal. Hence all men must find satisfaction for their minds and peace for their hearts in her communion. On the other hand, social classification is inevitable. Therefore the church must have representatives competent to introduce themselves and be made welcome in every rank whatsoever of society, and to fit in and even to grace and bless every social festivity. She has her cardinals for the halls of princes and rulers generally; her "prelates" for diplomacy, political arrangements, and for family gatherings of the rich; her Jesuits for education and for intricate moral cases; her Benedictines for public worship; her Dominicans for preaching; her Passionists for the death-bed of the heavily burdened consciences of the powerful and wealthy; her Franciscans for the gentle, the simple, and the poor of Christ; her bishops and parish clergy for everything in general. So does she make herself all things to all men, that she may gain all for Christ; she has raised up saints in every one of those ecclesiastical grades and families. Herein, very probably, lies the true explanation of the great variety in the hierarchy and the regular bodies.

As to the question proposed in the beginning of this paper, I wish to remark that it is not: Shall we have cardinals and other ecclesiastical officials, in addition to the divinely established hierarchy of bishops, priests, and deacons? There is good reason why we should be represented in the councils of the pope, and what privileges Catholics of other nations enjoy, the same do we also desire to enjoy. The question is: Shall these functionaries and the bishops and inferior clergy assume externals here that are deemed becoming or even necessary in other countries? The answer, as I said, is various; but as to the argument taken from the example of Christ and His apostles, just as, in the words of St. Augustine, "I would not believe the Gospel unless induced by the authority of the Catholic Church," so we may and must also say: I accept no interpretation of the Gospel contrary to "the sense which the Catholic Church has held and does hold, whose function and right it is to declare what is the true sense of the same" (Council of Trent, Session 4), and to adapt it to the ever-varying circumstances of times and localities.

EDW. MCSWEENY.

St. Thomas' Seminary, St. Paul, Minn.

AT THE CHURCH GATE.

HOMAGE most tender to thy portals pay
My lips in passing, now the seaward breeze
Lulls thee by night, and starlight through the trees
Darts on thy triple aisle its moving ray,
Soft as a ghost that climbs by stealth to play
In the hushed choir fantastic harmonies:
Oh! more to me thy beauty than to these,
And my still thought thy lover more than they!

Dear heirdom where no discord is, nor strife,
High presence-chamber supersensual,
Memorial of old friendship, hope unfurled,
Haven and bourne, white glory of the world,
Fortress of God! yea, I would give my life
To stay one stone of thine about to fall.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

A CATHOLIC ASPECT OF HOME RULE.

III.

WHATSOEVER amount of truth may have been advanced in the foregoing papers, on the momentous question between Ireland and England which now awaits a solution, the argument has been one of a cumulative character. Each fact, or collection of facts, every argument or series of arguments, true in themselves and alone sufficient to establish the right claimed from England by Ireland, have, in their turns, added somewhat to the aggregate of reasons on behalf of a complete and radical change in the existing relations between the two countries. The historical aspect, of which but an outline could be drawn by reason of the dimensions of the space on which to trace it, was only not, of and by itself, conclusive that the rule of the weaker by the more powerful nation must in the natural order of events come to an end. The verdict given by politics, which evidenced the utter, hopeless and cruel failure of an alien, distant nationality to govern a dependent kingdom, supplemented all that was wanting of moral proof to the historical aspect. Whilst the testimony supplied by the social condition of Ireland at the present time, a condition which is comparable with that of no other Christian and civilized land, partook of the nature of a work of supererogation, beyond the proofs from history and politics, in exhibiting before the world the misrule and maladministration of England. If to these proofs of the position here assumed be added the two incidental considerations advanced at the close of the last paper, both of which flow from one of many injuries inflicted on the Irish people by English interests, *viz.*, the system of absentee landlordism, then the balance may be said to kick the beam.

To this statement nothing further need be added by way of securing conviction to an unprejudiced mind. Indeed, nothing further could be added, saving in the way of illustration and expansion. Ireland, as she has existed in the long, bitter past; Ireland, as she is treated in the miserable, ignominious present; Ireland, as she can be seen amongst the nations by all beholders—may not unreasonably, nor without due cause, nor inopportunely, nor yet precipitately demand a change, some change, any change of government. She may justly demand, in any case and at all hazards, that the government of her people be taken from the palsied, insufficient and unscrupulous hands which hold the reins of power. She may rightfully demand, at whatsoever cost to the country which has so obviously and so selfishly ill-governed her impoverished, diminished and discontented people, that the reins of power be placed in the hands of those in whom she (not England) trusts at the present and hopes for the future, and who, at the least, have not yet deceived her, but rather, have brought her to the very brink of national emancipation. She may legitimately demand this: and she is resolutely determined to secure this claim at whatever risk to herself in the coming history of the Irish race, at home and abroad; at the risk of inevitable errors and possible mistakes; at the risk of faults and failings where perfection, or immunity from disappointment, was expected; at the risk of the prominence of self-interested motives and the rise of avowed or veiled ambition—the claim to keep, or to confide, or to withdraw the reins of power over herself according to her own will, for her own advantage, for the benefit and happiness of her own people. In a word, Ireland demands from England, and intends to obtain from England, in accordance with the world-wide sentiment of civilized nationality, the privilege of making her own laws, by her own representatives, in her own Parliament-house in Dublin.

Into the qualifications, restrictions, dangers and safeguards which surround and interpenetrate the realization of the thought which is expressed in the last sentence, it is impossible here and now to enter. The purport of the present short series of papers is not to exhaust an almost exhaustless topic. It is, rather, to indicate, suggestively more than actually, what the writer conceives to be *a* Catholic, if not *the* Catholic, view of the great Anglo-Hibernian question. This, he has ventured to say consisted in an average intelligent, if not a lofty and enlightened, opinion on this complicated subject, which is supplemented by one which was, moreover, Catholic. The historical, the political and the social aspects having been considered, it only remains to the writer to attempt to indicate, briefly, in what may consist the opinion which is, before all things, of a Catholic character.

Now, it is a highly probable opinion to hold, and to many minds it is an obvious remark to make—seeing the actual results which have ensued during the last three centuries, from England's misrule of Ireland—that such results would not have ensued, or at the least would not have been so keenly intensified, had the alien government of Ireland been something which in truth it was not. That alien government was a Protestant rule.

It was the rule of a Protestant ascendency enforced by England in Ireland. It was the rule of a tiny minority of physical force, of wealth and of station over the immense majority of the Catholic population, both rural and urban. It was the rule of the Protestant classes over the Catholic masses. Had the English rule been Catholic in character, no reasonable doubt can be entertained that Irish history had been very differently written—otherwise than in volumes of tyranny, chapters of disaster, letters of blood. An opinion is widely accepted abroad, on the continent of Europe, that the main, if not the whole question between England and Ireland centres around the differences of religion. Such an opinion is, of course, only less inexact than the judgment widely formed at home, on more insular grounds, that the differences of creed enter not at all into the existing relations between the two nations. Perhaps here, as elsewhere, the truth lies somewhere midway between these extreme opinions.

Although it may be speculative what would have been the historical, political and social fate of Ireland had she, as a nation, apostatized from the faith; yet, it is morally, and almost physically certain that Ireland's career would have been far otherwise recorded had she sold herself to the spirit of Protestantism, as England has allowed herself to be sold. But, Ireland, the land of St. Patrick, did not thus sell her birthright; and hence, a very large class of evils which Ireland has been called to suffer, and which she has suffered, under unexampled rigor on the one side and with unexampled fortitude on the other, was inflicted upon her. These evils, it may be confidently affirmed, were the direct outcome of her steadfastness in religion. But, this is only a portion and a small portion of the case. It is true that a certain class of ills came distinctly and directly from the antagonism in faith between the two races. But, it is not true that religious antagonism was confined to such ills. It is nearer the truth to say, that very few of Ireland's troubles did not arise from an atmosphere of opposition which was originated and carried on by religion; from the indirect and accidental irritation engendered by breathing such an atmosphere; or from the malignant and implacable hatred of England towards the Catholic faith, which overflowed its natural bounds and colored and poisoned all, or nearly all, other relations of life between the rulers and the ruled.

If the position here assumed be in any degree true, it is not difficult to see that in the future, a national government, which should be also a Catholic one, would instinctively tend towards the pacification of Ireland. At once, the atmosphere of opposition between the governed and those who govern, on the wide platform of religion, would be exchanged for an air of comparative repose. This repose would indirectly affect a wider area than that which is covered by religious considerations. Inevitably, there would be no hereditary, life-long antagonisms to be forgotten. There would be no historical memories and ancient enmities to be appeased and lived down. At the first, under any circumstances and probably continuously, there would be no class jealousies to be healed, no class prejudices to be smoothed, no class interests to be fought. Emerging from the caldron of dis quiet and unrest in which all classes had been agitated for generations if not for centuries, by alien rule, the aim and object of all classes would incline towards the largest amount of rest compatible with the least amount of change. And such results might be, in all likelihood would be, the issue, not of making the Catholic religion the Established Religion of the state, as in England the Protestant Creed is established on, supported by and governed in the interests of the state, but the religion of the governing body, as it is already the faith of the body which is ruled. How this all-pervading influence of the Catholic religion would be felt in the manifold relations of government and in the manifold incidence of the laws upon the people, cannot be treated at length. It may suffice to take a single example from each of the three divisions of the argument which have been so often named. Can we suppose *e.g.*, for a moment, that the important social question of the education of the Irish people, which has been dealt with by fits and starts; which has been begun on one system and ended (so far as it is ended) on another; which has been (from another standpoint) denied a legitimate end though permitted a legitimate beginning—that the question of education would not, under the auspices of Catholic Irish autonomy, be speedily and satisfactorily arranged, whether such education were elementary, or higher, or technical, or university in character? Do we imagine that the one note which hitherto has dominated the parliamentary relations between the imperial and the dependent nation, in almost every point in which an estimate be possible—the note *i.e.* of failure—would be the note which futurity will mark against the conscientious efforts for the political welfare of their native country, by a government which was at once Irish, national and Catholic, let us say, in the matter of respect for law and in the administration of justice? Are we to think, again, in the mere monetary and fiscal interests of Ireland, and in the way of taxation, that the Catholic government to which she looks forward with a mixed feeling of confident expectancy and of assured hope, would be less likely to manipulate with scrupulous fairness and sensitive honor the finances of the country, than the Anglo-Protestant ascendency to which undoubtedly Ireland owes her wide-spread bankruptcy and almost general ruin? And, it must not be forgotten, in discussing the future influence of religion on the fate of Ireland, that for the last three centuries the English government of Ireland has been exclusively administered in the interests of, and (as a rule) entirely by the personality of a small Protestant minority in a country pre-eminently Catholic—a minority which rests for support and authority on the large Protestant majority of a nation pre-eminently Protestant. Surely, they need not be esteemed visionary enthusiasts who see in nearly any change in such relations, a change for the better.

In order that the future of the sister kingdom may have even a chance of being as prosperous as the past has proved itself disastrous to the Irish people, it is essential that the government of Catholic Ireland should itself be Catholic. This position appears to the writer of these pages to be almost axiomatic. Whether it be axiomatic or not, the reader must permit this assumption, on the present occasion, and to the close of the present papers. If it be not, this article is certainly not the place, and the writer is perhaps not the person, to defend the position from a theoretic and scientific standpoint. But, if the assumption be allowed, this axiom (to borrow the word in debate) represents the principle enunciated at the outset, *viz.*, that the Catholic aspect of Home Rule consisted of an average intelligent view of the question, *plus* a Catholic supplement to it, which completed the estimate. That supplement is the element which (to use a Biblical phrase that need not be misunderstood), would transfigure the historical, political and social aspect of Irish autonomy in the future. The fact that Catholic Ireland should hereafter, at a date it might be rash to predict, enjoy a Catholic government, would infuse a renewed life into the historical view, when its history comes to be written. It would idealize the political view, during the period of the making of history. It would humanize and render more Christian the social view, which in some sort is a bond of union between the two. In a word, under the influence of the Catholic religion, the Irish national question would become sublimated. And the influence of the Catholic religion can only fully and completely be felt in the autonomy of Ireland when its government shall be Catholic. Into the *differentiæ* which exist between a Catholic government and one that is Protestant, it is not necessary to enter, theoretically. A practical aspect only of this great practical question, which is also imperial, and from the wide dispersion of the Irish race, is almost universal in importance, is here attempted. But a practical aspect cannot fail to be suggestive, at the least, of certain truths of a theoretic character, if only by way of antagonism. And tested by its actual results, the Protestant rule of Ireland during the last three hundred years is diametrically antagonistic to the results which are aimed at and hoped for from a Catholic rule of Ireland in the future. Nor is this a vague aim, or a rash hope. If it be a law in nature that, under like conditions, the same or similar results follow the same or similar causes; it is no great exercise of political faith to believe, and it is no great tax upon political reason to affirm, that different or opposite causes cannot fail to produce in the body politic different or opposite results. And it is not untrue to say that the theory and practice of Protestant government are not so much different from, as opposite to, government which is both based and worked on the principles of the Catholic Faith.

After what has been already repeated from well-known records of the results of Protestant government by England, it may suffice to apply the political law in question to the case of Ireland. It cannot be reasonably doubted that a change in the principles, as well as in the details of government, would produce a corresponding change in the results of government. And the change would be made in the direction of the divine faith of the governing body, and the inevitable issues of such faith. It would be Catholic in the place of being Protestant. This change, though defined by a single word, is fundamental in idea and far-reaching in expression. Without presuming to assume on what principle, or want of principle, government that is essentially Protestant in character is conducted, certain premises may be affirmed of a Catholic government which will probably carry a conviction of their truth to the Christian conscience. At the least, their truth may be defended against all impugners, in the case of Ireland, where there exists a happy concord between a people devotedly Catholic and a people determinedly democratic. Of course, the central truth which underlies the legislation of a government which is essentially Catholic, is, to state it simply, the doctrine of the Incarnation. The plan and office of the Incarnation in the divine economy for man in this world, and all that legitimately flows from this dogma in practice, as has been thoughtfully said, is the "one unique transcendental fact which is the well-spring of all true political ideas, the key which opens the book of history, and the clue which safely guides through the tangled skein of social life." Under the influence of this divine light, the aspect of man, under every relationship or condition of life, becomes modified or altered. His religious belief being placed on one side as foreign to the present issue, though not without influence upon his actions, his moral, his social and his political relations become greatly changed. Man, as the individual of a race, becomes something less than one of a class, whose interests have to be carefully protected, and something more than one of a mass, whose interests may be safely disregarded. Neither is the influence of the divine fact restricted to man as an individual. It rises from the individual to the class, or from the class to the mass of which he forms an unit; and from the class or the mass to the whole body politic. Hence, a government which aspires to act the part of a Catholic ruler, not only is not solely concerned with the individual, nor with the class or mass, nor with the greater number, nor even with the greatest number, but with the whole body of the governed. It is concerned with the common-weal of all. And in this aspect, a Catholic government would have an unusually fair field and good prospect of success, in such a country as Ireland. The reconciliation of the assertion of a Catholic government for Ireland, with its composite society, says the same accomplished writer who is as loyally and patriotically Irish as he is devoutly Catholic, and who was above quoted, "is not difficult, either in theory or practice. My own view of the future of Ireland is this: that once the Christian (that is, the Catholic) idea gets free scope, the superabounding faith and zeal of the nation will draw to it every element of good in the non-Catholic bodies, and will eject or kill anything which refuses (or is unworthy) to be assimilated. Heresy never had life in Ireland, when dissociated from force; and now that the force is about to be withdrawn, heresy will perish—not by violence, for that will not be needed—but, as it were, naturally. I do not think [adds the writer, in a private letter which contains these words] that human history ever before presented anything so intensely interesting as the solution of the political aspect of the great Irish problem." *

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* It is a pleasure to be able to acknowledge indebtedness for many thoughts which have found expression, and for much that has been mentally developed, in the foregoing remarks on the Catholic government of Ireland, from the author above referred to, and who writes under the title of "An Irish Catholic Layman." His *Letters*, or an *Examination of the present state of Irish Affairs in relation to the Irish Church and the Holy See*, reprinted from the Dublin

On one aspect of this topic, it may be permitted to venture to offer an opinion on the question of the probable treatment of a Protestant minority by the Catholic majority, in the future of Home Rule. This opinion is based upon personal observation and reflection, upon replies given to the writer by those who are in a position to form a just judgment, and upon the evidence supplied by contemporary history. It has been suggested, partly, perhaps, from a not unnatural fear of well-deserved reprisals, and partly from a consciousness of the inherent weakness of a false religion, that, when a Catholic government rules Ireland, the non-Catholic population will be subjected to persecution, direct or indirect, moral or material. I believe that no person who possesses a real acquaintance with Ireland or the Irish, would hesitate to give an unqualified contradiction to the idea underlying this suggestion. Such an anticipation can never happen—if only for this one, and somewhat mundane but sufficient reason—viz., that Protestant England, the stronger nation, which has held Ireland in bondage for centuries, would never allow a Catholic persecution of co-religionists. Subsidiary to this reason, much might be added, in the way of support to the opinion here expressed. But one good reason suffices, although much has happened at the present day to show that whilst the cruel spirit of Protestant bigotry has again and lately been exhibited—for instance, even unto blood, at Belfast in 1887—but little, if any, evidence of Catholic intolerance can be quoted, even under the influence of much provocation.

Such, then, being in outline the aspect of Home Rule which may be termed the Catholic aspect, it will be a fitting conclusion to these papers to witness these principles translated into the every-day language of ordinary life, by one who was a proficient

Nation in 1883-84, after having for some years been out of print, have been lately reprinted in a cheaper form, "revised and enlarged," in their "seventh thousand" issue. They form a most valuable commentary on the existing condition of Ireland, with the greater part of which the present writer is in entire harmony. In the event of any reader of THE CATHOLIC WORLD being unacquainted with the thoughtful and eloquent letters of this Irish Catholic Layman, it may be permitted to earnestly commend them for perusal. Their subject-matter is thus described on the title-page of the new edition (1888), recently published by J. J. Lalor, North Earl Street, Dublin: "that the Home Rule, Land, and Education movements, with which the Irish people are identified, are in perfect conformity with natural justice and Catholic principles; and are in essence, a struggle between a Christian and a non-Christian civilization." His dedication, also, is worthy to be here placed on record; and he tersely testifies to the justness of the opinion formed independently and stated in these pages by the writer. It runs thus: "To the Irish people, at home and abroad, ardent professors, and true defenders of the faith; best examples of its power in guarding purity of morals; inspiring the spirit of sacrifice and enforcing inviolable fidelity to conscience; bearing before the world for three centuries the standard of the cross, and by it triumphing—the following letters, illustrating their principles and advocating their rights," are inscribed.

in the subject of Ireland, of the Irish people, and of their national aspirations. The political doctrine together with the resulting practice was, not so much enforced, as taken for granted, in the masterly *Lectures on Faith and Fatherland*, which were some years ago delivered in the United States of America, by that grand "old monk," as he calls himself, of blessed memory, the Dominican Father Burke. Every nation, he says, in effect and at some length, in a passage which here from necessity is much abbreviated, every nation is made up of individual men and women. Whatever the individual is, that the nation is found to be in the aggregate. Whatever influences the individual is subject to, whatever forms the individual character, the same create the nation and the race. Amongst all the influences that have been brought to bear upon the individual man to form his character, the most powerful is that man's religion. Religion fills the mind with certain knowledge, fills the soul with certain principles, elevates a man to the acknowledgment of certain truths, imposes upon man certain duties and the most sacred of all obligations—that of eternal salvation. When this principle comes in, it forms the man's character, determines what manner of man he shall be, and gives a moral tone to his whole life. And so is it, says Father Burke, with nations. Amongst the influences which form a nation's character, which give to a people the stamp of their national and original individuality, the most potent of all is the nation's religion. Now, the father continues, there is not upon this earth a race whose national character has been so thoroughly moulded and formed by the Christian religion, as the Irish race. Intellectually, and even morally, all men are mostly born alike. The world first takes them in hand and turns out a certain class of man, equal to its own requirements, and tries to make him everything that it wants him to be. But, when the world has made a truth-telling, an honest, an industrious man, the world is satisfied. Then the church builds upon this foundation of nature the magnificent super-edifice of grace; and the Christian character is founded in man by the great theological virtues. Such a supernatural character, Father Burke believes, and rightly believes, to be the national character of the Irish race. As a nation, they have impressed upon them the features of faith, hope and charity. To use the words of the most eloquent and powerful preacher of the day whom it has been the lot of the writer to hear, the Irish are possessed of and are possessed by these three features of the Christian character. As an unit of his race, an Irishman has the power of realizing the unseen, of knowing it, of feeling it, of substantiating it to the soul and to the mind, until out of that substantiation of the invisible, comes the engrossing desire of man to make the invisible surround him in time, that he may enjoy it in eternity. In a word, the Irishman has faith. Next, the Irishman has hope; and in this gift he is confident. He may be tried with sickness, or sorrow, or sacrifice; but he rests with security and confidence in the divine promise, so long as he himself fulfils the conditions of such promise. He never despairs; for he knows that sooner or later he will triumph—perhaps in time, certainly in eternity. Lastly, as one of a nation, an Irishman has the virtue of love. On this wide topic, two sentences only from Father Burke can be quoted. Patrick (he says) sent the love of God and the Virgin Mother deep into the hearts of the Irish; and in the blood of the nation it has remained unto this day. But, more than this is true, the love of an Irishman, as one of his nation, for his neighbor, is shown in three pre-eminent ways—the fidelity of the Irish husband to his wife, of the Irish son to his father and mother, and of the Irish father to his children; and where is the nation, exclaims the orator, in which these three traits are more magnificently brought out? There is no need to quote the Dominican father on an Irishman's love for his country. It is written at large and at length on every page of Ireland's tragic, but hopeful story during the last seven centuries.* Whilst, if by a figure of speech, perhaps somewhat Hibernian in character, we may attribute to the Irishman of the past a form of charity which a poet and a confessor for the cause of Ireland has prophetically attributed to him in the present and future, we may add to the Irishman's characteristics as drawn by Father Burke, the love of enemies. This trait, which has been touched above, is thus feelingly and gracefully described by Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt in the following lines, under the title of "Ireland's Vengeance, 1886":

"This is thy day, thy day of all the years,
Ireland! The night of anger and mute gloom,
Where thou didst sit, has vanished with thy tears.
Thou shalt no longer weep in thy lone home
The dead they slew for thee, or nurse thy doom,
Or fan the smoking flax of thy desire
Their hatred could not quench. Thy hour is come;
And these, if they would reap, must reap in fire.

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* *Lectures on Faith and Fatherland.* No. XIII. "The Irish People in their relation to Catholicity." Glasgow and London: Cameron & Ferguson.

> "What shall thy vengeance be? In that long night
> Thou hast essayed thy wrath in many ways,
> Slaughter and havoc and hell's deathless spite;
> They taught thee vengeance who thus cooled thy days,
> Taught all they knew—but not this one divine
> Vengeance, to love them. Be that vengeance thine!"

If this, indeed, be a true estimate of the character of a typical Irishman, and if this be even an approximation to the characteristics of the Irish nation, the great question of the future government of Ireland, by Irishmen, for Irishmen and on the soil of Ireland, so far as the nature of such government is concerned, almost answers itself. On this question the present writer is content to stand or fall with the judgment of one who was as true to the old country and had as deep a knowledge of his countrymen, as that great priest and holy monk, Thomas Burke. Putting aside the sophisms of politics, the pedantries of politicians, the excellent reasons and arguments of even well-disposed, but prejudiced and ignorant persons, the writer need only ask what was the opinion of Father Burke? After reading only the above extracts, as indicative of the temper of his mind on this topic, and still more, after reading the whole of the eloquent and truthful lecture from which these extracts were taken, on the Catholicity of the Irish people, it is impossible to believe that Father Burke could contemplate any other than a Catholic government in the future for the future government of Catholic Ireland. In this factor consists the element which, in the judgment of the writer, supplies to the average intelligent view of Irish autonomy its Catholic aspect.

ORBY SHIPLEY.

"HISTORY OF THE BAPTISTS."*

WHEN our bookseller tried to procure this book for us, the publishers informed him that he must be a Baptist church-member in good standing and show a certificate to that effect from a Baptist minister, or it would not be sold to him, or even to the trade. Our curiosity was, we confess, considerably stimulated by this. This book, thought we, must be a veritable Baptist *Monita Secreta.* But it was only after two unsuccessful attempts that we did secure our copy; and now, after having carefully read it, we are at a loss to know why the great uncertificated public—yes, even Baptist church-goers who are not church-members, should be thus forbidden to read it. Perhaps it is but an extension of "Hard-shell" close-communion principles into the book-trade. How differently do we feel towards our Baptist brethren. Not only will we sell THE CATHOLIC WORLD to all comers willing to pay for it, but we have a particular desire that individuals the most extremely anti-Catholic should buy it and read it and lend it to their neighbors, especially the number containing this article—certificate or no certificate of membership of any church whatsoever. Without further preamble, we proceed to our subject.

Does Dr. Armitage find difficult problems to solve in tracing his denomination back to Christ? No. Not he. He knows his subject too well. It is even remarkable that he always succeeds best where the obscurity is deepest. About matters concerning which even Milman scruples to speculate, in the study of which Döllinger weighs every atom of testimony, not to arbitrate upon which Newman reverently suspends judgment, Dr. Armitage is most positive. Lightfoot, Harnack, Hatch, and Fisher are still seeking for the light which he has found. Nothing is so clear to him as that the Apostles were inspired Baptists, that during their lifetime Baptist principles and practices were firmly established in all the churches, and that the Christianity they founded was genuine Baptist Christianity and nothing else. The "Apostolic Fathers," he tells us reverently, "were a group of old Baptists."

Now, we know that our Baptist brethren of to-day are congregational in their ecclesiastical polity, totally rejecting the authority of popes, bishops, and councils. And this suggests to us a difficulty; for one of the old apostolic Baptists, "Elder" Clement of Rome, after having been with Sts. Peter and Paul, filled the pulpit of the Roman (Baptist) Church acceptably; it seems to us that he behaved himself in a way very unbecoming a Baptist preacher, and very much like what his successor, "Elder" Leo XIII. would do under the same circumstances. During Clement's pastorate, the (Baptist) Church at Corinth not being able to quell a sedition that had arisen against two of its ministers (and the Baptist Conference of the region perhaps finding it difficult to give such advice as would be favorably received), the pastor at Rome took upon himself ("unsolicited," says Prof. Salmon) the correction of this grievous scandal. This good "elder," in a letter which has come down to us, says to the rebellious Corinthians: "If any disobey the words spoken by God through us, let them know that they will entangle themselves in transgression and be in no small danger; but we shall be clear from sin." *

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* *A History of the Baptists:* Traced by their Vital Principles and Practices from the time of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ to the year 1886. By Thomas Armitage, D.D., LL.D. New York: Bryan Taylor & Co.

Whatever the "Baptist" brethren at Corinth may have thought, when they were told by this distant brother that if they disobeyed the words spoken by God through the Roman Church (in whose name he wrote the epistle, as the form of it shows), they would be guilty of sin, it is certain that for a century at least this epistle was publicly read as a supplement to the Scriptures in their church assemblies. History also tells us that a few years later there was a Christian bishop at Antioch named Ignatius—a good Baptist pastor he must have been, according to Dr. Armitage—who became a martyr. Deputations having been sent to him from a number of the Oriental Churches he wrote and sent to them epistles.† In the one sent to the Trallians, he urges them "to be subject to the bishop as to the Lord; without the bishop to do nothing."

In the one addressed to the Ephesians, St. Ignatius writes: "Wherefore it becomes you to concur in the minds of your

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* *Dictionary of Christian Biography.* By Dr. William Smith and Prof. Wace. Art., "Clemens Romanus." Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

† Although Dr. Armitage is *positively* certain that these epistles are forgeries, Bishop Lightfoot, whom Prof. Harnack considers the most learned and careful patristic scholar in his special department that the nineteenth century has produced, concludes from his investigations that no writings of the second century, and very few writings of antiquity, whether Christian or pagan, are so well authenticated as the Epistles of Ignatius. Lightfoot has spent nearly thirty years in studying this question, and has recently published a book of 1,800 pages on *The Epistles of Ignatius and Polycarp.* (See the *Expositor* for December, 1885.) New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.

bishops, as ye also do. For your famous presbytery worthy of God is knit as closely to the bishop as the strings to the harp."* In his epistle to the Magnesians, he tells them "to do nothing without the bishop and presbyters." † This unity of the early "Baptists" and their reverence for authority is very striking. Further evidence of this unity and authority, I find, is not wanting. Polycarp, a disciple of the Apostle John and "elder" at Smyrna, wrote to the Philippians—and unfortunately, Mr. Armitage, the epistle has been preserved—that it is needful to abstain from all impurities, "being subject to the presbyters and deacons as unto God and Christ." ‡ History, unless the Baptists sort it out themselves in their own way, and supply an abundance of gratuitous assertion, is a dangerous study for them; for the primitive brethren with inspired teachers, as Mr. Armitage shows, did not hold their ground as firmly as the modern ones. Yet were not those the true ages of faith?

After the age of the Apostolic Fathers we find things no better, but rather worse for the Baptists. Irenæus, a disciple of Polycarp, teaches that "We ought not still to seek among others for truth which it is easy to receive from the church, seeing that the apostles most fully committed unto this church as unto a rich repository all whatsoever is of truth, that every one that willeth may draw out of it the drink of life. For this is the gate of life; but all others are thieves and robbers." § He speaks of the church which, though dispersed throughout the whole world, carefully guards the same faith, has one soul and the self-same heart, and teaches and delivers the truth as though having but one mouth. ‖ He, moreover, calls the "Roman Church the greatest, the most ancient, the most conspicuous, and founded and established by Sts. Peter and Paul," and declares that with this church, every church, that is the faithful from every side, must agree on account of its pre-eminent authority. ¶ Now, if Irenæus derived this teaching from Polycarp, and the Apostle John instructed Polycarp in like manner, and if Clement of Rome, having the traditions of other apostles, and they all agree, what is one to conclude about the origin of their teaching? Surely not that it was invented.

And the primitive Baptist teaching must have escaped Tertullian altogether; for he says: "Now, what the apostles preached, that is, what Christ revealed, must be proved in no other way than by the same churches which the apostles founded."* But Origen, we might suppose, was more fortunate than Tertullian. Origen's father, "like an honest and God-fearing Baptist, thoroughly instructed his son in the Holy Scriptures," says Dr. Armitage. Children, however, sometimes do not understand nor follow what they are taught. Such appears to have been the case from the Baptist standpoint with Origen, though he was the greatest scholar of his age and for a time very orthodox; for he declares "that alone is to be believed which in nothing differs from the ecclesiastical and apostolical traditions."†

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* *Epist. ad Eph.*, c. iv.

† *Epist. ad Mag.*, c. vii.

‡ *Epist. ad Phil.*, c. v.

§ *Adv. Hær.*, lib. iii. c. iv.

‖ See Irenæus, *Adv. Hær.*, lib. i. c. x.

¶ *Adv. Hær.*, lib. iii. c. iii.

Other authorities among the early Fathers might be cited; and they are so numerous and unanimous that it must be admitted that pastors and people in all parts of the world simultaneously, as it were, without knowing it—could it be by accident?—fell into the same universal error, as our author must contend. What a melancholy retrospect for the Baptist is the history of the church during the early centuries! Cardinal Newman vividly describes the effect which the study of this period had upon him while a Protestant. He says that if such a system as Protestantism "ever existed in early times it has been clean swept away as if by a deluge, suddenly, silently, and without memorial; by a deluge coming in a night, and utterly soaking, rotting, heaving up, and hurrying off every vestige of what it found in the church, before cock-crowing; so that 'when they rose in the morning' her true seed 'were all dead corpses'—nay, dead and buried—and without grave-stone. 'The waters went over them' [the Cardinal does not mean baptism by immersion]; 'there was not one of them left, they sunk like lead in the mighty waters.' Strange antitype, indeed, to the early fortunes of Israel!—then the enemy was drowned and 'Israel saw them dead upon the sea-shore.' But now, it would seem, water proceeded as a flood 'out of the serpent's mouth' and covered all the witnesses, so that not even their dead bodies 'lay in the streets of the great city.'"‡ Let us sympathize with Brother Armitage, for he writes a history of a sect of Christians who had no history, because no existence, during the first twelve centuries of the Christian Church.

We have seen thus far how "error" entered in, and later events will show how it possessed the Promised Land. Its hosts of enemies were one by one routed; it finally mastered every field—aye intrenched itself on every hill, and steadily unified and multiplied its forces. Universality, unity, and stability—the very attributes of divinity—became error's friends and allies; while truth, as Mr. Armitage knows it, if it appeared at all, could never for long command men's allegiance and constantly broke into discordant factions. Consider well, dear Mr. Armitage, that the Roman Empire, which seemed something like human power vested with omnipotence, waged a war of extermination against that united body of Christian pastors and people, whose doctrines and ordinances were anything but those of your church. That empire invariably—that church which the best non-Catholic writers identify with the present Roman church—first sought to strike off the heads of the Bishops of Rome and never ceased till it had slain thirty of them. Then it barely tolerated the church, gradually it conferred favors upon her, and finally, to save itself from destruction, became her supporter.* It was like a man worn out with vice and decrepit with age making shift to save himself by a deathbed repentance.†

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* *De Præscrip. Contr. Hær.*, c. xxi.

† *De Princip.*, Præfatio.

‡ Introduction to the Essay on Development.

Centuries elapsed; new races mingled with the old, and, like the mustard-tree, the church, which is the greatest unifier of mankind, majestically grew; bands of devoted missionaries were incessantly journeying to the most distant regions, and baptizing adults and infants, some by immersion and some otherwise, not one of them any way like a modern Baptist. We know the wonderful developments of religion and civilization, all of which would have been impossible without unity. Under Charlemagne the law of the Gospel became the guiding principle of political legislation throughout Europe. The independence of the church, which now became firmly established, secured to all subsequent Christian peoples a spiritual heritage which no emperor, king, prince, parliament, or popular vote could rob them of. Isaias of old had prophesied: "And the children of strangers shall build up thy walls, and their kings shall minister to thee. . . . And thy gates shall be open continually; they shall not be shut day nor night, that the strength of the Gentiles may be brought to thee, and their kings may be brought. For the nation and kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish. . . . The glory of Libanus shall come to thee, the fir-tree and the box-tree and the pine-tree, together to beautify the place of my sanctuary" (Isa. lx. 11-13). Where, meantime, were "the principles and practices of the Baptists? Between the Apostolic Fathers, whom Mr. Armitage so preposterously calls that "group of old Baptists," and Charlemagne the Christian faith weathered the most terrible tempests it has ever encountered, and everywhere and continually we read of popes and bishops and sacraments, and many other Catholic doctrines, offices, and ordinances—never a sign of Baptistism.

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* It is commonly estimated that, when Constantine became emperor, eleven millions of Christians had been put to death for their faith.

† A proper understanding of both church and empire in the first Christian era may be obtained by reading St. Augustine's *City of God;* also Mr. Allies' splendid work, *The Formation of Christendom.*

And again, from the ninth to the twelfth centuries, the age when the church was civilizing modern Europe, Catholicity was the life of every good work, and the Baptists, if there were any, were surely asleep, for they are invisible and inaudible. Will they ever appear? Lo! in the twelfth century, among a sect calling themselves "Cathari" (the Pure), we find two congregations which bear some resemblance to Baptists; but how the Baptist's heart ought to be gladdened when Peter of Bruis, a Frenchman and a genuine Baptist, appears. By his zeal and eloquence many were brought to the truth, says our historian, for "the Lord wrought mightily by his hand." Filled with enthusiasm, his followers burned crucifixes and images, pulled down churches, sacked monasteries, and chastised many monks and priests. Once, on a Good Friday, a bonfire of crosses was made and meat cooked by it, and eaten by that happy crowd of primitive Baptists. At another time, when a pile of crosses was being burned under his supervision, an infuriated mob of Catholics wickedly put Peter the Baptist into those flames, and thus perished the first Baptist martyr of whom we have authentic record. A second Baptist preacher, named Henry, followed up the work of Peter of Bruis. On a certain day the clergy ventured to answer Henry, but his sympathizers flew with such fury at the priests that they had to run for their lives. The work went on for some time, causing worse devastation than a cyclone; but finally Henry was arrested and confined in a monastery, where after a short time he died. The frenzy of his followers soon subsided, and most of them were afterwards brought back to the church through the zealous labors of St. Bernard; some of the most violent, who were thought to be very wicked and dangerous, were charged upon and killed by soldiery, but, unlike the followers of Polycarp, Irenæus, and the thirty early Roman bishops, the Baptist disciples became fewer and fewer, and at length well-nigh disappeared altogether. After the Petrobrusians Arnold of Brescia appears, and Dr. Armitage holds him up as a Baptist apostle. Arnold incited a Roman insurrection which compelled the pope-king to flee for his life and caused

Rome to be put under interdict. War ensued in consequence and after eleven years, a period full of distress and suffering, Arnold was defeated by the Emperor Barbarossa, and met death upon the scaffold. "His holy apostolate," says our author, "planted the seeds of that republicanism which controls the Italy, France, and Switzerland of to-day." These seeds, I am sure, must have been very deeply planted, for after the death of Arnold there was a strong reaction in favor of the church. In the beginning of the next century the spiritual and temporal power of the pope was at its zenith, nor in other respects does Arnold figure very creditably in history.

As there is no apostolic succession with the Baptists, their history, as we have seen, centres around a few individuals, often widely separated in time and ideas. The greatest among these, in our author's estimation, was Peter Waldo of Lyons, who late in the twelfth century received an inspiration to practice Christian perfection, and in particular the evangelical counsel of poverty. The church failed to appreciate the sublime spirituality of Waldo, says Dr. Armitage, because, though only a layman, he insisted upon preaching when forbidden by bishops to do so, saying that "the Lord had called him." He caused a translation of the Scriptures to be made for his use, and from it he learned that a pious layman, or even a woman, can administer the sacrament of penance and consecrate the Eucharist; that the Roman church is the harlot of the Apocalypse; that a soldier, even a crusader, is a homicide; that the use of religious images and pictures is idolatrous; that there is no purgatory; and it is probable that some of his followers held that baptism unless administered by the form of immersion is void, and that infants are incapable of receiving it at all. Waldo won favor with some by his contempt for wealth and by his religious enthusiasm, and formed new congregations or societies for the spread of his peculiar doctrines; but he and his followers were excommunicated. "God raised up this noble people in the deep gloom of the ages," says our author, "to shine as a light in the dark places of the earth—a white lily in Alpine snows to bloom amongst thorns, thistles, and weeds."

But here a puzzling difficulty should confront our author. If Waldo and his followers could revive "Baptist doctrines and practices," why could not the early church, supposing it to have been Baptist, have maintained them? It is easier to keep alive than to make alive. Brother Armitage and his brethren hold these doctrines up and transmit them safely. What ailed the apostolic Baptists that they failed to do so? And of the influence of the Waldensians we may judge from what Dr. Armitage himself says of their career: "From A. D. 1160–1500 their fortunes varied from the greatest prosperity to the depths of misery; alternating from an ardent zeal against the Romish Church to a cowering dread and wretched compromise on the part of many with the doctrines of Rome, very similar to the Old-Catholic movement of our times." When, however, he discusses the terrible persecutions which they suffered, his sympathy gets the better of his judgment; their bravery in fighting for their doctrines wins his admiration, and he laments that they did not "measure swords" with their adversaries earlier; but he forgets that their holy creed forbade war.

Wickliff and Huss played their parts to the great satisfaction of our Baptist friend.

And now the Reformation dawns upon his enraptured soul; its conflicting sects are the gorgeous colors painting the firmament with the glory of sunrise; its long and bloody wars are the white light of the risen sun. But his vision is only a dream. He is in reality only groping in dark night and chaos. He now gathers in the broken and scattered fragments of the sect wherever and whenever he can find them, and tries to patch up a continuity in its later history.

Since the Reformation the Baptists have indeed suffered numberless bitter persecutions from the best-intentioned of Protestants, chiefly, as every one knows, because the abolition of infant baptism has been considered by them an intolerable evil, which if it prevailed would soon repaganize Christendom; and because the practice of rebaptism has been often considered sacrilegious and at all times as disrespectful to other churches. It should also be remembered that various ordinances of other churches have generally been reviled, and most of their communicants stigmatized as unregenerate and unconverted, by Baptists. This book brings out these facts clearly. It reveals also how the hostile sectarian spirit to-day rules the heart and directs the hand of the Baptist to works of disunion. The English Baptists support a missionary society for the conversion of the Lutherans. "But the war of the sects is the peace of the church," therefore we think ourselves excused from further comments upon the history of the Baptists among Protestants. It is not our affair. What they can do against Catholics we know is not much. If they push us too hard, we can remind them of the golden opportunity which they imagine they let slip in the first century, ere episcopacy and unity had been conceived. Had the right moment for them been improved, how different Christendom would be to-day! Armitage's History would then have been filled with bright pages. Now, as things are, in order to trace "Baptist principles and practices" from the time of our Lord down to 1888, he finds it necessary to start with the Baptist interpretation of Scripture and to hold to it clean through, no matter how many facts, and how many saints and martyrs, history may bring to bear in favor of a different one. Where there are no records he theorizes boldly and arrives at indubitable conclusions; if contrary testimonies come in at too early a period, he discards them as spurious without a moment's investigation; if a bishop and martyr of the second century writes that he has learned a different doctrine from authentic tradition, he makes of him an innovator and liar; he indicts the noble company of the Fathers of the church as conspirators against truth; he infers that the persecutions of the second and third centuries were endured mainly by knaves; he charges the united episcopate assembled at the Council of Nice, nearly all of whose members had suffered for the faith, many of whom had been eye-witnesses of martyrdom, and some of whom had themselves been mutilated by torture, with having mocked God by pronouncing authoritative anathemas; he excuses on the plea of self-defence most acts of violence committed by schismatics and heretics; he extols as innocent and good nearly every one that was ever put to death for murderous attacks on holy church and war against the Christian state. This is what Dr. Armitage sets out to do in his *History of the Baptists.*

H. H. WYMAN.

IN THE REIGN OF DOMITIAN.

Tigerish Lust, that evermore would feed
On men's hearts, and the sullen lioness
Revenge, with License, that with hot caress
Licketh the wine-flushed cheek till it doth bleed;
Velvety Craft, wolf Hatred, slow-foot Greed—
All these a child, by innate holiness,
Shall one day lead.

A MIGHTY maelstrom of humanity
Ringed the arena, in whose vortex vast
A human life was that day to be cast,
Only to lift in Death's far, lonely sea,
Its poor, pale face as witness to the plea
Of man to man for mercy, which the Past
Heard ceaselessly.

The games were ended, the contestants gone;
Runners and wrestlers and the men who flung
The discus; and the very heavens had rung
With shouts of those who watched the chariots drawn
Beyond the goals, and saw the bare sand yawn
For its new prey—a Christian maiden, young,
And fair as dawn.

'Twould profit not her story here to tell—
How death seemed sweeter than apostasy—
It is enough to say accurst was she
In men's eyes; yet a breathless silence fell
Over the vast assemblage when the yell
Of a wild beast thrilled upward horribly
As from mid-hell.

They thrust her in, shutting the heavy door
Behind her; and the sudden blaze of light
Dazzled her eyes, but soon before her sight
Spread the wide sweep of faces, and the roar
Of the impatient tiger more and more
Weighed on her hearing, till a sharp affright
Pierced her heart's core.

Trembling, she sank in terror; every eye
Drawn unto her; and yet not every one,

For, like a flower unfolding to the sun,
A sleeping child awoke, and to the sky
Looked from its mother's lap with face awry
And eyelids blinking; then, its slumber done,
Began to cry

Just as the brazen gates were opened wide
To the destroyer; so, to comfort it,
The mother caught it up and bade it sit
To watch the scene of horror from her side.
Out sprang the brute—his gold and ebon hide
A quivering splendor—and the child, no whit
Afraid, then cried

Loud with delight, clapping its tiny hands.
At sight of which the hearts of those about
Softened; and first a murmur, then a shout
Rose, till the tiger, stealing o'er the sands,
Paused and drew backward, like to one who stands
Upon a cliff, stunned by a cataract's rout,
In new-trod lands.

By the loud tumult roused from her despair,
The captive rose; and, lifting tearful eyes,
Prayed unto God. And whether Hope's surmise
Transfigured her, or whether the gold hair
Crowning her head and massed adown her bare
Bright shoulders, borrowing glory from the skies,
Made her most fair,

No chronicle hath told in any tongue.
Perchance the seraphs, on wide-flaming wing
Circling the Great White Throne, divinely sing
The history of that day; how old and young,
Touched by the innocent laughter that had rung
Across the stillness, cried out 'gainst the thing
As conscience-stung.

The swelling shout became articulate:
"The gods have spoken! Let the maiden live!"
And not unwillingly men rushed to give
Liberty to her; crying: "It is Fate!"
Nor knew Christ's love had conquered Satan's hate,
And driven him forth, a bitter fugitive,
From His estate.

CHARLES HENRY LÜDERS.

MRS. SIMPKINS'S INSTINCTS.

"I ONLY asks one thing, Claudiner," said Mrs. Simpkins, settling herself in her chair preparatory to drinking her morning cup of tea—"don't say nothing no more to me *about* the climat'; I'm sick of it."

"*Si, señora,*" said Claudina, as she drew up a chair to the table, to take her coffee.

"Si! si! si!" Mrs. Simpkins echoed, accompanying each "si" with a jerk of her head. Then she made that motion one makes in trying to catch a fly, innocently supposed by some to be the sign of the cross.

Standing, Claudina made the sacred sign. Her head thrown back, her forehead touched by joined fingers, a broad sweep of the arms of the cross from shoulder to shoulder, crossed forefinger and thumb put to her lips, and the white hand fell slowly to her side. Claudina was as unconscious of her grace as is the lily on its slender stalk.

"Goodness gracious! what's that?" cried Mrs. Simpkins, as there was a rap at the back-door, and a voice in monotonous chant cried, "*Agua, agua dulce, dulce-e-e.*"

"Ignacio with water," Claudina answered timidly, and with a strong accent.

"*And* this is your cracked-up climat', where one has to buy a sup of water!" Mrs. Simpkins's disgust was sublime.

"But, *tia*, this has not before happened," ventured Claudina.

"Bosh!" Mrs. Simpkins gulped down a huge mouthful of tea, pushed back her cap-strings, and, folding her arms, leaned on the edge of the table, looking her niece straight in the face. "What time do you think them Valverdes 's coming here, Claudiner?" she asked.

"Before the twelve *oh* clock, maybe," answered Claudina, almost in a whisper.

"What's the matter, gel; are *you* scared for them?" asked Mrs. Simpkins ironically.

Scared was a new word to Claudina. She drew her shoulders together and, with a puzzled smile on her face, took refuge in, "*Quien sabe?*"

Passing over this expression, a hateful one to her, Mrs. Simpkins asked solemnly: "Do you care for that boy of their'n?"

Claudina became scarlet, but said not a word.

"*For*, if you don't love him, there an't no more to be said about it," pursued Mrs. Simpkins.

Her niece was more than shocked at this remark. That a girl would give her heart before it had been formally asked was a frightful thing, Claudina's traditions taught her; she thought her aunt a wicked woman for suggesting it. And yet Claudina had given her heart: for that very reason, though she scarcely knew it, she wished to put her aunt in good humor.

What she said in answer to the straightforward remarks of her aunt was not much to the point, but perhaps the best that could be said under the circumstances. "It is best for us to get ready for the Señor and the Señora, maybe?" she faltered.

Mrs. Simpkins looked at the clock, past nine, rose from her chair as briskly as her weight of fat would let her, and commanded: "You help Roser clear up this clutter," pointing with a pudgy forefinger to the breakfast-table, "send Piller to see if there's any letters, and then you put on your duds—don't gape at me in that way"—Claudina cast down her eyes—"make your tokeydor, dress yourself. Understande?"

"*Si, si, tia mia,*" answered Claudina quickly, and raised a pair of eyes so appealing that Mrs. Simpkins must have softened had she seen them. But she did not, for she had turned her back and was on her way to her bed-room. Not a hard-hearted woman, nor a bad-tempered one either, though her abrupt way of speaking led strangers to think so, Mrs. Simpkins was much troubled this morning.

Two years ago she had been left a widow comfortably well-off. She had sincerely mourned the death of her husband, though she did not allow her mourning to interfere with a certain shrewd care in the settlement of her husband's estate. As she said herself, barely had she got "shut" of the lawyers when she received a letter from her brother, Joe Rusk, out in New Mexico. "Poor Joe was never no great shakes, father," she said to her confidant, the priest of her parish in St. Louis, "and now after fifteen years he writes me a 'pistle"—had it been a note she would have called it a billy-doo, for she was "real refined"—"yes, father, a 'pistle, and he says he's dying, and he married a Mexican gel years and years ago, and he's a widower, and he wants me to do something for the little gel he's leaving behind him."

She had many talks with the priest about her plans, in the meantime sending money to her brother. "My instincts tells me he wants it," she said.

Mrs. Simpkins thought herself asthmatic—"wheezy," she expressed it. "It is a good Lent you need, Mrs. Simpkins," the priest had told her on an occasion some years before. Though prone to seek dispensations, she had taken him at his word, and had been benefited accordingly. But there is only one Lent in a year, and as works of supererogation did not enter into the good lady's views, she again became wheezy. The morning she decided to go to New Mexico she was very wheezy. She had waddled in on the priest, busy with his school accounts, exclaiming, "Poor Joe's no more, father!" and then burst into tears.

The priest laid down his pen and said: "Control yourself, Mrs. Simpkins. You lived for many years without hearing from your brother."

Mrs. Simpkins considered a moment, dried her tears, and told how Joe had died in the hospital at Santa Fé, leaving his daughter a boarder in a convent school at Las Vegas. "He's worked at the mines and always saved enough to keep his gel with the sisters, and then he got sick; now what am I to do about his gel? She's seventeen or more, and I reckon she'll be a burden." So Mrs. Simpkins wound up her narration.

"You have no children now; she might replace Mary," said the priest gently.

"No one can't do that 'twixt this and the kingdom," returned Mrs. Simpkins gravely, a sudden fit of coughing seizing her. "Laws," she gasped, "this St. Louis is killing me! I'm that wheezy I can't scarce breathe."

The priest opened a window, returned to his seat, and thought for awhile. "Why don't you go out to New Mexico?" he asked. "The climate is said to be the finest in the world; the trip itself would do you good."

At first Mrs. Simpkins protested that she was too old to take journeys, but the upshot of it all was, she went out to Santa Fé, settling herself with her niece in a furnished house she had taken for six months, three months of which have gone by.

From the first she had been charmed by Claudina, so white, with hair and eyes so black! "My, but you're white! I thought you'd be half a nigger," was the greeting she gave her niece in the convent parlor.

Poor Claudina was much disturbed at leaving the gentle sisters, and not a little afraid of the fat old woman, her aunt. "You have nothing, Claudina, dear," the sisters told her, "and your aunt, who is rich, will take care of you. She is a Catholic, you know."

"Yes, I know"; and, laughing through her tears, Claudina made Mrs. Simpkins's funny motion of catching a fly.

After a little, Claudina got to be very fond of her aunt, so very kind was that liberal soul to her; and they lived in happiness and harmony.

The harmony was broken by what to Mrs. Simpkins was the most unheard-of thing under the sun. One afternoon she and her niece were seated in the parlor. Claudina was listening to a lengthy discourse on the glories of her aunt's dwelling in St. Louis, when, without warning, Pilar—the boy of all-work—ushered into their presence two elderly gentlemen.

Claudina gave a hasty glance at them, then, curtseying as only one of Spanish breeding can, slipped out of the room.

Mrs. Simpkins stared aghast at the retreating form of her niece, and then turned an awe-stricken face on the strangers grinning and bowing before her.

The elder of the two began to express in Spanish his happiness at beholding the excellent aunt of the Señorita Rusk, Mrs. Simpkins interrupting him to say, confusedly: "If you speak English take a chair, and if you don't I'll call Claudiner."

Then the other of the two men said that he spoke English, and that he would be felicitated if permitted to act as interpreter. Then he introduced his companion as Don Ireneo Valverde, and himself as the don's poor friend, Jorge Boca. Don Ireneo, in behalf of his son Vincente, asked for the hand of the worthy-of-all-admiration señorita, the interpreter said, with much more to the same effect, the don bowing and smiling at every other word.

Almost bent double in her rocking-chair, Mrs. Simpkins peered over her spectacles at Don Ireneo, and, pointing a fat finger at him, asked his interpreter: "He wants his son to marry my niece; is that it?"

The don hoped for that most honorable felicity, she was answered.

"And what's to prevent the young man doing his own courting? Is he a zany?" Mrs. Simpkins asked witheringly.

The interpreter did not know "that zany," but if it was anything opprobrious, he supplicated to protest that Señor Vincente Valverde was one of the finest young men in all the world; he was beautiful, he was good, he was learned—"a diploma from the college"—and he was rich. And then the customs of the country, they were strange to the señora? The parents or guardians of the young man arranged all matters of betrothal with the parents or guardians of the young girl.

Mrs. Simpkins did not know what to do, so, in desperation, she said she would consult some one, and then she would see. They might, if so disposed, come again. In a week's time, the interpreter suggested. Mrs. Simpkins having reluctantly said yes, the two men bowed themselves out.

Scarcely had they gone, when Claudina stole back to the room.

"You know, gel, what them smiling and bowing idiots want?" asked her aunt accusingly.

Claudina bent her head and the blood flowed to her face. "*Quien sabe?*" she murmured.

Mrs. Simpkins wrung her hands. "Sakes, gel!" she cried, "talk American. Do you know that man, that Valverde, wants you to marry his son?"

"It may be," said Claudina.

"It is, I tell you," snapped Mrs. Simpkins. "Was his boy a beau of yours?"

"What is that beau, *tia?*" asked Claudina, wonderingly.

Her aunt gave a snort of contempt. "Did he ever ask you to be his wife?"

Claudina looked, and was horrified. "No! no! no!" she cried, and threw out her hands as if to repel so frightful a thought.

"Humph!" ejaculated her aunt. "Have you seen the young man often?"

"The Señor Vincente?" Would Claudina never stop blushing?

"Yes."

"I did see him three, four times."

"What did he say to you?"

"He said no-thing, *tia.*"

"Laws!" Words failed Mrs. Simpkins.

Claudina perceived that her aunt was offended, and hastened to propitiate her. "The last time I did see the señor was at the exhibition of the convent," she said. "The señora, his mother, was kind to me, very much. I to drop my fan and the señor pick him up, and I to say, *Gracias, señor*—" Claudina stopped abruptly.

"What 's that mean?" questioned Mrs. Simpkins.

"*Gracias, señor?* I thank you, sir."

"And what did he say then?"

"No-thing at all, *tia*."

"He's a born fool, and you're another!"

"*Si, tia*," assented Claudina humbly.

Mrs. Simpkins really wished to do what was for the best. If her niece cared for the young man, and he was unobjectionable, a wedding would suit her in every way. Claudina would be provided with some one to protect her, and she was anxious to get back to St. Louis. After pondering the matter over, she decided on hunting up the priest to whom she made her confessions. It was her firm belief that a priest is to bear the burdens of his flock, and she lived consistently up to that belief. Her pastor was made to know to the most infinitesimal fraction her aches and pains, bodily and spiritual.

"I'm going to the cathedral," she announçed. Claudina then helped her aunt to array herself for a walk, her heart throbbing a little as she thought of what a visit to the cathedral might mean in conjunction with the Valverde proposition.

Mrs. Simpkins pulled the rope of the bell hanging over the gate of the pastoral residence, and a young man, wiping a plate on a length of toweling, came towards her.

Mrs. Simpkins made a mighty effort. "Un Padre Ingles," she gasped.

"Bedad, ma'am, me no ablar Spanish!" said the young man. "I'll call Thaodoro."

"Consarn you, no you won't!" cried Mrs. Simpkins, fishing for the young man with her parasol. "Why didn't you say you spoke like a Christian?"

"Why did you try your potter on me?" retorted the young man. "It's Father Mark you want?"

"The priest as hears in English?" said Mrs. Simpkins interrogatively.

"That's the man. And who shall I say wants him?" asked the young man, slapping his legs with the length of toweling.

"Here's my cyard," responded Mrs. Simpkins bridling and producing a big piece of pasteboard. "Tell him it's the lady from St. Louis."

"And I'm thinking he'll wish you were there this same time: he's just in from a sick call, ten miles off," informed the young man.

"It's a case of necessity," said Mrs. Simpkins angrily.

The young man scratched his head with his forefinger and looked at Mrs. Simpkins thoughtfully. "If it is a berryin'," he said, "there's no use at all in seeing Father Mark; it's Father

Francis you want. It's in departments like: Father Mark is after the sick from morning to night, and most times from night till morning, and Father Francis—he's old and battered up—he does the berryin's, and very sensible it is, for he can be considerin' his latter end—"

"Are you going to give my cyard to Father Mark?" interrupted Mrs. Simpkins.

The young man rubbed his nose reflectively, and said: "It's a fine case of small-pox he's in from, and he do use carbolic acid for the contagion—"

"I've had small-pox, and been where there's yellow-fever. I'll ring that bell *again* if you don't take my cyard to Father Mark this instant." Mrs. Simpkins was in a passion, no doubt of it.

"It's in quarantine you ought to be in Castle Garden this minute," returned the young man. "And what'll I say you want of him?"

"You impertinent!" Mrs. Simpkins was saying, when a tired-looking man came out of the house towards her. If ever a man earned the right to look tired, Father Mark had earned it.

Then the young man took his revenge for the disturbance of Father Mark. Handing the priest Mrs. Simpkins's card, he said: "It's an old woman with yellow-fever, father, and she says she's over the small-pox—"

"Mike!" interrupted the priest sternly.

"It's true for me; ask her, father."

"Go about your business, sir!" Not at all disconcerted, Mike walked into the house.

Mrs. Simpkins was too much in a rage to speak. Tears of bitterness were in her eyes. They were in a paved court-yard, with high-backed benches here and there against the house wall. Motioning to one of these benches, Father Mark saw the tears in Mrs. Simpkins's eyes. Consulting the card, he said, throwing as much sympathy into his voice as he could gather from a heart on which there was a constant drain: "Not a death, I hope, Mrs. Simpkins?"

Mike was now forgotten, only her distress for Claudina remembered, and she poured forth what was uppermost in her mind. "Who ever heard of such a way of courting, father, as they've got out here! The old folks doing the courting for the young ones! Why my John was as modest as modest, and *he* wasn't afraid to say: 'Molly, won't you have me?' and I wasn't the worse for the asking"—here Mrs. Simpkins broke down altogether, too much choked to proceed.

Father Mark took advantage to beg to be told what he could do for her; he was pressed for time.

Mrs. Simpkins told her story in an astonishingly straightforward manner, for whenever she got off the track the priest, by a well-chosen word, put her on again. When she had finished he said: "I really see no cause for your worry. Vincente Valverde is well known to me, he is of a respectable family, rich for the country, and, above all, he is a *good* young man. You can want nothing more. In case your niece is opposed to him all you have to do is to tell Señor Valverde when he comes again: 'Señor, I do not wish my niece to marry your son.'"

"There it is, father; I don't know if Claudina likes him or not, and there an't no use under the sun in asking her; she only gets red as a beet. Why don't *he* come and ask her? They're paganish customs, say what you will."

"Their customs are good for them, as I hope ours are for us," said the priest. "You say your niece blushes when you mention Valverde to her?"

"Red paint an't nothing to her."

"You are a woman—"

"Laws, father!"

"And you cannot understand her blushes?"

Down in the depths of Mrs. Simpkins's heart, wedged somewhere in her corpulence, was a finely sensitive streak one would not have expected to find.

"This is what I fear, father," she said. "The gel is beholden to me for what she has, and suppose she just takes this Valverde to make a riddance of herself—thinks she's a load for me, who am too glad to do what I can for her, for she's a good gel, if ever there was one."

The priest became very grave on hearing this speech. "I did not know your niece was dependent on you," he said. Then he advised Mrs. Simpkins to tell Claudina that she was to marry or not as she pleased, and to make her understand her welcome in her aunt's house.

"Now I've kept you long enough, father," said Mrs. Simpkins, getting to her feet. "You've comforted me some, and I do hope things will come right. But I an't troubled for nothing, father; I have my instincts."

She had her notions, Father Mark thought, as he bade her good-by, and told her to let him know how things went on.

Mrs. Simpkins followed Father Mark's advice. Perhaps, when she spoke of how welcome Claudina was to her home, like the puppet queen in "Hamlet," she protested too much; for all the girl said was that her aunt stood in place of father and mother to her, and it was for her aunt to say what she should do.

"She's a deal the most manageable and disposable gel I've ever come across," thought Mrs. Simpkins; "though I an't sure but what it's best for them to be a bit the other way; then, at least, you know what they want. This way, it's like looking for something on the mantel-piece in the dark; you may get what you want, and again you may crack your head against the edge."

The day and hour having come for the Valverdes to keep their appointment, Mrs. Simpkins sat in state in the little parlor, attended by Claudina, who was there because her aunt had insisted on her being present. "I'll see how she and the señorer gets along; maybe she'll let the cat out of the bag," Mrs. Simpkins slyly thought.

No cat was let out of the bag, at least none perceived by Mrs. Simpkins's vision.

The Señor and Señora Valverde were accompanied by the interpreter, who seemed to like his office. The señora, a lovable little old lady, embraced Claudina with much affection, Claudina appearing to return it in full.

The interview was but a repetition of the one before, and no better conclusion was arrived at. Mrs. Simpkins had promised Claudina not to have the matter referred to her. She unblushingly broke her word. "Well, Claudiner, what do you say?" she asked. Claudina was not to be enticed into committing herself. "You will suit the matter in the best way, *tia*," she answered.

Then Mrs. Simpkins said, and red paint was nothing to *her* face as she said it: "If it's left to me, my instincts says, let things be as they are a while longer."

With the permission of Señor Valverde, the interpreter assented, after which the little party took their departure. But the señor was very stiff and cold in his leave-taking, and the little old lady had a disappointed look as she touched Claudina's face in farewell.

Mrs. Simpkins was not at all slow in showing the displeasure she now felt, warmly rating Claudina for what she called her mulishness. But Claudina bore her scolding so patiently that, when at last she shed tears and bewilderedly told her aunt she did not see how she was "like the mule," she was only too willing to do as her aunt wished, Mrs. Simpkins gave up her anger, though what she called her instincts told her it was not all unjust.

"No," she mused, "she an't mulish; there's more of the ox in her." Of course there was no thought of the ox-eyed Hera in Mrs. Simpkins's mind when she made this comparison. Had she known the Bard of Ilium she would have seen there was a parity.

However pleasant the old woman had found it to have those soft eyes gazing on her as she babbled stale gossip of her girlish days—days that seemed so far off to Claudina—now that gaze troubled her; her instincts seemed to tell her there was unhappiness in her niece's looks.

She had no one to advise her. She had been told, and believed it, that because of the wonderful climate there were but four ways of getting out of New Mexico. Hanging, shooting, blowing-up, and old age. And now the old people seemed to have entered into a conspiracy to die off, and the miners to be blown up, all for the purpose of keeping Mrs. Simpkins from seeing Father Mark. On an occasion she had caught the priest she attacked him about Claudina. Father Mark only told her to let things take their course, not to allow her notions to trouble her. Poor Mrs. Simpkins was ready to sob outright. She was so honest in wishing to do only what was apt to make her niece happy. And to be told by one all looked up to as a saint, that she had notions! The last thing in the world she was likely to have, she thought.

Walking down the shady side of the plaza, not stopping once to look at the display of dry-goods in the shops of the Jews, she tried to make up her mind to bother herself no longer about the Valverdes. "I wash my hands of 'em," she said to herself, knowing full well that she did nothing of the kind. However, she stopped at the druggist's, opposite the old palace of the governor, to drink to her resolution in a glass of soda-water.

Waddling down Palace Street, she saw a saddle-horse tethered to a post before her dwelling. She paused in her walk to consider. "If it's them Valverdes, I won't see them," she decided. "Let Claudina do her own talking; my hands are washed of it. I'll go in the back way and slip up to my room unknown." Mrs. Simpkins's plural substantive signified one; she did not suppose the whole of the Valverde family had come to her on the back of a saddle-horse, as is said to be the custom of Croatian families.

So full was she of her desire to get to her room "unknown" that she threaded on tiptoe the way that led to the back entrance of her dwelling, rousing the indolent curiosity of two siesta-loving smokers. One removed his *cigarito* from between his lips to say: "A mad American." "Yes, Tadéo," the other assented, contentedly rolling some tobacco in a corn-shuck, and soliciting a light from his *compadre*, which was courteously granted. Neither of these two men had ever seen the inside of a public school, and yet Louis XIV. in all his glory was not more courteous than they. It is a consolation to know that this sort of thing will die out before our superior civilization.

Pilar was in an out-house sorting potatoes, Rosa had gone to buy groceries, so the road was clear for Mrs. Simpkins, if the parlor door which had to be passed was shut. The door was ajar, and as she was about to pass on she heard Claudina laugh, as a voice, that of a strong man, said something in Spanish. It was not the señor's voice nor the interpreter's. The curiosity of Mrs. Simpkins led her to stoop to a mean action, the consequences of which, as she said afterwards, gave her a purgatory in this life. She peeped and listened at the door.

What she saw was a young man with yellow hair and moustache and blue eyes. His sombrero of gray felt with crimson cord and tassel lay on the floor beside him. He wore a blue flannel shirt, and the legs of his black trowsers were stuck in a pair of smart boots. What she heard was a closed book to her till Claudina addressed the young man as Señor Vincent. Then it was clear to her. She despised her instincts for having misled her. It was plain as a church-steeple, she thought to herself, that Claudina cared for this young man who had at last found courage to present himself to her. "He has no style about him, but he's a taking face." Then in high good-humor, for was not the Valverde trouble as good as settled, she got herself up-stairs and no one knew of her return home.

In her bed-room, which was over the parlor, she could hear her niece and the young man cheerfully chatting. It may be objected that so heavy a woman as Mrs. Simpkins, moving about to change her out-door dress for a comfortable wrapper, must have made herself heard to the pair underneath. She was heavy. So is an elephant. What more noiseless?

Scarcely was her cap on when she heard the front door open, and, peeping through the blinds, she saw the young man mount his horse and ride away, turning to throw a kiss to Claudina, who stood blushing in the doorway. Mrs. Simpkins did not approve of the thrown kiss. "He had ought to treat her respectful," she thought; "and Claudiner's that innocent she won't know no better."

When Claudina turned to enter the house she came up against her aunt standing in the passage-way. Her blushing face turned white, then red again.

Mrs. Simpkins felt provoked at all the useless trouble Claudina had given her by not "speaking out," and she concluded to punish her niece a little. "What did that man want, Claudina?" she asked sternly. "What's frighted you?"

"I did not think in the house to find you, *tia*," faltered Claudina.

"Well, you did find me," retorted her aunt, mockingly. "Did that man want to marry you?"

Claudina's big eyes looked at her aunt, and she gravely nodded her head.

"You're not going to marry no one—there!" Mrs. Simpkins turned away her face to hide the smile that would come over it.

"It is well," returned Claudina, sighing gently.

It was more than Mrs. Simpkins could bear. She caught Claudina's little hands in a hearty grasp, crying, "There, there! don't take on; it's only my fun. Now I've seen that Valverde, I'm satisfied." Then she kissed her niece, who appeared not a little mystified.

"Now, honest, Claudiner," pleaded Mrs. Simpkins, "don't you care for him?"

But Claudina only shook her head and ran away to her room, where, after a little, her aunt heard her singing. "Thank the Lord," ejaculated Mrs. Simpkins, piously, "that wood's got through."

Several days went by, and no one coming from the Valverde's, Mrs. Simpkins became a little disturbed in her mind. "It looks like backing out, or it's their customs; consarn their customs!" she mused. She was inclined to the latter belief by the fact that Claudina was as happy as the day is long. "She an't mistrustful," she reflected, slowly scratching the back of her hand.

Two weeks went by. Then Mrs. Simpkins asked, "Claudiner, why don't he come or write?"

"He will come the next week, *Lunes*, Monday. He told to me so," answered Claudina.

Surely the patience of Mrs. Simpkins was tried. Claudina showed no confidence in her, and she was too proud in her way to ask for what she felt was hers by right. She felt that her niece was "close." This closeness was in truth the girl's timidity. Had her aunt given her a word of encouragement, now that she was as good as betrothed, she would have gladly poured forth her confidence. As it was, she feared to speak.

Monday came, but no one with it. Mrs. Simpkins looked for signs of distress. There were none.

Two more weeks passed, then Claudina broke down. It was at the breakfast-table one Tuesday. Claudina looked furtively at her aunt, cast down her eyes, and said, "*Tia?*"

"What is it, Claudiner?" asked her aunt, gently. Perhaps her instincts told her what was coming.

"He comes not to us, *tia*," said Claudina.

"He don't," returned Mrs. Simpkins.

"Maybe he is—dead," said Claudina, how falteringly!

"That strong fellow? Bosh!" Mrs. Simpkins meant this to be consolatory.

Claudina searched for a word which was not to be found. In desperation she shot the palm of one hand across the other so as to bring up both palms erect above her head, struck them together, making a noise somewhat like the report of a pistol.

"Oh! blowed up," ejaculated Mrs. Simpkins.

"*Si*, blowed up," assented Claudina, undoubtingly accepting her aunt's English.

"He will be before this day's over," said Mrs. Simpkins grimly, as she looked at her niece's troubled face.

Without another word she went to her room and arrayed herself with unusual care for a walk. "Now, Claudiner," she said as she was leaving the house, "you an't been open with me, and I don't see as I should be either; anyhow, you quit fretting. I'm going to set things to rights." She kissed her niece, leaving Claudina, much heartened, to pray for her success.

Going straight to a livery stable, Mrs. Simpkins hired a buggy, and directed the driver to take her to Señor Valverde's.

"I never did see such a house as the Valverdes live in," she stated to Father Mark on an occasion after her visit. "It has a great big gate, which lets onto a square garden with the house on all sides of it painted yaller. A boy let me in the gate and I asked him for the señorer, for I wanted to see the old lady about her son's carryings on. The fellow looked astonished, I'm sure I don't know why, and I was considering what to do when out walks the señorer herself and invites me into the parlor. I began right off to ask her what her son meant by blowing hot and cold. She *is* a quiet old woman, and sat smiling and nodding her head, and then she jumps up and says 'Spirity,' or some such word, and goes out of the room.

"After a bit she came back with the señor, both polite as polite to me. I told them both the state Claudiner was in, they smiling and nodding; and every time I stopped talking, she'd say something in Spanish to the señor, and he'd answer back, and then they'd look at me and smile. I'd been so excited I'd forgot they didn't understand a word of all I was saying, and now it came on me, and I *was* in a stew what to do next, when lo and behold the little man as translates English into Spanish and back again walks in, and straight they began to talk to him.

"'The señor wishes me to say he's felicitated to see you in his house and the house is entirely yours,' and a lot of such stuff the little man translates to me. It's their way of being polite; it don't mean a thing, it's consarned nonsense.

"'Tell the señor I'm much obliged to him,' I says, and the little man did. And then the señor and the señorer got up and cutsied and bowed, and I did the same, and then we all sat down again. Then I told what had brought me there, the same as I told the señor, but he didn't understand how odd it looked, their asking for my niece and then backing out as it were, and was the Señor Vincente sick that he hadn't been up again to see my niece?

"It beats all how that little man *did* talk! He said it was me as refused my niece; hadn't I said, let things be as they are? He denied flat that young Valverde had been to see Claudiner: It was impossible, he said.

"As cam as you please, I up and said: 'Mister, will you tell the señor he is a fraud, and his son an't as good?'

"The little man said he could not do anything so insulting, but he would call Vincente, and he would satisfy me.

"I could have crowed. Now I have him, thinks I, and says cool: 'Yes, please, call him,' and he goes to the door and did so. I never heard such a cracked voice in my life.

"In tripped a slim fellow, right handsome, in a black velvet jacket with white pearl buttons, nice, black, curly hair, and a little, black moustache, the very contrary of the man I saw talking to Claudiner. Cyclones an't nothing to the swimming about of that room for the next minute.

"'This is Señor Valverde's son,' said the little man. And Vincente, he says, in as good English as any, that he is glad to see me, the little man meanwhile telling him my name, and how I supposed Vincente had been visiting Claudiner.

"'The señorita is sacred,' says Vincente. 'I wouldn't intrude—the señora disapproves of me.' He spoke confused like.

"I knew just as well as I knows it now that Claudiner and I had been at contraries. I wished I was home, and felt that put out with Claudiner for misleading me that I could have done most anything to her. I put the best face on it I could, and said: 'I've made a mistake; it wasn't Mr. Valverde came to see Claudiner; she is engaged to some one else.'

"Then Vincente puts his hand on his heart, looks solemn and bows, the little man and the old señor nodding their heads and looking interested.

"Never in all my born days did I feel so foolish as I felt then. I just got up in a hurry, and I said my good-bys without any ceremonies."

Claudina, watching from an upper window, saw a buggy coming up Palace Street, her quick eyes recognizing her aunt seated beside the driver. She hurried down stairs to open the front door, greeting her aunt with a timid smile. No smile did Mrs. Simpkins give in return, nor any word of kindness. She paid the driver his charges, and Claudina knew that her aunt was much disturbed when she paid away money without grumbling over the exorbitant prices asked in the Territory.

"Now, Claudiner," said Mrs. Simpkins, when they were fairly in the house and the door closed, "come right in here!"

She pulled her niece into the parlor, forcibly sat her on a chair, putting herself, as erect as she could, on another.

"Claudiner," she accused angrily, "you're sly and full of deceit. I an't praising myself, but I *have* tried to do my duty to you, and you've never showed no trust in me; and when one word from you would have made me know better than to go to them Valverdes and make a jack of myself!"

Poor Claudina felt herself most unjustly dealt with. She had thought her aunt wished her to marry Vincente Valverde. No one else had asked her heart and hand, and had not she been willing to do her aunt's bidding, knowing in her heart of hearts that she had no love to give Vincente, though she would not acknowledge to herself that it had been given long before. Then the Valverdes had been sent away and *he* came. Had not her aunt let her suppose that she knew all about him, and approved? She had been silent, but as her aunt had not broached the subject of *him*, was it for her to do so. All these things went rapidly through Claudina's brain as she waited patiently for Mrs. Simpkins to continue her objurgation.

"Now, gel," asked Mrs. Simpkins, "what did you mean by telling me that man with a yaller moustache was Valverde?

Claudina's eyes rounded. "I said not that thing," she protested amazedly.

"I could box your ears, so I could!" exclaimed the exasperated woman. "You did say so, and said so on purpose to deceive me. Now, who is that fellow as was here last month?

"You said he was known to you, *tia*," faltered Claudina.

"I said no such a thing!" cried Mrs. Simpkins. "Who is he? Where's he from? You just tell me and quit your foolishness."

"Pardon, *tia*, pardon me; I am sad," sobbed Claudina. "You no news did get of him?"

"No, and I an't going to get none; that's settled! Now you tell me all about him, every word of it," Mrs. Simpkins commanded. She was cruel, and very unhappy in being so. But, she asked herself, was ever woman so tried by a contrary girl as she was tried by Claudina?

Not sad only was Claudina. She felt she had done wrong. All her traditions cried out against her having so readily given her heart away. And now, in punishment for her sins, the owner of her heart held it lightly, or he was dead. In her misery Claudina did not know which she would prefer to be the case. "I am bad, *tia*, so bad," she moaned.

"You're driving me into a crazy-house, that's what you are! Can't you tell me who that man was as was here last month?" entreated her aunt.

"With my father he was in the mines, and in the convent he did come with my father. My father, *tia*, did say it would be well if he desire me for wife. This make to me my father when he was sick to die: '*Pobrecita*, he will, maybe, look to you,' my father did say. I know not how that look to you—"

"He, him! he, him!" interrupted Mrs. Simpkins. "What's his name?"

"Vincent Allen—"

"Is he American?"

"*Si*, *tia*," answered Claudina.

Her aunt's anger was cooled, and now she had been commanded to do so, she willingly told the little all there was to tell of her courtship. Vincent Allen had been a miner—she emphasized the "had been"; *her* instincts told her Mrs. Simpkins looked not with favor on miners. Unlike her father, he had struck gold and had become a rich man. Her father thought Allen a fickle man, and at times would say: "Allen is one of your off-and-on fellows. He wants you, Dina, but can't make up his mind to settle down. If ever he asks you, and you are willing, you might go farther and fare worse." "I was willing, *tia,*" said Claudina, so purely and innocently that her aunt felt her heart very soft indeed.

Joe Rusk died, and Mrs. Simpkins came to take charge of his daughter, and Allen seemed to have forgotten Claudina. She did not complain of this, and in the telling of her story her aunt perceived in how low degree she held herself. Then came the Valverde proposition, and Claudina, believing herself a burden, was ready to marry Vincente. How Mrs. Simpkins triumphed in the veracity of her instincts when she heard this! At last Vincent Allen had come to tell Claudina she "might as well be his wife." Claudina looked on this speech as one of the many odd ways the Americans had of saying things. He was on his way to the mines to wind up his affairs, and that done he would see Mrs. Simpkins, or, if detained, he would write Claudina. "*Tia,* he does not write, he does not come," was the end of her story.

Mrs. Simpkins sat with puckered lips, thinking deeply, Claudina watching her with timid entreaty in her eyes. At last she asked, "Would he send his letters in my care, or how?"

"He would put the address rightly—Mees Claudina Rusk, Santa Fé," answered Claudina.

"Thanks be to goodness, I an't took off my duds!" ejaculated Mrs. Simpkins, precipitately getting up from her chair and making for the front door. Claudina started after her, asking where she was going. Her aunt waved her back, and, speaking very gravely, told her to remain quietly in the parlor; she would soon return.

Mrs. Simpkins gave all the credit of her present journey to her instincts. She felt sure a letter had been written to Claudina. Pilar had received no instructions to ask for Miss Rusk's mail, so, if there was a letter, it still lay in the Santa Fé post-office. Not willing to trust Pilar, she was now on her way to get it. Nothing better could show the tenderness of her heart than this visit to the post-office. She was tired from her ride, and more than once she felt her fat legs giving way as she trudged along under the noonday sun.

"Rusk, Rusk—yes, one," said the postmaster in answer to Mrs. Simpkins's question, Were there any letters in the post-office for Miss Claudina Rusk?

She stretched out her hand to take the letter. Not parting with it, the postmaster asked: "Are you Miss Rusk?"

"Do I look like an old maid?" Of course he could not take her to be a young one.

Too dignified to notice this question, the postmaster said: "My instructions are to hand letters to no one without an order."

It is possible the postmaster would have had Mrs. Simpkins's views concerning the postal service had she not caught sight of a friend passing down the street. Shouting at the top of her voice, "Father Mark! Father Mark!" she waddled to the door. The difficulty about Claudina's letter was poured into his ear, Mrs. Simpkins viewing the now smiling postmaster with disdainful eyes. "Oh! I suppose it's all right," said the postmaster, and a moment after Mrs. Simpkins was clutching Claudina's letter. There was a bench against the wall upon which she sank exhausted, gasping: "O father! I'm in such a quand'ry; the very spirit's scrunched out of me!"

She did look distressed; there was no mistaking the troubled look of her face.

"The Valverdes still?" questioned the priest kindly.

Noontide is a dull time in Santa Fé. The postmaster was locking up his tiny office to go to dinner, the post-office was deserted, save for Mrs. Simpkins and Father Mark. Outside, in the street, a *burro* stood patiently, whilst its master sat on the sidewalk, his back against a wall, alternately smoking his *cigarito* and dozing, a suspicion of *aguardiente* in his manner of performing these works, quiescent and active.

Seeing that they were free from listeners, Mrs. Simpkins hastened to unburden herself. Telling how she and Claudina had been at cross-purposes, of her visit to the Valverdes, of Vincent Allen, and of how he had promised to return or write. "I'm not sure yet he's written; this may be from some one else," she ended by saying, ruefully eyeing the letter she held.

"I have no wish to alarm you," said Father Mark, looking very grave, "but I wish your niece cared for Vincente Valverde, not one of our countrymen."

Mrs. Simpkins was puzzled. "And why not, father?" she asked; "a American is as good, and better, than another."

"Not the generality of Americans at the mines and hanging about the new towns. There are exceptions, but the major portion are—well, not to put too fine a point on it—are blackguards."

"Laws, father, that's a awful word!" exclaimed the troubled woman.

Passing over Mrs. Simpkins's exclamation with a smile, Father Mark said, "Now, Mrs. Simpkins, you ask for my advice; here it is: if this Allen has not written, or does not turn up before long, try to put him out of your niece's thoughts. Take her for a trip to St. Louis; you say you wish to return home."

"That I do," assented Mrs. Simpkins. "But, father, do you think it so bad?"

"I don't know what to think," returned the priest. "Allen may be a good fellow, but experience has shown me in how little esteem the Mexicans are held by the men who come out here and fatten on the people. Look at that poor wretch over there," pointing to the burro's master, now fast asleep. "What did his father know of whiskey? I speak to the people of the evils of intemperance, and am reminded that my people brought those evils here."

Mrs. Simpkins had a tongue to speak and ears to hear. The former did its work, the latter were rusty. As soon as Father Mark paused, she got up from the bench, and drawing a long breath, said: "Well, father, I'll take the letter to Claudina now; do say a prayer for her."

Then Father Mark went to his poor, and Mrs. Simpkins waddled home.

"I've got a letter for you, Claudina," she announced when she had entered the little parlor with her niece.

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"*Si, tia?*" interrogated Claudina, pale from excitement.

Leaning against the marble-topped centre-table, she hurriedly opened it and read slowly and laboriously.

It was in a man's hand, and as she read she became pallid.

The letter read, it slipped from her hand, fluttered about a moment in the soft wind blowing through the open window, then fell a white patch on the flaring red of the carpet.

Her aunt sat staring at her, awed by the woe on Claudina's face.

"It is from him," said Claudina. Her voice was clear but faint.

Mrs. Simpkins needed no instincts to tell her that he had behaved ill. Tears were streaming down her fat cheeks as she asked: "What is it he says, Claudiner, dear?"

"It is in the English, *tia*," and, stooping, she picked up the letter, handing it to her aunt. She then secretly wiped with her handkerchief the hand that had touched it.

It was the letter of a gross and heartless man. Ill concealed was the contempt the writer had for Mexicans and their religion—an ignorant contempt, unhappily too common. He said it was best that Claudina should forget him; he didn't suppose she cared very much, anyhow. As for himself, he could not think of settling down yet.

"I don't know as this letter is necessary," he wrote; "lots of fellows wouldn't bother to write under the circumstances." And that was all.

When Mrs. Simpkins had finished reading the letter she too was white, trembling as well.

"The blackguard!" she said.

"*Cállese, tia,*" said Claudina, gently. "We will speak of him never again. Some days will pass, and I will be glad."

They never did speak of him again, and, understanding from what she had been saved, Claudina was glad—after a time.

Harold Dijon.

IS THERE "NO REASON FOR A COMPROMISE"?

In the *Christian Union* of May 24 we saw an article headed "No Reason for a Compromise." In this the writer holds that American laymen, and especially parents belonging to the Catholic Church, are content with the public schools as now carried on without any provision being made for Catholic religious instruction, and he considers that this is proved, first, by the statement that very many of them continue to send their children by preference to these secularized schools even when there is a parochial school in the neighborhood; secondly, by the allegation that even those Catholics who do patronize the parochial schools do so, not because they believe in them or want a religious system of education, but because they are *commanded* by the Catholic hierarchy to train their children in this manner. The writer admits that if the Catholic parents who are American citizens did really object to the present management of the state schools for which they are taxed, that notice should be taken of their complaints and, even though they were in the minority, an effort should be made by the majority to content them as far as possible; but that if, as he believes, there is only question of pleasing a foreign potentate and a foreign hierarchy—who, as he says, do not *represent* these citizens, but command them as claiming authority over them which is not derived from them but from God—no heed at all need be given them, unless indeed whatever opposition is necessary to defeat their (so-called) desire to destroy "the glorious system of education without religion, the bulwark of our liberties," etc., etc.

Now, to begin with the last-mentioned accusation, neither the Catholic people nor the hierarchy have aught to say against education, nor even against education by the state; the fault they find is that there is not enough of it. The state educates indeed, but only the head of the child, leaving out the heart; it gives a good secular training, but omits the religious—which, indeed, it is incompetent to take charge of—consequently Catholics hold that the state ought to permit the church or the churches or any other competent organizations to come in and help her to educate, so that the child will grow up a Christian—or a religiously trained being of some sort—and thus become a citizen fit to help carry on a free republic. Catholics hold that this is essentially a Christian country and was founded by Christians. They want to save the country from the destruction which will certainly be the result of secularism.

The Catholic Church in the past proved her love of education by preserving it in the middle ages; and at this moment there is no body of citizens in the land which is making such sacrifices for it. It is, therefore, a question of *how* education should be given; that is the question. Many Protestants, like the late Dr. Hodge, of Princeton, are equally dissatisfied with the *how;* and he went so far as to say that "all of us who really believe in God should give thanks to him that he has preserved the Roman Catholic Church in America to-day true to that theory of education upon which our fathers founded the public schools of the nation and which have been so madly perverted" (*New Princeton Review* of January, 1887).

All that about Catholics not being *represented* by their hierarchy as Protestants are by their ministers, is really a distinction without a difference. It is true that the Catholic hierarchy claims a right and a mission to teach and even to command—"Go and teach all nations," etc. (Matt. xxviii. 19); "He that hears you hears me" (Luke x. 16), etc.—since it asserts itself to be *the* visible Church of Christ, while Protestants do not claim any such prerogative. Nevertheless, *practically*, it is all the same as far as results go, since the individual Catholic is perfectly free to disobey the church, as far as external coercion is concerned, and hence if he obeys her command he does so because it suits him. In *ultima analysi* he does what he likes just as much as the Protestant, even if it please him to reach his conclusions by a shorter cut. So when the hierarchy decides some question, and its decision becomes the freely accepted belief or doctrine of the laity, the hierarchy does *practically* and really represent the laity, although of course in a theological sense the word *representative* would not be a proper term by which to name their status, unless indeed they are said to represent Christ.

We know that some Protestants are wont to claim that they do all their own thinking, but we believe that there is a great deal of claptrap about this. Men may be said, as a general rule, to be too lazy to think for themselves, even in political matters, and much more so in religious matters. Since one man is born with ability to teach and command, ninety-and-nine are evidently, by their inferiority to him, intended by God to be taught, and in some sense to obey; and we think that any thoughtful observer will perceive that in *practice* they do listen and obey. While they are clamoring about *their* opinions and convictions, these are often the property of a clever minister like Beecher, say, or of a clever editor like Greeley; often, too, their teacher or leader is a foreigner like Gladstone, McCosh, Dean Stanley. Yet no one thinks that they ought not to get the credit of thinking it out for themselves. If we are "to go behind the returns," to use a political phrase, whenever a man expresses his opinion, and if we deny the reality and personality of it whenever we can trace it to editor, orator, or author, there would be very little opinion left in this world. The great Gladstone himself lately said (in his reply to Ingersoll) that it is hard to find an opinion formed absolutely independently of prejudice, feeling, race tendencies, respect for others. Indeed we might say that ninety-nine hundredths of what we believe we have taken from others. Hence when Catholics say that they are not satisfied with the public schools as now carried on, it is not fair to say that this is not their real belief, because perchance some of them may not have thought it out themselves, but rather had it pronounced upon by a tribunal whose decisions they *freely* accept.

This we say, assuming for argument's sake the hypothesis that the Catholics who do send their children to parochial schools do so, not because they believe in them from their own unaided experience and reflection, but because an authority in which they believe lays down the law for them. Nevertheless, we do not concede the fact alleged. The hypothesis is false. The schooling of children is a practical matter, and Catholics do quite as much independent thinking as Protestants in all matters. The field which is closed to independent thought in the church is, in its general aspect, equally forbidden to all men, as the dogmas which are accepted simply on authority are, when traced to their fundamental principles, quite incomprehensible to human reason. The Protestant will meet with no better success, for instance, in apprehending the Divine Trinity than his Catholic neighbor, nor will education enable a man to see into it much better. With all the disquisitions of learned theologians on such a subject, what after all do they know about it that is not perhaps as well perceived by any ordinary man?

Our Protestant friends are mistaken in supposing that we are like blind men groping in the dark and unable to see *anything* for ourselves. It is true that, like them, we have a guide, but we need and use her services only "in the night when *no man* can work." We can see "whilst it is day" as well as they can—to say the least. A Catholic father, as a rule, knows what is good for himself and his child, and is able to take care of its training; nor is it necessary for the state to go into his family and interfere in his domestic concerns. Where such is not the case, of course he has himself to blame for the ignoring of his natural rights over his child, or neglect of his primary duties; but this is a rare case. And even then, the right of the child itself to receive religious instruction in the denomination to which it belongs should not be overlooked nor violence done to its youthful conscience. If it is to have religion no good is done to it by making it insincere. Even the most bigoted Protestant will admit that it is better to be a sincere Catholic than an insincere Protestant.

And now a word as to the first statement of the *Christian Union*, "that very many Catholics continue to send their children by preference to secularized schools, even when there is a parochial school in the neighborhood." We have our doubts about there being "very many." Judging by one parish with which we are well acquainted, only about one child in five attends the public schools, while the other four are at the parish school. The fact that even the public-school pupils come to Christian doctrine class on Sundays and such other days as it is held, and also attend the services at the church, indicates that they do not prefer the state school because it is secular, or non-

Catholic, but for other reasons, real or imagined. First of all, parents are often acquainted with teachers in the public schools, many of whom are Catholics, and they send their children to them from motives of friendship, especially as, according to the system, it is of importance to the teacher that she should have a full class. Then there is the true or false belief in the special ability of a certain teacher. Then, very often the unjust judgment is made that, in secular training, the parish school is not equal to the state school. As a rule they are equal, sometimes superior. There is a class of people who never seem to find their home dinner taste as well as the one they eat with the stranger. Again, there is the oft-repeated reason, that the building may be more roomy and airy, more convenient to the home, etc., etc.

We have been twenty-six years on the mission, and we can assure the *Christian Union* that we never yet met a Catholic father or mother who sent their child to a state secular school because *they approved of the system of excluding religion.* We have sometimes met the case of one of the parents being an agnostic, who had this notion about education and carried it out in his family as far as he could; but then it was always in spite of the opposition of the Catholic wife or husband.

There may be and no doubt are Catholics who for some other reason prefer the public schools, but there are none of these who would not be delighted and made happy to-morrow if some "compromise" were inaugurated by which their children, while retaining the advantages of the public school, would no longer be deprived of the inestimable benefits which those of other Catholics enjoy in the parochial schools.

Patrick F. McSweeny.

A WINTER IN THE LATIN QUARTER.

WHEN we began housekeeping our friends shook their heads in grave apprehension; even now, when they are bound to admit that we have managed pretty well, they feel constrained to add that the experiment was a dangerous one, and that it is a wonder we were not starved to death. Anywhere but in the Latin Quarter of Paris I think we should have come perilously near it; no two people could exist in London on the sum which kept us in tolerable comfort.

I have heard it gravely asserted that the Latin Quarter has lost its old distinguishing characteristics, its frank self-adaptation to the impecuniosity of its inhabitants; its charming Bohemianism and its indifference to the social dogmas prescribed, and acceded to, by dwellers on the other side of the Seine—that it has, in fact, been improved out of existence—and I have wondered if the people holding this belief have ever travelled away from their squares and boulevards, away from the neat premises of the Plaine Monceau and the warrior-named avenues of the Arc de Triomphe, and penetrated the wilds that lie behind the Boulevard St. Germain, and the narrow, dirty streets that twist and intersect around and about the School of Medicine.

Has the "spirit in their feet" ever led them to the Boulé Miché after nightfall? The Quartier Latin exists as distinctly as it ever did, and is as much as ever the home of the student and his friends, the struggling journalist, the budding author, and all the thousand-and-one hangers-on to literature and art, who come to Paris as naturally as flowers turn to the sun.

In some of the streets, as, for instance, the Rue de Seine and the Rue Jacob, almost every other house is an "hôtel meublé"—that is, a house where one or more furnished rooms can be had with attendance, and where there is generally twice a day a table-d'hôte of breakfast and dinner. These hotels are mostly occupied by young men whose "pensions" from home are of noble proportions; the rank and file of students cannot afford to do more than pay for a room, and take their dinners, as luck and their pockets permit, at a restaurant, or fetched from the rôtisseur's.

In the grim old houses live boys who are up for a few years only to study at one or other of the colleges; men who find the place so to their liking that they stay there year out and in; young women (foreigners mostly these) who are working in the studios, and any amount of neat, smart little "ouvrières," who earn their daily bread by their needle, or in some factory; and in the upper stories, in the small, pinched rooms beneath the roof, lurk the failures, beings of both sexes, who set out manfully when life was young to win a name and fame, and who have realized, after years of disappointed hopes, that they must be content to gain a miserable pittance by following others, and take their places in the ranks of the pale, thin copyists, toiling all the daylight hours in the public galleries, or at night playing in the orchestra of a minor theatre; their visions of a great painting or an immortal opera gone with their lost youth.

When we established ourselves in an apartment in the Rue Jean de Beauvais our income was not only small but precarious; we could not count on being uniformly poor or prosperous, and when we had bought the small amount of furniture we required, we possessed twenty-seven francs and one ten-pound Bank of England note which we solemnly locked away in a drawer, only to be taken thence in case of illness.

"House-hunting" was great fun. We began with the intention of taking a furnished place, but those that were decent were too dear; and those that were not too dear were discouraging, to say the least of it. Oh! the many flights of stairs we toiled up with joy and hope in our hearts, to descend with only another dismal feeling of failure. At last, as we were inspecting some rooms which looked promising from the outside and were terribly grimy within, fate threw our good genius across our path. He was a tall, dark young man, dressed like a Parisian "fourcheur" with a dash of English dude. He also was after rooms, and the fat and frowzy concierge, to save trouble, took us over the place together. He spoke to us in English with evident pride and an execrable accent. "Why not take an unfurnished place?" he said. "It will cost you the difference on a month's rent to buy your things, and you will 'ave un véritable 'ome." Well, we took his advice and the rooms he recommended to us, and ere long we felt that we had indeed "un véritable 'ome."

The stairs that led to our abode were shallow and winding, the steps made of red tiles and much worn by the feet of many generations; on each landing were two doors, and behind each door a separate ménage. We had three rooms, a parlor, a kitchen, and a bedroom, and a scrap of passage; the kitchen was three-cornered, and there was just room to turn round in; there was a tiny stove with three holes in its blue delf top; of these holes one was round and two square, and charcoal was the fuel they consumed. The rooms, like the stairs, were tiled, and when these tiles were reddened and washed they made a very pretty parquet. The house was very old and the walls panelled and painted white; our salon, which was a good size, had a quaint, narrow chimney-piece, with a square of looking-glass let in the wall above it; it also had an alcove with sliding doors, meant for the reception of a bed, but its crowning glory was the balcony. In the summer we almost lived on it, and we had striped sun-blinds running out to iron rods at each corner, and we also had boxes full of plants—nasturtiums and marigolds and mignonette. We paid five hundred francs a year for the rooms, plus fourteen francs for the water, and there was a hydrant on each landing—a great accommodation, especially when one is, as we were, on the sixth story.

We bought six Louis XIV. chairs for seventy francs in the Rue Buonaparte, and when we had done them up with white enamel paint and liberty chintz cushions they looked beautiful. We got a second-hand kitchen table and painted it white to match the chairs and covered it with a woven grass tufia. We picked up an old secretary for thirty francs, and an old divan at the same price, which opened and held clothes that were out of season, and more than once served as a bed for a friend. Altogether our furniture cost us about fifty dollars—that is, of course, the bulk of it; we were continually adding some little thing, some bargain picked up at the Hôtel Druot or the bric-à-brac shops along the quai.

The Latin Quarter is without doubt the land of economy, the land of large appetites and small purses, where the week's money is counted by francs and where sous are of importance; so naturally the shopkeepers lay themselves out to suit the palates and pockets of their customers; and as small quantities are the order of the day, the buyers of the said small quantities do not have to pay an enormous percentage, as they do elsewhere, and the things are as fresh and as cheap as they would be to large consumers.

I do not propose to tell you how much it cost us, for I am afraid we didn't keep our accounts with statistical exactness. We had a Japanese tea-pot on the mantel-piece, and when we cashed an order or drew a check we put the money in it; when we were extremely well-to-do, we would dine luxuriantly at one of the many restaurants, where for one franc twenty-five centimes (in all twenty-five cents) one gets a remarkably good dinner—soup, meat, vegetables, half a bottle of wine and dessert, or cheese; but these times did not last for ever, and a period of frost would come round again, the money in the tea-pot would get low and housekeeping sink to a less sublime level.

When the money was fast disappearing and there was no immediate prospect of more, we would take precautions and prepare for a siege by buying a large bag of beans and several pounds of maccaroni and onions; we knew that if the worst came to the worst we could hold out for weeks on them.

Living was cheap, and, above all, it was easy. I could buy so many things prepared that there was no waste and very little trouble. Spinach, chicory, purée of peas, haricot-beans, lentils, artichokes I got all ready dressed for the table; they only want heating. Fried potatoes could be bought at every corner, beef and bouillon at every butcher's, and for fourteen cents I got a bottle of good wine. The bread is proverbially delicious, and the numerous "soft" cheeses all good and all most moderate in cost; Brie, Camenbert, or the dainty little cream "Suisses" only cost a few sous.

There were two rôtisseurs whom we patronized, one in the Rue des Quatre Vents and one in the Rue de Buci. They both had their good points, and it would be hard to say which was really the best.

Monsieur Flahaut called his establishment "The four winds of heaven," which suggested a certain largeness of choice and variation of menu that he perhaps honestly tried to live up to. Many a time when I have been in, in the morning, has he appealed to me with a harassed look and begged me to suggest a vegetable for the evening, for his customers were clamoring for novelties.

Madame Duphot's shop was simply called "La mère de famille," a little uncompromising in its vagueness. Her shop was the larger of the two, the window was always full of fat fowls and rabbits all ready to be cooked, with their insides neatly arranged on small plates beside them; the rabbits, I remember, always held their skinned arms in a surprised manner over their heads.

Flahaut was perhaps less exacting as to weight and more liberal in the matter of gravy, but I think Mère Duphot's quality was more generally good; and besides, she sold "boulets" and Flahaut did not. The precise ingredients that entered into the composition of these "boulets" I never knew or sought to know. Suffice it for me that they were round, brown, delicious, and costing only three sous apiece. Many a time, when times were bad, have we dined on four sous worth of soup, two boulets, and a "cornet" of fried potatoes.

I think the interior of Mère Duphot's shop would have made an interesting picture: the long counter with its immense copper caldrons, all sending forth a savory smell; the proprietor herself, a comely dame, in a white cap and apron; and her customers, who all possessed a certain picturesqueness, from the anxious-eyed matrons, with their hair tucked away beneath checked handkerchiefs, to the smart little work-girl, who would come in laughing and chattering to her blue-bloused companion to fetch a litre of bouillon for their joint repast; the active chef and his assistants bustling about, serving this one and that, or turning the sputtering roasts, and in the background the fire, a long, glowing mass of charcoal, casting a lurid glow over the whole scene. Above the charcoal hung the meats, beef, veal, turkeys, fowls, pigeons, all turning on the same spit, and all dropping their gravy harmoniously into the same pan.

One could buy a portion of chicken or any other fowl, a leg, or wing, or bit of the breast, for eight, ten, or twelve sous, according to the size.

I think the greatest trial we encountered was the difficulty of keeping warm, fuel was so dear and the grates so badly arranged. Many a time during the long, cold winter would my thoughts fly longingly towards a blazing fire of English coal, and I would contemplate my little pinched-up grille full of coke with disgust. Wood, of course, was out of the question. The French have a proverb: "Qui brûle du bois brûle de l'or." Coal was nearly as dear, and miserable in quality. So there was nothing for it but coke, eked out with "briquettes" and "mottes." The former are squares of compound coal-dust and tar. They will burn brightly for two or three hours, and cost two sous apiece. The latter are made of sawdust and the refuse from tanneries. They are in appearance like evenly-cut peat; they cost thirty sous a hundred, and give out considerable heat.

The first winter that we were in the Rue Jean de Beauvais was a very long and severe one; it seemed as if the spring would never come. In March we were having hard frosts and biting winds, and we were also having a prolonged spell of ill-luck, for the paper my husband was on (an Anglo-American venture) suddenly failed. He was very brave about it, and trudged all over Paris and its environs in search of "subjects," writing and despatching articles on all manner of topics, and suffering all the rebuffs and disappointments of an unattached journalist. My latest efforts in the story-telling line were unappreciated, and had been steadily rejected by so many editors that we reckoned that in postage alone they had cost almost their market value. Things looked very black.

Will had gone off one morning (after a breakfast of haricot-soup), with a rather sickly attempt at a smile and a promise to let me know at once if "anything turned up," and I was left to interview our two creditors, the charbonnier and the laundress.

I opened the before-mentioned drawer and looked at the bank-note; there it lay, so aggravatingly clean and prosperous-looking; it meant two hundred and fifty-two francs, and relief from all present anxiety. I determined to take it down to the American exchange that afternoon. Strong in this resolution, I began to tidy up the room before going out, when my eye fell on a piece of newspaper that had come wrapped around something. The heading of one of the paragraphs attracted me, "A Hospital Experience," and I read it eagerly from end to end. It professed to be a personal account of the sufferings and privations of a non-paying patient in one of the large Parisian institutions, and was, I am sure, grossly exaggerated. But it impressed me at the time with such horror and dread lest either Will or myself should ever be forced to enter one that I gave up all thought of changing my ten pounds; it would be too awful should we either of us fall ill—worse still, die, and have to be buried in the hideous "fosse commune" of a French cemetery, with the squalid details of a French pauper's funeral.

You see I had the blues and my thoughts took a gloomy turn, but then a prolonged diet of beans and bread is not calculated to raise one's spirits. Suddenly, as I sat there in a desponding mood, a thought struck me: the "Mont-de-piété," the mountain of refuge, the haven of help; in less poetic language—the pawnbroker's! I would put my watch "sur le clou." I knew the red-tapism prevalent in France, and that I should probably be asked to show my certificates of birth, baptism, confirmation, and marriage, together with my engagement of location, my passport, and a few documents relating to the history of my parents; so, making up a respectably-sized bundle of papers, I set out.

I had no very definite idea of where I was going, as there are no friendly trios of golden balls hung out in France to inform the impecunious where they may obtain relief. After wandering about for some time, I screwed up courage to ask a sergeant-de-ville to direct me, and, following his instructions, I found myself at the bottom of the Rue Buonaparte before a gloomy-looking building, over whose open door floated a dingy tri-color.

"Who hesitates is lost," and taking my courage in both hands I bolted through the doorway and up the stairs. There I found myself in a large, bare room, something like an omnibus bureau or a registry office for servants. There was a stove in the middle, round which sundry dilapidated-looking men were gathered, and from whose clothes it drew a rank, unpleasant steam.

A thin, pinched woman, with a large bundle of linen under her arm, took compassion on my evident ignorance and gave me hints as to the line of conduct to pursue. I presented myself at a counter and had a square of brass marked 65 given me in exchange for my pretty little watch.

The goods offered as pledges were borne off into an inner room, from whose mysterious recesses a voice would now and again bawl out the sum to be advanced on them and the number of the ticket held by the pledger, and scraps of dialogue of the following nature would take place:

"Fifty-nine—twenty-one francs."

"Bonté divine! Give me twenty-five."

"Twenty-one."

"Voyons—twenty-three."

Then would come sounds of a whispered consultation.

"Twenty-two fifty."

"I accept! Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! que la vie est amère!"

I had not pluck enough to bargain, and when the voice yelled: "Sixty-five—forty francs," I didn't even answer.

"Sapristi! Sixty-five, are you deaf?" repeated the voice furiously; in answer to which I squeaked out a meek "Oui," and was hustled up to the wicket to get my money.

A fat man in front of me was joking with the clerk, and when he moved on that functionary seized my papers, and worried them, and snarled over them, and declared he couldn't read my writing. Finally he flung two gold pieces in front of me. I gathered them up and was turning to go when some one touched my shoulder; it was my husband.

We neither of us spoke till we were out in the street, and then he asked me sternly what I meant by going to such a place, after which the ridiculousness of the encounter struck him and he burst out laughing. I laughed too, but I think we both felt a wee scrap guilty. We didn't speak much till we got to the Place Saint-Sulpice, when the big clock chimed out five.

"Is that right, I wonder?" he said, and I made an involuntary movement of my hand to my waist, and then we looked at each other and laughed again—for our watches were both in the safe-keeping of a paternal government.

What a dinner we had that night! The garçon grinned when he brought it up, as if he knew that we had been fasting somewhat rigorously. There was a fowl, and sausages, and potatoes, and salad, and cheese, and a bottle of white wine, and—well, we were within sound of the Sorbonne clock.

That was the worst time we passed through. When Easter came and we made our Paschal Communion in the dear old convent by the Luxembourg where I was educated, we could return thanks "for dangers past," and the Easter after that we laid the historical bank-note, as a thank-offering, in the red velvet bag the "quêteuse" handed us "pour les pauvres."

E. J. Farrar.

JESUS HIDES HIMSELF.

(St. John viii. 48.)

One woful day His own vile creatures said
To the all-holy God: "Thou hast a devil."
And them He answered meekly: "I have not."
But when they took up stones to cast at Him,
Then, hiding Himself, He left the temple.

Oh! woful day for us when we take up
The stones of sin to cast at our Redeemer;
Far guiltier are we than those Jews of old.
Leaving the ruined temple of our hearts,
Jesus departs in grief and hides Himself.

A. Ewing.

Lancaster, O.

DOM MUCE.

When a man joins the Cistercian Monastery of La Trappe in Normandy his novice-master is said to encourage him with the assurance that not only he will have to bid adieu to mutton-chops, newspapers, tobacco, arm-chairs, white chokers, and the other pleasures of the world, not only that he will have to endure the varieties of temperature afield and the varieties of temper at home, but also that he must make up his mind to the sacrifice, to some extent, of his reputation. For it seems that our lively neighbors are persuaded that to retire to La Trappe is equivalent to a confession of serious crime. No doubt one cause of this impression is the dramatic tendency of the French character, which makes a theatrical *mise-en-scène*, vivid coloring, rapid transitions, striking situations, thrilling catastrophes, *émotions déchirantes* of all sorts, a kind of necessity. And hence if a man happens to end in the *horreurs de La Trappe*, the fitness of things seems to require he should previously have begun as a Sardanapalus.

However, besides this dramatic instinct another cause why a novice at La Trappe must resign himself to pass for a notorious sinner is the publication at the end of the seventeenth century of several volumes entitled, *Relation de la vie et de la mort de quelques Religieux de La Trappe*, among which were several striking examples of men who certainly had passed from great disorder to high perfection—men of the stamp of character that St. Francis of Sales approved of so much ; who when they did will a thing willed it energetically, whether their bent happened to be *peccare fortiter* or *amare fortius ;* for, as he says, " Ces cœurs à demi-morts à quoi sont ils bons ? " There was the young Scotchman, Robert Graham, and the " Quatre Palémons de La Trappe," and others famous in their day. Doubtless they form only one class, and that the least numerous, of those who have taken refuge at La Trappe. There have been many others who, after years blamelessly spent in less strict observances, in the evening of their lives have been urged to higher enterprise, by the thought of the approaching night when no man can work. Many others again who, like the child-Trappist, the son of M. Tenier de Genestes, have been called to add to their crown of innocence the purple flowers of penance. If it is usually in connection with men of the former stamp, among whom the grenadier Dom Muce is the extreme instance, that one thinks of

La Trappe, it is not because they are more numerous, but because their histories, from the vivid contrast of shade and light and the variety of incident, make a deeper impression on the imagination and so tend to form a prejudice. But, really, it would be as reasonable to judge of St. Bernard's Clairvaux by one of the poor prisoners whom his charity rescued from the gallows by covering their chains with his own white cowl as to judge of La Trappe by Dom Muce. One should not forget that La Trappe is no new institution. As a Cistercian monastery it dates from the time of St. Bernard, under whose jurisdiction it was included; De Rancé's work was merely to recall the observance to primitive austerity. Therefore, whatever glory the words and work of the "last of the fathers" may have shed over the Cistercian order, whatever gratitude may be owing to it for improved agriculture, and for dignity asserted to humble labor in an age of serfs and bondmen, whatever poetry may pervade the histories of its numerous saints, whatever chivalrous lustre may be reflected to it from its subject knightly Orders of the Temple, of Avis, of Calatrava, and Alcantara, whatever associations of beauty may have gathered round it from its matchless homes—in all these La Trappe may as justly claim to share as romantic Melrose, or Fountains, or beautiful Tintern. We give a sketch of the history of Dom Muce because, as an example of the rapid action of grace in a courageous subject, it would be hard to find a parallel in all the annals of perfection; protesting, however, that it would be rash to conclude from it that the famous Abbey of La Trappe is, or ever was exclusively, a den of good thieves.

The story made some sensation at the time of its publication, and was read even in the court of Louis XIV. One person writing thence to the Abbot de Rancé, who was its author, says: "Every one has read with tears and edification what you have written on the death of Dom Muce; even the king shed tears. Madame de Maintenon and several other ladies wept so much that people came up to see what was the matter; and when they came they also wept themselves."

Dom Muce was called in the world François Faure. After a youth spent in all kinds of dissipation and disorder, he joined a regiment of grenadiers, who are, says De Rancé, "the most determined characters (les plus determinés) of all those who follow the trade of war.* He became an officer, and was marked by all the evil qualities that a man of that profession can possibly have. He was cruel, pitiless, impudent, violent, audacious, passionate, and blasphemous." When once he had resolved on a thing no consideration of God or man could stop him, and he made no account of dangers when the gratification of his passions was in question. He was often engaged in the incessant wars of Louis XIV., and his bold temper led him into frequent peril. He received sabre wounds in the head, bayonets through the body, and other wounds which it seemed must be fatal, but there always seemed to be some protection surrounding him and saving him from inevitable death.

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* This sentence was seized on by the enemies of De Rancé, who got an ex-grenadier to put his name to a pamphlet full of violent abuse which they concocted. It was known at the time as *La satire du grenadier*, and contained a defence of the virtue of army men in general and grenadiers in particular.

At length he became disgusted with his manner of living; weary of adding crime to crime, and of the continual slaughter of men. A streak of light seemed to creep over his soul, and he determined to leave the army and enter the cloister, thinking he had only to change his habit in order to change his character. He entered the Priory of St. Marcel, belonging to the Congregation of Cluny in Dauphiné, but he soon proved that it is not the cowl that makes the monk. According to the testimony of the bishop of the diocese, he passed some time in two monasteries, and in both his life was *détestable;* and to fill up the measure of his iniquities, says De Rancé, "he dared, while his hands were still red with the blood he had spent his life in spilling, to receive the priesthood, and, by an astounding profanation, sacrilegiously to handle the Holy of Holies."

Poor Dom Muce after this last temerity seemed to have absolutely forfeited the little light he had, and in his soul, as in Judas' when he had taken the morsel, "it was night." He threw aside all restraint, and, as we are told, there was no violence or excess in which he did not indulge. Things came to such a point that the lieutenant-general of Valence spoke to him and advised him to fly the country, as otherwise he could not escape the hands of Justice. This magistrate afterwards affirmed that he had issued ten or twelve warrants for his arrest, all on account of "*actions horribles.*"

Dom Muce replied: "I see that I am ruined, and that there is no mercy to hope for on earth; I shall begone, and that so far as not to be heard of again." He told De Rancé that it was not dread of death or torture which had made him fly, but the fear of disgracing his family. He was now quite desperate and resolved on apostasy; he left the country and wandered about full of fury and despair, "*incertus quo fata ferant.*" His ambition was to become a Mahometan, and be captain of a troop of Turkish soldiers.

It was this moment, when the devil seemed to have taken entire possession of him, when like Cain he was flying from the face of God, that was chosen by Providence as the moment of mercy. Dom Muce was passing through a town on his route, when he made the chance acquaintance of a certain ecclesiastic. In the course of conversation this ecclesiastic began speaking to him of La Trappe, where he had made a visit. He told him in a few words the manner of life led there, more or less as it is described in the *Imitation;* how that "they seldom go abroad, they live retired, their diet is exceeding poor, their clothes are coarse, they work much, they talk little, their watchings are long, they rise early, they are steadfast in prayer, they read often, and keep themselves in discipline of all sorts." Such few plain words as these produced an incredible effect on Dom Muce. They went through him as so many darts winged with fire. The thought of the hard life led in that distant monastery, contrasting with the degraded license of his own, wrought a spell over him, and instead of deepening his desperation, seemed to gild his soul with a magical dawn of hope.

Why is it that Christian austerity exercises on us so strange a fascination? Why is it that, in listening to the legends of the saints, the dreary and monotonous tale of fasts and disciplines and labors moves us with a deeper emotion at every fresh recital? It is not because there is any charm in pain by itself; quite the contrary; the self-torture of an Arabian dervish, the astounding macerations of the fakirs of India, not only have no attraction for us, but fill us with repulsion and disgust. The highest emotion suffering can claim from us by itself is pity, and if pain be self-inflicted for no noble end it wakes in us only sentiments of horror. Why, then, are we so differently affected towards Christian austerity? Is it not because we know that behind the sable cloud of pain shines the silver lining of love? The union of tepidity with austerity, of penance with negligence, in a follower of Christ, seems too horrible to be possible. If it is only with a half-melting admiration that we think of a gentle maiden sitting alone in a Carmelite convent, wan with cold and hunger, it is because we feel sure she is hidden in the light of holy thoughts and warmed with the love of God. And in the same way, if Dom Muce felt the depths of his nature stirred by the picture of La Trappe, it was not the beauty of pain which mastered him, but the beauty of love. Strange that a man like this, who for years had been given up to deeds of violence, should be open to such an influence. But even in the most degraded soul there lurks a reminiscence of divinity, which asserts itself from time to time, pathetically appealing, desperately expostulating, against the defilement with which the sinner overlays it.

It spoke to Dom Muce now, suggesting and urging the hope that in that monastic silence he might curb his unbridled tongue, that in that austere abstinence and entire seclusion he might cast off the chains which drink and sensuality had woven round him. "Perhaps," it made him think, "if I also might live there, even now I might atone and find mercy, perhaps even I might love." These reflections were the work of a minute. Like lightning the resolution flashed in his mind, to renounce his desperate plan of taking the turban, and to try by all means to obtain admission at La Trappe. Dom Muce was not in the habit of wasting time when once he had resolved on a thing. He immediately told the ecclesiastic that he was determined to go to La Trappe. The latter, though astonished at so sudden a resolution, said that he approved the plan; so much so, in fact, that he resolved to join him in it. "But," he went on, "we are going to adopt a life of extreme penance and austerity; the best thing we can do is to have a few days together of good feeding and amusement, so as to bid the world an eternal farewell." This miserable proposition only filled Dom Muce with disgust and fear. He said nothing, however, but let the ecclesiastic make his plans as he pleased, and next morning, at daybreak, he started alone without wishing him good-by. The uncertain weather of early spring, the bad state of the roads, the long distance of six hundred miles he had to traverse before reaching La Trappe, did not make him hesitate a moment. He trudged the whole way on foot, walking ceaselessly through foul and fair, looking neither to the right hand nor the left, carried on by the strength of his sudden purpose. On his journey, we are told in the *Relation*, he met with many adventures; the devil taking special pains to expose him to occasions calculated to inflame his passions, and to make him lose the state of patience which is so necessary for the preservation of the grace of conversion.

The last day of his tramp he walked forty-two miles in incessant rain, having completed the whole journey in a wonderfully short space of time. On reaching St. Maurice, he found himself on the skirts of an immense forest, extending further than the eye could reach. Here it was necessary to take a guide, for the way was so exceedingly intricate that even those best acquainted with it were in danger of losing their way. Indeed, the name La

Trappe is derived from the difficulty of finding any access or egress.

> "The whole way," we are told by a traveller of the period, "is inexpressibly dreary. The squirrels, hares, and foxes seem to possess the whole domain undisturbed. After traversing lone roads for some hours the trees become thicker and tangled with underwood, through which a track or path is pointed out by the guide, if indeed one may call by that name a way where no vestige of any human footstep appears. Pursuing it for about three miles through a maze of most intricate turnings and windings, and through every diversity of rise and fall, the traveller again finds an opening in the trees. Here he discovers himself to be on the overhanging brow of a hill, the descent of which is clothed with wood, and so perpendicular as to appear impracticable."

It was here that Dom Muce first came in sight of that palace of grim truth, La Trappe.

> "Perhaps," says the same writer, "there is not a situation in the whole world more calculated to inspire religious awe than the first view of this monastery. The total solitude, the undisturbed silence, the deep solemnity of the scene is indescribable. The only adequate comparison I can make to the sensation it causes is that excited by death."

If this was the sensation which it caused in Dom Muce, it was appropriate to his circumstances. For if he had been guided thither by the angel of life, the angel of death had caught him up. The incessant rain of that day falling on a body exhausted by fatigue had given him a chill which he never shook off, and which brought him to the grave only fifteen months after; so that he had now reached his journey's end in more senses than one.

Having pierced through the mists which continually rose from eleven ponds, which girded the monastery in a double circle, he entered the gate, undismayed by the inscription graven in stone above it:

> "C'est ici que la Mort et la Vérité
> Elèvent leurs flambeaux terribles,
> C'est de cette demeure au monde inaccessible
> Que l'on passe à l'éternité."

He was shown into a waiting-room, while they went to announce his arrival. Presently, in came two monks draped in their white cowls wonderful but mystic, who advanced without saying a word, and, much to his confusion, fell flat on their faces before him. They were adoring Christ in their scarecrow of a guest. Then they rose up and made him a sign to come and pray with them in the church. This was the monastic welcome.

He followed them, and as he knelt for a moment the abbot chanced to pass by.

> "Truly," says De Rancé, "my surprise was extreme when I saw that he had nothing in his appearance to correspond to the name of religious which he had given himself. Those haggard eyes, those haughty eyebrows, that rude and savage countenance, revealed his character only too plainly."

He gives further details of Dom Muce's appearance in a letter which he wrote some time after, with regard to an imaginary description which had been given by the author of a certain pamphlet.

> "This author," he writes, "says that Dom Muce was of middle height, and as a fact he was tall; that he had fine blue eyes, whereas he had terrible eyes; and as for the color, I don't believe any one could ever have distinguished it, they were so hidden by the thickness of his eyebrows. He says his face was long, whereas it was short and square, and the cheekbones were so high that it was almost a deformity. As for his pleasant smile, *quelle vision!* he had rather a lion's maw than a human mouth."

In spite, however, of this unpromising exterior, De Rancé presently went to visit him, and when he arrived Dom Muce fell on his knees and, without disguising the horror of his life, begged to be admitted into the community, assuring him his only desire was to do penance. The abbot might well have shrunk from such a postulant, and have mistrusted so sudden a conversion; but it was and is the glory of La Trappe never to refuse admission to any one, however frightful may have been his career, provided he shows a strong will to amend, and to hide the past in the shadow of the cross.

Moreover, there was in Dom Muce an air of such evident sincerity, so much candor in his avowals, and so much earnestness in his appeal, that he won De Rancé's heart. The latter, however, began by trying to frighten him. "I explained to him," he says, "all the difficulties of the life he wished to embrace, 'avec toute la force qui me fut possible'"—*i.e., very* strongly.

He put before him the utter seclusion of the monastery—far away from the sights and sounds that gladden the haunts of men; he told him of the perpetual silence—no pleasant intercourse or encouragement from friends; he described to him the hardness of labor in the fields—summer's heat and winter's snow; he did not conceal from him the weariness of the office in choir, the discomfort of straw beds, the continual restraint imposed by community life, the depressing effects of abstinence, the dreariness of fasting; he pointed out to him the unhealthiness of the situation of the monastery, and showed him death moving like a spectre through the waving mists which shrouded the house; in a word, he revealed to him the cross naked and bare, without saying a word of the sweetness of Him who is found by those who embrace it. But he did not terrify Dom Muce. On the contrary, as he spoke, this wild and hardened nature began to soften; the emotion which had been excited in him when he first heard of La Trappe was renewed, and his tears began to flow. He again assured the abbot that it was only the desire of penance which had brought him to his feet, and that he would obey him like a child.

De Rancé thought it was right to make some delay before giving him the habit. But after three weeks it was impossible any longer to resist his desire and fervor, which became stronger every day. This ceremony seemed to complete the extraordinary change which had been going on in him.

> "He laid aside," says De Rancé, "the ferocity of the lion and the tiger, which was natural to him, and put on the simplicity of the lamb and the dove, and from that moment there was hardly one of his actions which did not reveal the strength of grace and the depth of his gratitude."

Not like many repenting sinners did Dom Muce conduct himself after his conversion. In them, frequently, after a few spasms of remorse and a fitful glow of fervor, the habit of cold selfishness reasserts itself, languor creeps into all their good actions, and gratitude gives way to a base peevishness, or to a loathsome regret.

Dom Muce's conversion was a transfiguration. Without any preparatory experiments, without any tentative groping, without any previous skirmishing, he achieved at once all the most arduous feats of heroic virtue. He did not begin with the first degrees of humility and patience, and then, after years passed in them, with difficulty move up to the second, only to fall back periodically to, or even off, the first. He transferred to the spiritual warfare the gallantry which had distinguished him in the field; and as he had ever been first on the scaling-ladder and in the "imminent deadly breach," so now at an impetuous double-quick he stormed the steep ascent of perfection, and in one desperate charge carried the narrow gate.

We wish we could follow the *Relation* into the detail of his virtues, but, unfortunately, space would fail; nor would it be so interesting to the general public as the description of vice. Compunction—ugly word but beautiful reality—was the pervading spirit of his life. Compunction, which is the soul-piercing sorrow of an affectionate heart for past disloyalty to Love; which "worketh penance steadfast unto salvation—yea, defence, yea, desire, yea, zeal, yea, revenge"—revenge on the body for having marred the most beautiful creation of God. He would often be found prostrate on the ground in one of the chapels, as it were drowned in tears. "How can I have offended a Being so kind?" he would say; "this thought disturbs and frightens me so much that if I were to dwell on it I should fall into despair; when it occupies me by itself, my knees grow feeble and bend under me, and I am obliged to support myself with my hands; my body fails; I shudder; my hair stiffens, and my soul is pierced with grief; I become as cold as ice; without strength, or tears, or voice, like a man who is about to faint. But oh! then the Divine Mercy comes to my help and raises me up; he gives me back my strength, my tears, and my speech, and I say to him all that fear, love, sadness, and joy put in my mouth." He had a horror of sin, and was in a continual fear of displeasing God, even in the least things. And as he knew that the just man falls seven times a day, he said he could not understand how any one who lived by faith could have one moment of human joy. He often said that "if God gave me choice to finish my penance in purgatory, or even in the depths of hell, provided he gave me the assurance I should no more offend him, I would choose it a thousand times rather than live longer on earth." "I fear neither death nor hell," he said another time, "but only the offence of his Divine Majesty." And this man, whose phrase of sorrow thus emulated the most exalted utterances of those who have grown old in heroic innocence, had been only a few months before a vagabond, a would-be bashi-bazouk, a criminal flying from the hands of justice, urged on by the diabolical desire of crowning his innumerable crimes by a public apostasy! Well might the abbot exclaim in chapter:

> "What a change, brethren, in a man more hardened than a rock! what a resurrection! what a creation! God has given him a heart, which he had not, and taken from him the stone which stood him instead. It is God alone who works such marvels."

His thirst for revenge was not to be slaked by the ordinary austerities of the order;* and as the desire of the cross is not one which goes long ungratified, it soon pleased heaven to try him with manifold affliction. The cold he had on him when he arrived degenerated into inflammation of the lungs, giving him a violent and ceaseless cough, which became worse at night, and left him in the morning so exhausted that it seemed impossible he could drag himself to the end of the day. Soon his palate became raw and inflamed, and it gave him extreme pain to swallow. The abbot, by way of indulgence, ordered him some roast apples; he ate them for a few days, but presently he reflected that this was too great a luxury for a sinner like him, and he begged so earnestly to be deprived of them that, says De Rancé, "*je ne pus le lui refuser.*"

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* It may be a new idea to some, that the observance established at La Trappe by De Rancé (which is generally held up as a model of extravagance) is only a mitigation of the Rule of St. Benedict, which is usually extolled as a model of discretion.

To all this supervened an attack of rheumatism, so sharp that he said (and he spoke from knowledge) that he felt as if the points of swords were being driven into him. Yet his complication of woes could not fill up his desire of suffering. He used tearfully to complain that he had almost nothing to endure in his new state of life, and that he often had to refrain from praying for crosses, because what he finally got instead was consolation. For hardly had he had time to thank God for some new pain, than he was filled with a secret joy which made it all seem nothing to him.

In spite of these and other evils, he for some time followed the ordinary exercises of the community; he was always at the work and the office, and allowed himself no indulgence in diet or anything else. However, after a few months all his ills became worse, and they were forced to put him in the infirmary. The mitigations he here enjoyed were to him a constant pain. "It is not just to treat me like a man," said he, "seeing that I have lived like a beast." What grieved him especially was having to use a soft straw paillasse instead of the paillasse *piquée* of the dormitory.

Indeed, when all chance of his recovery was gone, he entreated to be allowed to leave the infirmary, and to take his place once more in choir and in the refectory, so as to carry his penance to the bitter end. This was not permitted; nevertheless, he was made happy by the restoration of *sa première paillasse.*

Not that even in the infirmary he spent his last days in the lap of an enervating luxury. He occupied a poor room, destitute of everything that was not indispensable. All through his sickness he rose at 3:30 A.M. He read nothing except the Gospels, the *Imitation of Christ*, and a little book which spoke to him of death. The master of novices gave him half an hour each day, and the abbot came to see him from time to time. These were the whole of his resources. He sat suffering all the day long on a straw chair, without any recreation or alleviation; yet he never felt time hang heavy on his hands. His days were quite full and passed "*comme des éclairs.*" Several months were spent thus, his pains always increasing.

He had violent attacks of high fever, and almost constant sleeplessness. He became so attenuated that his bones pierced through his skin in many places, yet even after long nights of heavy pain when he was asked how he was he would answer in a transport of joy :

> "How great are the mercies of God! The night has been so long and painful, that I hardly hoped to see the day. But I never lost the presence of God for a single moment, and never did I taste it with greater sweetness and peace."

It was in the middle of this, his mortal sickness, that he was admitted to profession. He made it with extreme joy and extraordinary fervor. He was so weak that he could not stand, but he knelt down and pronounced his vows with so firm and strong a voice that it astonished all who heard him. Soon after this new baptism, in which we are told he received wonderful graces, they had to give him the sacraments of the dying. He said he thought no one had ever desired death as he did, and this, not in order to end his sufferings, for suffering was his pleasure, but because he had a burning love to see Christ and to be united to him inseparably, which could not be without death.

A few weeks after he felt that his last moments were come. It was two o'clock in the morning, and he made a sign to his attendant to give notice to the abbot; he would not use words out of respect for Benedictine silence of the night. As soon as the abbot arrived he asked to be laid on the customary straw and ashes. The abbot strewed ashes on the floor in the form of a cross and blessed them with a special blessing; then some straw was shaken down, and the monk in his full choral habit was stretched on this bed of penance and humiliation, there to await the stroke of death. When Dom Muce found himself in this position he felt happier than a king on his throne. He spread out his cowl and folded his long sleeves one over the other and took an attitude of joyful expectation. Then they said the prayers of the agonizing, which he listened to with the greatest attention, and made all the responses. However, he was not so near death as had been imagined, and he had to be lifted again on to his straw chair. The abbot came to see him again after Prime, and he said that he was still in the same state of suffering and peace, and so entirely in God's hands that he would be most glad to suffer for a thousand years if such were his will; that by his favor his sufferings were increasing every moment; nevertheless, he still had one consolation of which he earnestly begged to be deprived. This consolation turned out to be a straw cushion which had been put on his chair. At length, towards one o'clock, he again felt that his end was at hand, and he had himself replaced on the straw. When the abbot came in, he held out his arms to him and said, in reply to his exhortation:

> "With my whole heart and soul I welcome Jesus Christ; his mercies are infinite. How good he is! What a marvel, father: my body is crushed with pain, I have never felt any such, and yet I am overwhelmed with consolation."

His joy was evident in his eyes and his whole face; and what one would hardly believe, in the midst of the horrors of agony and approaching death, he laughed outright. From the moment of his conversion he had hardly ceased weeping, and yet now, in the bitterness of separation and the terrors of impending judgment, he laughed in the face of death. Presently, however, he became silent and motionless, and seemed to enter into the mysterious temptation on the Trinity, which awaits so many men at the hour of death. He became embarrassed, and muttered more than once, "One God in three Persons." The abbot said: "That is your faith, brother, is it not?" "Yes, father," he slowly answered; "if it were not I should be damned." His pains became more and more severe, and the monks who were standing around began reciting psalms. After a time the abbot asked the agonizing man if he suffered much. "Not as much as I deserve," he said; and then, energetically striking his chest, he cried: "*Souffre, souffre, méchant corps!* It is just you should suffer, since you have offended God." He then asked leave to say a few words to the master of novices, and, embracing him close, he said: "There is nothing weaker than man; it is a great misfortune to seek help from creatures, instead of from the Creator alone." Presently he fell into violent convulsions for half an hour. Finally, however, he regained perfect tranquillity, in the midst of which he ceased to breathe.

B. B.

JOHN VAN ALSTYNE'S FACTORY.

XXX.

THE SQUIRE GROWS CONFIDENTIAL.

At the factory, meanwhile, things were apparently taking very much their ordinary course. There were contracts on hand whose fulfilment would occupy all the time between October and the holidays. But the excavations for the new mill, which had been undertaken the week preceding Mr. Van Alstyne's seizure, were discontinued and the laborers engaged on them paid and sent away. Paul Murray acted in this on the advice of Judge Mount, who made a flying visit to the village and spent most of the time between two trains at the bedside of his client. That was on the Saturday following his attack, when the sick man's condition presented few visible signs of hopeful amendment to the lay observer. Dr. Cadwallader was also present by appointment, and was as sanguine in the expression of his anticipations as the nature of the case permitted.

But he remained doubtful as to his success in imparting to the lawyer his conviction concerning the mental condition of his patient. It was, indeed, not easy to meet the full, wistful gaze of John Van Alstyne's eyes, and not entertain the hopeful belief that an unimpaired intelligence lay behind them. But, if so, it was a prisoner, mute and helpless, like one of those victims of mediæval tyranny who, between piles of solid masonry, looked out through a single loophole across the stagnant waters of a moat, shut away already from all comfort save the gleam of daylight, and with the dreadful *oubliette* yawning close at hand to engulf him even from that. Life and death were still at equipoise. That there was a chance of recovery was all the doctor could affirm, and truth compelled him to add that it was a chance so bare that an untoward accident might easily destroy it.

After leaving the sick-room Judge Mount went down to the factory, and Paul Murray afterwards drove him to the railway station at Milton Corners. If the lawyer had entertained a purpose to discover what knowledge, if any, Murray might possess concerning John Van Alstyne's frustrated intentions in his regard, it was one which stopped short of putting a direct question, and which remained unsatisfied. He formed a very favorable impression of the young superintendent. He found him modest, intelligent and capable, and with a comprehensive view of the actual state of affairs which, being untinged with the sanguine hopes that suffused those of Squire Cadwallader, coincided the more fully with the judge's own. He advised Paul Murray, therefore, to go on with what he had on hand, but to await events before contemplating further operations.

"As to the new mill," he said, "I would stop right where you are. If Mr. Van Alstyne recovers there will be plenty of time to go on, and if he doesn't, there are others who will then have a right to a say in the matter." But the step thus counselled by John Van Alstyne's legal adviser, and acted upon by Paul Murray without delay, was one so significant that it was accepted on all sides as not merely an acknowledgment that the old man's days were almost numbered, but that the consequent defeat of his benevolent schemes had been definitely admitted by those who were in the best position to estimate the probabilities. The news of it helped the sick man in the guest chamber to bear with greater patience pains which were responding more tardily than he had hoped to treatment, and it wreathed with smiles the face of his hostess when she paid him her daily visit. She thought it "really providential," she said, but as that was a phase of the matter which did not seem to commend itself to Mr. Hadleigh, she prattled and purred over it instead with Mr. Lamson, when at the end of a fortnight he came up to offer condolences at the door of the one chamber, closed against him as against all other visitors, and to offer suggestions, which had now been invited, in the other.

There was, perhaps, only one spot in the entire neighborhood where the subject was not discussed in all its various aspects, and that one was beside John Van Alstyne's own sick-bed. Elsewhere there was grief in many places and despondency in many, as there was exultation in certain others. What passed in his own mind, if indeed it was in working order, as the squire continued to insist was not improbable, there were no external signs to indicate. As the days went by, the paralysis, which had at first seized all his members, gradually relaxed its hold, so that in a fortnight he was able to leave his bed for an easy-chair. But his upper limbs were still incapable of motion, and his occasional attempts at utterance were entirely abortive. Possibly it was his evident distress over that fact which at once kept alive the squire's belief in his possession of his mental faculties, and deepened his apprehensions for him. He allowed no one to approach his patient save the two girls and Paul Murray, and on their lips he laid an embargo which prevented all allusions to whatever might be supposed likely to intensify the old man's sense of helplessness. So in that room there was peace, and hopeful talk, and reading now and then, as well as a good deal of silent prayer. Still, Squire Cadwallader's faith in the ultimate issue of the case was one which he never thoroughly succeeded in imparting to any one but Mary Anne. But in her, who by nature was inclined to see the darker side of every cloud, that faith and hope grew daily into a strength that filled her with a secret wonder which of itself prevented her from seeking to share it with her fellow-watchers. Even the squire, who felt himself supported by her sympathy, had no idea how greatly her confidence surpassed his own.

The squire astonished himself, in fact, by the fervor of his own partisanship in those days. He was even disappointed by Judge Mount's counsel about the new works, and half-irritated with Paul Murray for accepting it so readily, in spite of the fact that his own plain common sense, when interrogated, replied that both of them had acted wisely. Possibly the underlying spring of his conscious actions might well have been that "certain reasonless impulse" which even the heathen Aristotle traced to the divine power, finding it to be the first requisite for the attainment of that good which is virtuous and honest. Sure it is that it was with a secret surprise the squire found himself not merely often hoping against hope for his patient's restoration, but, failing that, bent with a kind of blind tenacity on thwarting up to the very last schemes which presently took a shape that, if successful, would result in the overthrow of John Van Alstyne's dearest wishes, even should he finally regain his bodily health and possession of all his faculties.

October was fully ended when these schemes were first laid openly before Squire Cadwallader. Both of the sick men were by this time upon their feet, Mr. Hadleigh, indeed, going about the house, and sunning himself on the piazza on bright days. But he was devoured with *ennui* and anxious to get away into more cheerful quarters before cold weather set in. He was hardly more gaunt than on his first arrival, from the sheer impossibility of such a thing, but his brown pallor was invaded now and again by a quick flush from which the doctors augured more ill than they predicted. Still, the squire encouraged his wish to depart, at the same time recommending him to avoid excitement and over-worry.

"You might go down to New York, as Mrs. Van Alstyne proposes," he said to him. "Go and see Loomis. He's the authority for cases like yours. I'll keep you advised on the state of matters here. As you know, I don't look for a speedy termination of Mr. Van Alstyne's difficulty."

Both men looked up to the balcony outside of John Van Alstyne's room, where the paralytic also was basking in the early afternoon sun. He could walk about now, and the fetters on his left arm had been so relaxed that he had begun to feed himself. His tongue, too, so far as the mechanism of utterance was concerned, had been free for several days, but it would serve no purpose of intelligent speech.

"He is regaining his bodily powers, Dr. Sawyer tells me," remarked Mr. Hadleigh, as he withdrew his eyes, "but not his intelligence. He says his attempts at talking are utterly beside the mark, and fatuous?"

"Yes, yes," assented the squire. "Sawyer has been in and out of his room for the last two or three days. I wanted him to form an opinion now. Up to the present I have thought absolute quiet so essential to physical restoration that I banished even him. Would you care to pay Mr. Van Alstyne a visit?"

"Would he know me?"

"Well, what means do you suppose me to have for settling that question?" responded the squire. "You might try for yourself."

"On the whole, no," said Mr. Hadleigh after a moment's deliberation. "Perhaps, before I make a start. But for an imbecile or a lunatic I have a sort of superstitious respect. I don't want to go uninvited behind the curtain."

Squire Cadwallader felt his own respect for Mr. Hadleigh go up several degrees. He blushed internally over his own attitude, which struck him at the moment as superfluously disingenuous. Still, through force of recent habit, he maintained it.

"Yes," he returned, "it is painful. Custom inures us doctors to it, more or less, but it never ceases to be disagreeable. And a wreck just in the harbor's mouth seems, somehow, more to be deplored than any other. You think you will go, then?"

"As far as New York, and within a day or two," replied Mr. Hadleigh. "This place is not too lively under any circumstances, and under existing ones it is deadly dull. You say you don't anticipate a speedy issue for my cousin's illness?"

"To tell you the honest truth," said the squire, with a feeling of relief that he could speak it, "I'm like the Widow Bedott: I 'can't calkilate.' I am hopeful by nature, and John Van Alstyne was one of my oldest friends. We got looking rather askance at one another at one time, or, to put it more fairly, that was my attitude toward him. But at present my feelings have gone back to their natural level, and I don't want to think of his dying, even out of his present death-in-life. My wish is probably father to my thought. As Sawyer has told you, he may have another stroke at any time, and that would doubtless fetch him. But I hope not."

"Your friend Lamson," said Mr. Hadleigh after a pause; "has he spoken to you about the application he advises me to make to the Supreme Court of your State for a commission to settle up my cousin's business?"

The squire had been tilted back in his chair, and, like Mr. Hadleigh, was enjoying a cigar. He threw away the latter and brought his chair down on all fours with a thump that sent the too-ready blood to the last speaker's sallow cheeks. But for a moment he made no response.

"No," he said at last. "I haven't happened to see Lamson for two or three days. What does he want you to do that for? Isn't it rather rushing things? It would look better to wait awhile, it seems to me."

"So I suggested," replied Mr. Hadleigh quietly.

"Why, Van Alstyne has scarcely been sick a month yet," went on the squire. "He may die any time, and then where would be the object of such a proceeding?"

"On the other hand," returned Mr. Hadleigh, "Mr. Lamson points out that he may survive for years in a state of imbecility. I may take it into my head to return to England, or to go elsewhere, at any moment, and I believe I am the only person in the country who is entitled to call for such a commission."

"With what end in view?"

"You'd better consult Mr. Lamson about that, perhaps. It was his suggestion."

"He wants to have the estate put on the market, I suppose?"

"Precisely."

The squire leaned forward, with his elbows on his knees, and cogitated.

"Well," he asked finally, "what answer did you give him?"

"None, so far—that is, I have agreed to nothing definite. The application, if made, would not depend for its success solely upon me. Bondsmen would be required in any case. And I have by no means decided to interfere."

"Take my advice and don't," said the squire, rising. "It would be of no particular benefit to you that I can see, unless—"

"Unless what?" asked Mr. Hadleigh, with the familiar contraction of his brows.

"Oh! nothing," replied the squire, looking down at him frankly and putting out his hand. "I was about to observe that my friend Lamson seems to have more of the makings of a scoundrel about him than I find it pleasant to admit to myself, seeing how long we have managed to hit it off together. I ought to beg your pardon for my 'unless,' and I do. I think you'd be wise to get in-doors now, before the sun goes any lower. It don't answer to play with rheumatism."

"I don't quite follow your line of thought," returned Mr. Hadleigh, making no attempt to comply with the squire's suggestion. "Mr. Lamson's motive is plain enough. Of course it is intended to secure his own advantage, and, incidentally I believe, yours also, but it appears to me that 'scoundrelly' is too big an adjective for it. My cousin is evidently on the mend, physically, and that, as we all understand, points to a prolonged period of imbecility. In the meantime, what is to be done about his business?"

"I guess it would manage to rub along, providing everybody else would be content to mind theirs and let his alone," said the squire. "Why should you interfere, of all men? Suppose Mr. Van Alstyne continues in his present state long enough to give reasonable grounds for applying for a commission *de lunatico.* He hasn't yet, I may as well tell you for a fact that you can rely on. But suppose he should, and that your application is granted. Of what personal benefit could that be to you? Me you may count out altogether. But why should you go out of your way, through what would look like a most unsavory dung-heap to ordinary mortals, merely to play into Lamson's hand? He couldn't really make that worth your while, it seems to me."

The squire was in something of a heat by this time. Mr. Hadleigh, on the contrary, was entirely cool. He ruminated for a little before he made an answer which apparently ignored entirely the insinuation just repeated.

"I see your point of view," he said at last, rising as he spoke and turning toward the hall door; "I have already urged much the same in reply to your friend's advances. Perhaps you'll be kind enough, if you see him, to say that he need not trouble to come up again about it. I shall leave for New York by to-morrow night at latest."

"You will be coming back again later on, no doubt?" said the squire in his usual hearty tone.

"Impossible to say. I am a bird of passage. I shall expect you to keep me *au courant* of affairs here, as you promised. Mrs. Van Alstyne, on whom I had expected to depend for news, tells me that she is going to New York also, within a week or two, to meet a relative with whom she intends to spend the winter."

"Just so," assented the squire. "If there is any decided change for the worse, I'll let you know." Then they parted, the squire going up to pay his visit to John Van Alstyne. The old man was just coming in from the balcony, aided by Zipporah Colton. The squire sat down opposite his patient, and after putting the usual inquiries, remained for a little while in a brown study. It was his habit to talk to the invalid, getting from him, at first, such mute responses as his condition made possible; and, since his tongue had been unlocked, encouraging him to use it until he saw how much the unavailing effort to make himself intelligible cost the old man. But, up to the present, the remarks which he had directed to him personally had been for the most part merely jocular and cheery in their nature. A shrewd observer might have inferred from them that the squire's wish was indeed father to his hopeful thoughts about his patient, for they had thus far taken an aim distinctly lower than that of a free intelligence, level with his own. To-day he adopted suddenly another course.

Mr. Van Alstyne was in his easy-chair, his motionless right hand lying across his lap, outside his dressing-gown, where Zip had placed it; the other resting on the arm of the chair. Thus far he had made no effort to respond to the squire save by means of this hand, and the closing or opening of his eyes. Presently the doctor leaned forward and took it in both his own.

"Well," he said, in his ordinary cheery tone, "don't you feel like talking to me a little to-day? You must limber up your tongue, you know. It won't do to let it stiffen. Come, isn't there anything you can say to me? Don't you want anything?"

"I want," returned John Van Alstyne, and then stopped. His brows contracted painfully. The squire lifted his own a little, and a gleam of pleasure came into his eyes. It was the first attempt at speech the invalid had made which was at all like a direct response. Fragments of verse, or entirely irrelevant collocations of familiar words, repeated as if by a machine, had hitherto been all that had passed his lips.

"You want?" echoed the squire. "Well, that 's good news, too. What do you want? Try again."

"I want—I want—a pig."

"A pig!" began the squire with a laugh. "I don't doubt it in the least. I've got one about a month old that would just fill the bill—roasted, and with a lemon in its mouth, I suppose?" Then he stopped, seeing the slow tears that were forcing themselves through John Van Alstyne's eyes, as he once more realized the futility of his efforts to express himself.

The girl leaning over the back of his chair wiped them gently away.

"Why do you torment him?" she asked softly.

"Pshaw!" said the squire, pulling out his bandanna and using it noisily, "I'm not tormenting him; I've got something to tell him, and you too, providing he'll keep it a secret. I can trust *you*, of course. See here, Van Alstyne. You understand me, I know; but to make sure of it, just tip me a wink, will you, or squeeze my hand a bit? Yes, I knew it. Now listen. I want to tell you just what is the matter with you at present. There is a clot here on the left side of your brain which acts as a mechanical obstacle—a stone, as one might say, rolled against the door of your speech and lying also in the way of motion for this arm. Well, now, it is being gradually absorbed. If it were not already much less than it was at first, you would not even tell me that you 'want a pig.' All you have to do now is to possess your soul in patience. Trust God, as they say, and keep your powder dry, and everything will come right. You understand?"

The squire looked up at Zip and smiled.

"Come round here," he said, "and see if he doesn't."

The tense, worried, wistful look was, in fact, gone from John Van Alstyne's eyes. It was replaced by one of such relief that the squire was in a mood to berate himself soundly for not having tried his experiment of confidence earlier. His own hopes rose to an altitude they had not gained before.

"For a man of my years," said he, still retaining John Van Alstyne's hand, "I have been a most uncommon kind of idiot. It would have done you good to hear me say that sooner, eh? Well, I was acting on my best judgment about it, and that's the only excuse that I can offer. Everything depends now on yourself, and on these good girls that have been looking after you."

Squire Cadwallader rose and took his hat.

"Where's Miss Murray, by the way?" he asked.

"Gone home for the day," answered Zip. "She could, since I was free to stay here. She *is* good, squire, isn't she? What makes her so, do you think?" The girl gave a little, wistful sigh as she ended.

"She was born that way, I reckon," said the squire, smiling; "some folks are, you know."

"I wish I had been," sighed Zip again.

"Oh! come," said the squire, patting her on the shoulder, "I don't think anybody here would like to spare your own particular variety of goodness. We can't all be lilies-of-the-valley."

"Lilies-of-the-valley, indeed!" protested Zip. "A great tall calla is what you mean."

"Well, a calla then, if you like that better. I merely want to point out to you that even callas leave room for roses—and some folks prefer roses," he ended, pinching the girl's cheek.

"Even *cabbage* roses!" amended Zip with self-depreciating disdain.

XXXI.

IN THE SICK-ROOM.

SQUIRE CADWALLADER saw Mr. Hadleigh depart the next afternoon with a feeling of mingled compunction and relief. The compunction came uppermost and effervesced, though not into audible speech, and it gave him real pleasure to know he had it.

"I've been a most uncharitable ass," he said to himself after shaking hands at the station with his departing patient, "and I deserve condign kicking for it." Perhaps the confession did him more good than if it had been open. He was more at peace with himself and all mankind than he had been for the last month. In the depth of his heart he even forgave Seth Lamson, reflecting that his own duplicity with regard to John Van Alstyne's real condition afforded the amplest excuse for his partner's canny haste to profit by it.

"I suppose I might have tried to do the same thing if anybody else were concerned, or even if I were not too sentimental for pure business," he reflected. "After all, there was nothing out of the way or irregular in what he proposed, if only he hadn't been in such a preposterous hurry, and the case had been really what he supposes. Lord! what a thing it is to have such an invaluable coadjutor as Sawyer!" The squire chuckled over the reminiscences that name evoked. "Poor Alfred! And the case *might* have been just as he diagnosed it, and prognosed it, and vaticinated about it to such purpose! Who knew it wasn't? Did I, until yesterday? And if Lamson found a mare's nest, wasn't it because I've been all along fooling myself with one? I'd like to know just what bait he found it natural and easy to tempt the Englishman with. He is a better fellow than I have been supposing him lately, Lord forgive me! Still, I own I'm not sorry to see his back."

And it was on that basis of solid fact that the travail of the squire's soul invariably found repose. It was that which secretly imparted its unique flavor of sweetness to the process of arraigning himself at his own bar on the charge of uncharitableness toward his neighbor. While he figuratively smote his breast with one hand and cried *peccavi*, with the other he was waving a pleased farewell and simultaneously muttering good riddance. So, for the most part, we are doubtless made. Socrates alone stands up in the midst of his accusers and testifies to the interior voice, which has everywhere and always warned him against what is noxious and to be avoided. But could there have been one soul of the condemning crowd who must not have owned to turning often a deaf ear to warnings not less imperious and insistent?

Squire Cadwallader's hopes for his patient, however well founded in fact, were at least not swift in their realization. After the confirmation they had just received, he had been sanguine in his anticipations of a speedy and entire recovery. But when days and weeks went by, bringing, indeed, so much of renewed physical vigor to John Van Alstyne that he could take daily walks and drives, yet opening no avenues by which he could communicate his thoughts, the squire's tone, except to the sick man himself, became insensibly less cheery. He had tried to have him write with his free left hand, but although the old man made shift to trace his own signature rudely, or whatever else was laid before him as a copy, yet the efforts which he made on his own initiative resulted as lamely as those he made at speech. Judging from his facial expression, the hopes which had been roused in his own breast were going out again for want of fuel. His eyes were less eager and less wistful, and his smile less frequent. As the shadows deepened about the casement, the prisoner within was growing more pathetic, because more untroubled, in his resignation.

About the house things were taking a more settled footing and getting into place for the winter. Mrs. Van Alstyne had departed for New York toward the middle of November, and shortly afterward Miss Murray, having prevailed on the squire to own that her constant presence was no longer an absolute necessity, had returned home. She still passed a part of every day with the invalid, however, and occasionally remained at the house all night. Mrs. Lant, who had been installed at the Murrays' during Mary Anne's absence, came up to Mr. Van Alstyne's with her family, partly as a somewhat superfluous assistant to the housekeeper and the other servants, and partly because Zipporah Colton had asked for her, thinking that the presence of the children would brighten up the dulness of the great house. Her own term at the school was now very near its expiration, but she had determined in her own mind that so long as John Van Alstyne remained so helpless and so lonely she would not abandon her post beside him. It was a sort of compact she had made with herself when Mary Anne decided that her domestic duties ought now to take precedence of those she had assumed toward the invalid. Under existing circumstances, her own father being likewise in feeble health, Mary Anne's decision was natural and inevitable. But Zipporah, in pondering over the situation, had quietly come to the conclusion that there was nothing in her own line of duty which need interfere with this one. As yet, however, she had shared her resolve with nobody, excepting her self-imposed charge himself.

There was something very touching in the relation that grew up between these two, the silent, almost helpless old man, only his eyes fully responsive and alive, and the loyal young girl, bound to him by a tie purely of the soul, yet grounded in sympathy and natural charity only. At first Zip had seldom tried speaking to him—the process was so one-sided, and she so distrustful of her own powers of consolation. Efforts at entertainment had at first seemed too out of place, but after awhile, when Squire Cadwallader's experiment had made it seem certain to her that the whole man was there, barring only his powers of communication with his kind, she began reading to him, most often, perhaps, from the Gospels, finding him apparently more interested and attentive than when she selected other books, but not seldom making her own choice and pleasure the vehicle for his. Direct speech with him, save as that was necessary, still came hard to her. But after awhile that difficulty, too, grew less important. She was abandoning hope of his recovery. As she stood beside him one day, after a long silence during which she had been pondering on many things, a line from *Elaine* floated into her mind as she came back from her reverie and caught the look of isolation and withdrawal in his eyes. Almost it passed her lips, but she refrained them from it:

> "The dead,
> Steered by the dumb, went upward with the flood."

And that day she began what afterwards grew into a curious, habitual confidence, but which doubtless owed its inception to her fixed belief that the old man was going silently down into his grave. Perhaps all monologue must in the end grow personal, however it begin. The girl was now so essential to John Van Alstyne's comfort that almost all her leisure time was spent near him. And, from the necessity of the case, she was usually otherwise companionless, except now and again for one of Mrs. Lant's little girls. So, presently, moved in the first instance by the thought of amusing him, and afterwards drawn on by that pleasure of self-outpouring which only the absence of a dumb confidant denies to more people than would care to confess to the fact, she fell into a way of talking out to him nearly all that went on within her mind—her girlish dreams and fancies, her thoughts about the present and the future, her doubts and her beliefs, her hopes and fears. It was an innocent, and under the precise circumstances not an unnatural, thing to do. Not a little of the great personal literature of the world—the Soliloquies, and the Confessions, and the Dialogues of saints, as well as the *Journals Intimes* of men like Amiel—must have sprung out of a need not more interior, and, in its fundamental basis, not less natural, than hers.

It struck her one day when she came in after school that Mr. Van Alstyne's expression was more despondent than usual. The approaching end of the school term had now made definite in her mind that resolution to remain at her post as nurse of which mention has been made already. She sat down on the footstool in front of him and laid her warm young hands on his.

"Does it please you to have me here?" she asked him with a sudden yearning to console. His free hand closed strongly on hers—nay, it even seemed to her that there was motion in the other. It was characteristic of a certain exaltation of mood of which she was capable, that at the moment the fact signified nothing to her but as a more emphatic expression of his answer. She went on:

"Have you thought—have you remembered that my time here is almost ended? I wanted to tell you. I am not going to keep the school. It tires me. But I mean to stay here, with you, and take care of you just as long as ever you need me. You *do* want me, don't you? I want to stay."

The old man's eyes brightened, and the slow, pathetic smile that sometimes shone across his lips came there before he tried to open them. His efforts to speak had been more rare of late.

"I want," he said, and sighed. Then he tried again. "I want—you."

"Oh! thank God!" cried the girl. "You spoke—and you said what you tried to say. And oh! your hand moves, your right hand! It did before, and I never thought what it meant. You *are* going to be better and to speak! Oh! thank God!"

She put her face down on his hand and he felt her glad tears wet it. It was a good hand, a generous hand, that out of pure human sympathy had been held out impartially to all who needed its assistance. No doubt it was well that when life and sensation began once more to flood its nerves and veins a purely human sympathy should likewise be first to bid them welcome.

XXXII.

A FREE TRANSLATION.

ONE morning, shortly after the occurrence of the scene just narrated, Zipporah went into the library, after a late breakfast, to choose a book with which to amuse both herself and her silent listener. She had detailed what happened to Squire Cadwallader, and, like herself, he had gained renewed hope from it. But John Van Alstyne's further efforts at speech, made in response to the squire and to Paul Murray, distressed him so much that they were discontinued. The sick man's mind, if the disconnected words that came to his lips could be taken in evidence, was full of matters which it was thought unwise to discuss before him.

"He is improving," affirmed the squire, in a voice that was more grave than was habitual; "not so rapidly as I thought might be possible a month ago, but steadily. But he must be kept quiet and not allowed to agitate himself so. His speech, when it returns, will not do so through any effort of his own. I don't like at all the flush that comes when he tries to get at business matters with you, Murray. I should keep away from him for awhile, in your place."

"You think he attaches a definite meaning to his words now, do you?"

"I'm sure of it. When he says 'mill,' for instance, or when he said 'Mount,' just now. He would like to see his lawyer, I suppose, but at present I would rather he didn't. The girls are the best company for him for awhile yet. They cheer him up and amuse him, and he don't connect them in his own mind with disturbing matters."

It was a Sunday morning, the first Sunday of winter, cold, and clear, and bright. The road, full of frost, but as yet unvisited by snow, creaked loudly under the wheels of the church-going vehicles passing John Van Alstyne's door. He had not sat down-stairs yet since his illness began, but was expecting to do so in the course of the week just opening. And as Zipporah had a fancy that the library, with its southern exposure and wide bay-window, was the pleasantest of all the lower rooms, it had been opened and fires kept burning in it lately, so that the invalid should find it cheery when he removed thither. As a library it did not amount to a great deal. John Van Alstyne himself had never been much of a reading man, and the volumes which filled a couple of book-cases on either side of the chimney-piece were partly the accumulations of his father and partly those of his son. The latter, a man of desultory tastes, an idler rather than a student, but with a quick sense of literary values, had made a very miscellaneous collection, in which he aimed at nothing further than his own present gratification. Zipporah had dipped into it now and again, and lighted on many books which, had her time been less occupied, or her outside interests fewer than they soon became, might have been of doubtful utility to her. Some of them were well-known classics, and recalled to her mind the dictum of her late professor of rhetoric, that culture was to be acquired by reading the best things, and that the best things were those which the cultivated had unanimously agreed to call so. If she had had nothing else to do, Zipporah would probably have set seriously to work at cultivating herself in John Van Alstyne's library that fall; as it was, she had her hands full of what was, on the whole, more useful employment.

This morning she was somewhat slow about making a choice. Despite her attachment to Mr. Van Alstyne, and in despite, too, of a sense of virtuous doing which now and again came to cheer her when she reflected on what she was about, the girl was a good deal alone nowadays, and she was feeling it more than usual. Miss Murray's visits had naturally been paid most often during school hours. School was now ended, so far as Zipporah was concerned, and that particular companionship would doubtless be resumed. There had been another, but for some reason Paul Murray's visits to the sick-room had also been fewer since his sister left it, and his manner, when he came there, more constrained. And since the caution Squire Cadwallader had given him he had not entered the house at all, though his messengers came every night and morning. And that was a long while ago, thought Zip—four days at least. She had seen him driving past on the road to church, with the carryall full of old people behind him, while she was standing at the breakfast-room window. And though her affection for Mr. Van Alstyne was most sincere, and her heroic resolves in his regard still up to concert pitch, she was, for some reason or other, a little out of tune within herself, and half-inclined to accuse life of a certain lack of flavor.

She turned over book after book without finding anything to her taste for several minutes. At last she fetched the steps, and mounting them, began to rummage among a pile of pamphlets and books in paper covers, which filled one of the top shelves. One of these, an issue of the Paris *Bibliothèque Bleue*, at last struck her fancy. It bore a great name on its rough blue cover, and as she ran over the introduction with which Sainte-Beuve had prefaced it, she found him saying that when one had read the three tales it contained, *René*, and *Atala*, and *Les Aventures du Dernier Abencerage*, one had known the best that Chateaubriand had to give. For a few minutes she sat still on the top step, and after running quickly over the pages of the first two, decided that she was hardly in the humor to make herself mistress of that best this morning. But as she glanced through the history of the ill-fated Aben-Hamet one sentence arrested her: "*Je t'aimerais,*" *répondit le Maure,* "*plus que la gloire et moins que l'honneur.*" * Zipporah descended the steps and carried the little blue pamphlet with her to Mr. Van Alstyne's room.

The old man seemed inclined to be drowsy, and in a quarter of an hour or so Zip, who, being conscientious about her task of amusing him, had begun a very free translation of the story of the last Abencerage, noticed that his eyes were closed and he was sleeping. She went on with the tale in silence and had finished it before noonday. It moved her very deeply, but it set her to thinking also. In the afternoon she narrated it in her own way to Mr. Van Alstyne.

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* "I would love thee," responded the Moor, "more than glory and less than honor."

"They were lovers, you see," she went on after the briefest summary of the situation. "He was a Moor and a Mussulman, and she a Christian and a Spaniard. And her ancestor, the Cid, had killed Aben-Hamet's grandfather in battle. He was the last of his family, and she and her brother, Don Carlos, who refused to marry, and proposed to give all the property to her, were the last of theirs. He wanted her to marry his friend, De Lautrec, a Frenchman. But Blanca loved Aben-Hamet. She did not know he was an Abencerage and he did not know she descended from the Cid. But what they both knew was that they loved each other and differed in religion. Neither of them would yield, so Aben-Hamet went back to Carthage for a year, and then returned to see whether Blanca had changed her mind. They are both very noble. Before he goes he says to her—wait a minute, until I get the book and read it—'I promise thee never to give my heart to another woman, and to take thee for my wife as soon as thou shalt accept the holy law of the prophet?' And she answers: 'And for me, I shall await thee always; I will guard until my last breath the faith I have sworn thee, and I will receive thee as my husband when the God of Christians, more powerful than thy beloved, shall have touched thy infidel heart.' Isn't that beautiful? Well, Aben-Hamet comes back in just a year, and they love each other more than ever, but are just as firm. 'Be a Christian,' Blanca says to him, and he answers, 'Be a Mahometan'—and they separate again without having yielded to the passion which draws them to each other.'" Zip was translating again. Then she resumed her rapid condensation of the tale.

"At the end of the next year Aben-Hamet comes once more, and this time he meets Don Carlos and De Lautrec. He is very jealous of the Frenchman, and he has a duel with Don Carlos, in which he gets the best of it. I was glad of that. I like Aben-Hamet. Don Carlos fights him to make him give up the thought of his sister and go away. What do you think Don Carlos says just before they fight? They are beside the tomb of one of the old Moors. 'Imitate,' he says, 'this brave infidel and receive *both baptism and death from my hand'!* And Aben-Hamet answers: 'Death, perhaps, but live Allah and the prophet!' And he disarms Don Carlos, but will not take his life. Then Doña Blanca and the Frenchman ride up, and they get reconciled somehow, and after that Aben-Hamet makes up his mind that as there is no hope for him unless he becomes a Christian he will do so. He enters a church one night—it had been a mosque in the old days—and there he sees the Frenchman at prayer. He kneels down himself, but just as he does so he sees some old Moorish inscription, and that changes his feeling about it, and he goes out. But at the door he meets Blanca. He asks her if she is going there to meet the Frenchman. Then she is splendid. She says: 'Leave these vulgar jealousies. If I loved thee no more I would tell thee so. I would disdain to deceive thee. I came here to pray for thee; thou alone art now the object of my vows; I forget my own soul for thine. Either cease to intoxicate me with the poison of thy love or consent to serve the God whom I serve. . . . Behold this abode of death; it is enchanted. Unless thou hasten to receive my faith at the foot of its altar, I shall soon rest there. The struggles I pass through undermine my life; the passion thou inspirest will not always sustain my frail existence. Remember, O Moor, to speak after thine own fashion, the flame that illumes the torch is also the flame that consumes it.'"

"That is fine," commented Zip. "All that is very fine. But afterwards comes the end, and that I do not understand. Aben-Hamet gives up his opposition; he determines to be a Christian and goes to see Blanca and tell her so. She is not at home—she and her brother are paying a visit to the Frenchman, and Aben-Hamet follows them. They have a pleasant evening until they begin singing songs, and through the songs it is discovered that Blanca descends from the Cid and that Aben-Hamet is the last Abencerage. And Aben-Hamet, who was willing to renounce his religion, finds then that he cannot resolve to forget the family feud. He tells Blanca that he will give her back her promise, and that although he will always remember and be faithful to her, yet, if ever she can forget him, she ought to marry the Frenchman. 'You owe that to your brother,' he says. But then the Frenchman declares he will never profit by the misfortune of a man so noble. He begs him to become a Christian, and says he will then intercede with Don Carlos to give him Blanca's hand. Even Don Carlos joins in and persuades him, and at last Aben-Hamet says: "Ah! must I encounter here so many sublime souls, so many generous hearts, but to feel more deeply what I lose? Let Blanca decide. Let her say what I shall do to be more worthy of her love!' And then," cried Zip, getting up from the footstool where she had been facing John Van Alstyne—"then what do you think? Blanca says '*Return to the desert!*' And then she faints away, and he goes away, and never comes back! Think of that!"

"What do *you* think of that?" said a quiet voice at the door. The room was over-warm, and the door leading into the corridor was standing wide open. Paul Murray was leaning there against the jamb. Zipporah flushed. But Paul's presence there was not unusual, nor was it so that he should enter unannounced.

"Have you been here long?" she asked presently, in a tone very different from the animated one she had been using.

"Only long enough to catch the last of the story you were telling," said Paul, entering, and going to salute Mr. Van Alstyne. Then he turned to the girl again. "I did not want to interrupt you. The story is one I know pretty well by heart. Do you mind going on, as I fancy you would have done had I not spoken? What do you think of the ending? Why does Blanca surprise you so?"

"Only," said the girl, hesitating a little, "because I was not prepared to find her admitting so completely that her religion was less to her than she thought it was. I expected it in Aben-Hamet, of course."

"I am not sure I follow you," said Paul. "That climax is very much praised for its truth to human nature."

"And do you think it is?"

"True to human nature? Well, if you can grant human nature exalted to just that precise pitch, I am inclined to think it is. You remember, perhaps, that Chateaubriand says that he proposed making all four of those characters exceptionally noble, but not beyond nature?"

"No," said Zip, "I didn't notice that he said so. I read nothing but the story itself. But it does not seem in character to me. I cannot understand Blanca at all."

"But why?" insisted Paul. "Could she not have understood his struggle with himself, and perhaps dreaded lest she should seem to him to constrain him to remain?"

"Remain?" said Zip, with a scornful inflection. "He needn't have remained! That wasn't the question. Something new had come up, and he felt more about the quarrel between their ancestors than he did about his religion. He had made up his mind to give up that, and then the family feeling came in. I understand him, I think. But I had thought up to the very last that Blanca really did believe her religion was true."

"Ah!" said Paul, with an upward inflection. "And then you changed your mind?"

"Why, certainly. If she thought it was true, she must have thought it necessary for him to think so too. She wouldn't have said, 'Go back to your desert!' She would have brought him over to her faith at *any* cost. So I should think. And if neither of them really believed in their religion, why did they make so much fuss about it to begin with?"

"You think that religion is an affair of all or nothing, do you?"

"Don't you?"

"I do, certainly."

"But you said you thought the story was true to human nature."

"To a certain very exalted type of it. But when we come to matters of religious conviction, why, then we do go beyond human nature. I think, or at least I fear, that such conviction is a thing very much rarer than you seem to suppose. We are talking, just now, as if Blanca and Aben-Hamet were real people. What do you think either of them would have gained by yielding, simply, as it must have been, to please the other? Would she have been a true Mahometan, or he a true Christian?"

"I suppose not," said Zip. "But Blanca does seem real to me for the moment. And what she did proves to me that her religion was no more to her than his to him. I mean, she did not truly believe it. She kept to it because it was hers, not because it was true."

"And you don't think that noble? What do you think she should have said?"

"Oh! I don't know," answered the girl, turning away. "Of course, it is only a story. She had to speak at once and right there, before everybody. So perhaps she did the best she could. If you will stay awhile with Mr. Van Alstyne, Mr. Murray, I will go and take a walk; I have been indoors all day."

And then she went away, with a curious sense, which Paul Murray also shared, that in some manner their attitude toward each other had changed, or was on the point of changing. But in what way neither of them felt inspired to determine.

LEWIS R. DORSAY.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WORKMEN SHOULD NOT ONLY ACT BUT THINK.

There is no doubt that they do think. Whatever there is of improvement in their condition to-day is sprung from careful thought on their own condition, and prompt action at the right moment. But what I wish to point out is that hitherto there has been more acting than thinking among workmen; more enthusiasm, for example, in carrying out a strike than patient study of the best methods. It will not be difficult to prove the truth of this statement. Mr. Powderly has already advanced it in his latest circular to the association of which he is the head. He finds that there is great need of instruction among his brethren, and he suggests the establishment of a lecture bureau, whose business it will be to wake up the thinking powers of workmen, and show them, among many other things, that a strike will not infallibly settle a difficulty, that patience and obedience are necessary virtues in big and little matters, and that many factors enter into the labor grievance which high wages alone cannot put aside. He says plainly that many of the members of his order do not think enough, and do not know enough to handle intelligently the difficulties in the way. The same can be said of workmen outside the order, and even of the average business man, the politician, and the manufacturer.

It can easily be guessed what brought out Mr. Powderly's circular. There is a lull in the din of conflict between labor and capital. The boycott, the lockout, and the strike, along with the much-vaunted arbitration, have all failed to do very much more than waste money and temper, and seem to have been laid aside for the moment by common consent. It is to be observed, too, that events have shown a lack of discipline among some of the labor organizations. Yet after fifteen years of warfare no weapons have been found to replace the strike and the boycott. In other words, the labor cause has not advanced as much as was hoped, and at present there is something like an actual halt. No one seems to know what may be done next with advantage. Mr. Powderly with very good sense suggests that all hands call in lecturers, and open books and study a little. Some vital questions are yet unsettled. Is there not something more decisive and yet less violent than the strike with which to get better wages? Many wise men think there is. Mr. Powderly's lecturers will find themselves under the necessity of removing some popular heresies before they can get to work at the first principles. Workmen must be convinced that they cannot study and think too much if they are going to secure their just position in the social system.

Perhaps it may seem presumptuous to offer large suggestions in connection with Mr. Powderly's letter, but in my experience I have often found many thoughtful workmen—that is, of the class interested in improving their own condition—holding wrong principles, often ignorant of the real causes of social deficiencies, and obstinately wedded to obsolete methods for supplying these deficiencies. It will do no harm to let a little light fall on these points.

Wrong principles are commonly circulating as good coin nowadays. Often the workman swears by the axiom which his employer uses as a pretext to reduce his wages. Here, in order, are a few specimens of the counterfeit principles which in certain cases guide the average citizen of this country:

The law of supply and demand fixes the prices of *all* commodities.

You can honestly sell anything that will be bought.

It is fair to sell at any price you can get, taking advantage of a man's necessity or ignorance.

An employer may offer as low wages as a workman will take.

The buyer alone is to blame for the bad quality of the article bought.

Employers may make any conditions they please. If the workmen do not like them, they can go elsewhere.

It seems needless to comment on the sort of ethics expressed here, but their popularity provokes at least a remonstrance. Each of these propositions is false. The contradictory in each case is true. There is a tremendous fascination for the average mind in the "law of supply and demand," if there be such a thing. Certainly, if it do exist, it does not deserve the importance attached to it, it cannot be at the root of every business transaction, while in the matter of human labor it should not have the influence almost universally accorded it.

Yet employers claim a moral right to reduce wages on the sole ground that laborers are too numerous, and workmen claim exorbitant wages on the sole ground that employers must hire them or go without. In the first case a workman's services may be worth more, in the second less, than he receives, and the injustice done no law of supply and demand can make just. It is perfectly true that a small demand for an article lessens its market value. But the diminished value can never without injustice fall below a certain mark in transactions among human beings. Yet the popular notion is that a plentiful supply and a small demand justify a buyer in dismissing all other considerations and buying at insignificant prices. Here, then, is a principle, fondly held and practised by workmen and employers both, which is nothing less than a good club for beating out each other's brains. As such they have used it, and will continue to use it until common sense and charity replace crude notions of political economy.

To the other false principles it may be briefly replied: That if one can sell anything that will be bought, then manufacturers of adulterated articles, and owners of tenement-houses, decayed and tottering, can justly dispose of their wares and of their human pig-styes with calm consciences.

If a seller can take advantage of a man's ignorance or necessity, and a buyer is responsible for his own failure to make a good bargain, then the struggle for better wages is one grounded not on justice and charity, but on the workman's superior strength or skill in forcing or tricking the employer into paying good wages.

If an employer has the right to offer as low wages as a workman will take, without regard to the value of the work done, then a workman has a similar and counter right on his side; and therefore the industrial world divides into two armies, each ready to fly at the throat of the other on the question of wages.

If employers can make any conditions, and if the workman rejecting them can go elsewhere, and that is all there is about it, where could they go if all employers made hard conditions?

If the workmen make serious blunders in first principles, it is not to be wondered at that the sources of their troubles should be hidden from them, or false ones taken for the truth. But after all, the highest authorities are divided as to the source of labor troubles. The troubles themselves are well understood. Workmen are in many cases getting too low wages to live decently and comfortably, and cry out against the wage-payers. There is a real tendency to lower wages visible in almost every department of labor, and a corresponding facility for accumulating larger fortunes by capitalists. But what is the cause of this? There is no answer agreed upon. Workmen, capitalists, economists, and statesmen are all equally unsatisfactory in their solution of this difficulty. Henry George offers his land heresy as a reason, and his single tax as a solution of the difficulty, but finds few to agree with him. Political economists say that the distribution of wealth is unequal, and cannot show how to make it equal. Is there one cause or many for the trouble? No one knows. What one may know is, that in so obscure a condition workmen should be slow to make charges, and to act upon insufficient evidence. Here is an interesting bit of sufficient evidence: The A. B. & C. Company, of Chicago, has built up an immense meat-trade throughout the country, and it may be said that it alone makes money out of it. Besides the company itself, seven parties are concerned in this meat business: stock-raisers, railroad corporations, railroad employees, the meat company's workmen, wholesale dealers in meat, retail dealers in meat, and consumers. Prices at retail are reasonably high, but of the seven parties to the meat business, excluding the consumers, only three receive satisfactory compensation for their labor and interest: wholesale dealers, railroad corporations, and The A. B. & C. Company. The many stock-raisers get a bare profit, retail dealers would not handle the company's meat if they could avoid so unprofitable a business, and the various employees are constantly rising in arms against the meat company and the common carriers, both of which classes are managed by men who are many times millionaires.

Here, then, is a case which presents many reasons for the poor condition of certain laborers, and the more than comfortable increase in employers' fortunes.

First. The A. B. & C. Company and the railroads are desirous of adding to their wealth, and it is their greed—it is sometimes called the business spirit—which urges them to hire the cheapest labor possible, and to keep on cheapening it.

Second. There is as yet no social principle established which gives the laborer any greater interest in his employer's business than can be represented by the market price of labor, no matter how good the quality of the labor of individual laborers may be.

Third. The Chicago Company takes advantage of the stock-raisers, who can sell to no one else, and cheapens their labor by cheapening its results.

Fourth. The railroads make greed the basis of their charges and the basis of their wages.

Fifth. There is no law on the statute-book which might control the public conscience of the great meat company and the railroad corporations, because it is a common belief that the law of supply and demand sooner or later regulates prices like a charm. But in this instance The A. B. & C. Company and the railroads regulate supply and demand—so regulate prices. Greed, ignorance, dishonesty, and defective or wanting statutes are here the primary causes why a certain large number of workmen get low wages and never improve their condition. If the corporations mentioned could once be safely placed in the grip of the law, a great advance could be made in the condition of labor. Is it such an attempt workmen are making? No; they are fighting their oppressors with the foolish and expensive strike, and meanwhile the old corporations flourish and new ones are springing up, big and little, on every side. We do not deny the benefit gained by strikes, for they have been notable; but not nearly so notable as the harm done. Without saying, either, that it were better the men had not resorted to strikes, we maintain that such methods are totally incompetent to achieve a radical and permanent success. The workmen pay little attention to the defective statute, or to the preparation and passage of good laws. Hence the need of Mr. Powderly's lecture bureau.

Mr. Powderly would have the labor organization over which he presides throw its vast influence into new channels. He would have it take thought now, to devise new methods, to search for real causes, to become familiar with right principles, and, above all, with a firm faith in the ultimate success of the right, to suffer and wait in generous patience until persistent effort has done away with wrongs.

Perhaps one might supplement the general tenor of Mr. Powderly's circular with more precise lines of study, thought, and action for the workman to follow. Here are a few:

If bad principles are prevalent in the social state of men, as we have shown them to be on certain points, and if greed and ambition are causes in part of the sufferings of the poor, the only radical cure is religion, of which there is far too little in this country, and among non-Catholic workmen almost none at all. The spread and deepening of its influence among employers and employed will do away with much injustice.

If causes are obscure, and minds are in doubt as to the real sources of trouble, then study to discover true causes and sources, and defer action until action is sure to be effective. What use to waste time and ammunition shooting at a stump in the dark? When the source of any evil is finally found, destroy it in such a way that it will never appear more on this earth. For example, one cause of low wages is the employment of children where adults should be employed. End that abuse for ever.

The strike and the boycott are played out as methods to be used on a large scale or to advance the interests of workmen generally. Put them aside. If you wish to punish a corporation for reducing wages unjustly, go to the legislature with an act which will lessen its unjust gains and cripple its unlawful privileges.

Organize your societies efficiently, practice strict obedience to the leaders, then frame laws which will root out abuses and bring them to the legislatures. If they are not passed, the organizations can punish local members by not voting for their return to the legislature. When they do become laws, look after their execution. Much could be said about organizing. I have heard from well-informed men that there is no such thing existing as a really well-organized labor society.

One thing in connection with workmen I have never been able to understand. For years they have spent millions of money in a vain attempt to raise wages, not understanding why wages fell, and therefore ignorant of true methods; while evils which were understood and might have been remedied, and useful things which might have been obtained, were altogether neglected. For example, the rotten tenements could have been wiped out of existence, the number of public parks increased, the liquor giant fettered, the laws of health looked after in factories, the coal and food monopolies chained, and the child-labor abuse destroyed. These things have been attended to only imperfectly, or not at all—often, indeed, by wealthy philanthropists—and yet they have a far stronger bearing on the labor problem than the popular "law of supply and demand."

There is a lull in the struggle for better wages at the present moment. Workmen do not seem to know what can next be done with advantage. Money has been spent, old methods still prevail, and wages are descending. It is a good time to think.

John Talbot Smith.

TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

BENZIGER BROTHERS have on sale Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.'s latest London edition of "The Prig" series, which now comprises *The Life of a Prig*, *Prig's Bede*, *How to Make a Saint*, and *The Churgress*. They are printed in clear type on good paper, with uncut edges, wide margins, and a substantial and tasteful binding which adapts them well to library purposes. It is too late in the day to say anything new in praise of their literary or other qualities. The first of the series still remains the most amusing, for the reason that the quality of its raillery permits the reader to accept the author in his unalloyed priggishness, rapt in the contemplation of his own perfections, and not squinting too obviously in the direction of any other model. In the nature of things that attitude could not be maintained long. The succeeding books are quite as clever in other ways, and *The Churgress*, which inevitably recalls the late T. W. M. Marshall's *Comedy of Convocation*, in the matter of telling and effective satire, aimed in a given direction, is better in all ways, or, at least, in all ways except the purely artistic one. For the priggishness of the Prig has now become too evidently perfunctory. He has ranged himself, which the true prig never does, and, in so doing, he has made it impossible for all hands to exchange quiet smiles over him alone. It is necessary now either to laugh with him or to make wry faces in solitary corners.

One of Mr. Rider Haggard's new novels—he rushes them out so fast that it is impossible to keep track of them all—is an amusing skit at the publishing confraternity from the author's point of view. It is called *Mr. Meeson's Will* (New York: Harper & Brothers). Mr. Meeson is the head of a publishing house in Birmingham, "the most remarkable institution of the kind in Europe," which employs two thousand hands and whose buildings cover two and a quarter acres. Among these "hands" are numbered "five-and-twenty tame authors," who sit, week in and week out, in "vault-like hutches in the basement," and, "at salaries varying from one to five hundred a year," pour out that ceaseless stream of books, "largely religious in their nature," which has made the proprietors of the firm several times millionaires in pounds sterling. "And to think," as Meeson says when displaying the magnificence of his private palace to some poor wretch of an author—

"to think that all this comes out of the brains of chaps like you! Why, young man, I tell you that if all the money that has been paid to you scribblers since the days of Elizabeth were added together, it would not come up to my little pile; but, mind you, it an't so much fiction that has done the trick—it's religion. It's piety as pays, especially when it's printed."

To Mr. Meeson comes one fine day when he is in uncommonly bad humor, because the net dividend from the Australian branch of his house has fallen to a beggarly seven per cent., a golden-haired, gray-eyed beauty of an authoress, on whose successful novel, "Jemima's Vow," the firm has just been making a clear thousand pounds. Miss Augusta Smithers, who sold him the manuscript for fifty pounds, signing at the same time an agreement to let him have anything she may wish to publish for the next five years for seven per cent. of the profits, has come to beg Mr. Meeson to be a little more generous to her, in view, not merely of the wholly unexpected success of her story, but of her pressing needs. She has a little sister dying at home, she is nearly at the end of her resources, and she has just been offered, by another publisher a thousand pounds for the copyright of a completed story now lying in her desk. If Mr. Meeson will not give her enough to take her sister abroad, will he not release her from the engagement and permit her to realize on her second novel? He will do neither, whereupon Miss Smithers declares that she will not only publish nothing at all for five years, but will write to the papers explaining the cause of her inactivity.

At this unpleasant interview Mr. Meeson's nephew and sole heir, a recent Oxford graduate, happens to be present. He falls in love with Miss Smithers on the spot, and on her withdrawal berates his uncle so roundly that the old gentleman betakes himself to his lawyer and revokes his will, cutting Eustace off without a penny and dividing his two millions equally between the other members of the firm. Then he sets out for Australia to investigate the financial shrinkage in the book trade. He embarks on the *Kangaroo*, on which vessel Miss Smithers also sails, as a second-class passenger. She is on her way to a missionary cousin in New Zealand, with whom she proposes to make her home until the period of her engagement with Meeson shall be ended. Her sister is dead, and she has no tie to bind her to England save a recollection of the kind and handsome face of Eustace Meeson, whom she has seen once since meeting him in the publishing office. The *Kangaroo* is wrecked, and Mr. Meeson, Miss Smithers, a five-year-old boy, and two sailors escape in one of the two boats that are safely launched, and make Kerguelen Land on the second day after the mishap.

Mr. Meeson, smitten with death by reason of the exposure, is also conscience-smitten on account of his nephew and several other matters. He wants to make a new will, in the hope that a passing ship may rescue one or other of his companions, and Miss Smithers encourages the notion. But how to do it? Not a scrap of paper, not a pencil, not even a shred of linen exists on the island, everybody happening to have left the ship in flannels. Miss Smithers gets a happy thought from the tattooing on the arm of one of the sailors, who has inscribed his own name in full on his forearm. She thinks that if Johnnie Butt would allow his fellow-tar to tattoo Mr. Meeson's will on his back, it could be signed by Mr. Meeson and witnessed by herself and the novel scrivener. But Johnnie objecting in "language more striking than correct," Mr. Meeson proposes the child's back as an alternative, to which Miss Smithers demurs as emphatically as Johnnie, but in better taste.

> "Well, then, there's about an end of the question," said Bill; "and this gentleman's money must go wherever it is he don't want it to."
>
> "No," said Augusta with a sudden flush, "there is not. Mr. Eustace Meeson was once very kind to me, and rather than he should lose the chance of getting what he ought to have, I—I will be tattooed."

An obliging cuttle-fish having turned up just in time, Mr. Meeson's will, which is brief—"I leave all my property to Eustace H. Meeson"—is tattooed accordingly, and duly signed and witnessed, just across the top of Miss Smithers' shoulders, thereby destroying once and for ever all chance of her presentation at the court of Victoria. Then Mr. Meeson dies, having first, in an agony of remorse, unburdened his conscience to Miss Smithers.

> "'I am going to die!'" he groaned; 'I am going to die, and I've been a bad man: *I've been the head of a publishing company all my life.*' . . . Augusta gently pointed out to him that publishing was a very respectable business when fairly and properly carried on, and not one that ought to weigh heavy on a man at the last, like the record of a career of successful usury or burgling. But Meeson shook his heavy head."

How Miss Smithers is rescued, how the will is admitted to probate, how she marries Eustace, who immediately goes into co-operation with the "tame authors" on a more equitable basis—for all these things we refer the reader to Mr. Haggard himself. He writes with a "vim"—shall we add, with a tireless speed?—which makes it probable that, had he ever occupied one of the Meeson hutches he would have been counted worth at least five hundred a year to the establishment.

Pictures of Hellas (New York: W. S. Gottsberger) is translated by Mary J. Safford from the Danish of Peter Mariager. It consists of five short tales illustrative of private life in Greece from the Pelasgian period down to 367 B.C. The author explains in an interesting preface the difficulty he has found in collecting his material, on account of the great rarity of personal and private details in Greek literature. He claims, however, to have rested step by step on the classic authors in the delineations he has attempted. But as he has with set purpose avoided "giving the dialogues a form so ancient that they would not be read," and has selected as the pivot for each of his tales that perennially modern motive, love, which he handles, also, like the modern man he is, they are sufficiently easy and pleasant reading. And if they suggest that the men and women of ancient Greece must have differed mainly in point of costume from the men and women of to-day, that may as well be attributed to the real sameness of human nature as to the paucity of personal details furnished by Greek literature. "Zeus Hypsistos" seems to us the best of these stories.

Robert Elsmere (New York and London: Macmillan & Co.) is Mrs. Humphrey Ward's second novel. The first was published nearly three years ago, and had Miss Mary Anderson for the heroine, under the name of *Miss Bretherton*, which was also the title of the novel. Its announcement created a pleased anticipation in the minds of those who had read a couple of essays on Keats, and one on the late Henri Amiel, which had appeared in *Macmillan's* not long before, and were understood to be by Mrs. Ward. These were beautifully written so far as mere diction was concerned, and those on Keats, which traced the process by which some of his most felicitous lines, which appear to have been fixed with one happy cast of the die, were in truth gradual emergences from cockneyisms which raise gooseflesh, were instructive and interesting as well. The paper on Amiel was more suggestive than satisfactory. When Mrs. Ward talked about him the reader's expectations were raised to a very high pitch, but when she began to justify her praise by translations, they went down far more rapidly than they had risen. There was no verb in these soliloquies and aspirations which were to reveal to us a new Augustine or à Kempis. They resembled too much the worship which Crusoe's man Friday described as having been made by the old men of his nation to their gods. They merely climbed up a mountain and said O! to them.

Miss Bretherton also, considered as the work of Mrs. Ward, was in the nature of a shrinkage of nominal values. Everybody identified the heroine at once, and though a denial was authorized, the likeness was too striking for it to be accepted. The young American actress, travelling with hardly presentable relatives, beautiful, ignorant, unmagnetic, unable to read French, and with a prim, puritanical notion that even translations of French novels were to be avoided like poison, is gradually converted into a really fine *artiste*, partly by the power of love for an art-critic, but in great part, also, by overcoming her ignorant repugnance to French novels. The book was read and talked about on account of its subject, but made no great hit.

Robert Elsmere, however, having passed already through seven editions in London, and having been selected by Mr. Gladstone as the subject of an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, may be fairly called a success from the author's point of view. It has the merits and the defects of all her previous work. Mrs. Ward, who is a niece of the late Matthew Arnold, has the family gift of distinction in point of style. One may admit that fully, and yet find a certain sarcastic ring in Mr. Gladstone's remark that "the strength of the book seems to lie," for one thing, "in an extraordinary wealth of diction." There are six hundred and four closely printed pages in her novel, and perhaps half of them are most unnecessary padding, sometimes pleasantly descriptive, sometimes irrelevantly psychological, but still oftener talks by the author about talk which is supposed to have passed between various characters of her story. Squire Wendover, an ultra-sceptic with insanity in his blood, who in his youth "was one of Newman's victims," is the instrument by which the conversion of *Robert Elsmere* from Anglican orthodoxy to the standpoint of Matthew Arnold's *Literature and Dogma* is accomplished.

The squire has written books to prove that what is called historical Christianity is unhistorical, by showing that "testimony, like every other human product, has *developed*." The man of the nineteenth century, even the scientific man, *vide* Huxley's admission to certain Anglican bishops, is not an absolutely veracious witness. But, compared with him of the first, he is as Huxley to the missing link.

> "Man's power of apprehending and recording what he sees and hears has grown from less to more, from weaker to stronger, like any other of his faculties, just as the reasoning powers of the cave-dweller have developed into the reasoning powers of a Kant.(!) *What one wants is the ordered proof of this, and it can be got from history and experience.*"

The method by which "it can be got" is sometimes known as "the philosophy of history." Its objective point being the overthrow of the Christian religion, it begins with the assumption, "Miracles do not happen," and works around to it again as a conclusion through much archæological, historical, and literary criticism. Those who are familiar with Mr. Matthew Arnold's essays, addressed to the great middle class, because, as he avows, the English upper classes are barbarians, who do not, in any true sense, know how to read, have already got a fair idea of both the destructive and the constructive method used by Mrs. Ward in this novel. The task which each writer undertook was to get rid of the idea of a personal God, and to replace it by that of "a stream of tendency," an "eternal not-ourselves which makes for righteousness"; to deny the Incarnation and Resurrection as literal, historic facts, and yet to retain in their integrity those teachings of the man Jesus which have a bearing on "conduct." And "conduct," as Mr. Arnold has told us, really means keeping one's temper, and regulating properly the "reproductive instinct." Unless men and women generally do the latter fairly well, we shall none of us, in the long run, be able to do the former at all, unless we abandon our dignity as human beings. And if we are forced to that, what will become of "culture" and the "cultivated"?

So Mrs. Ward writes a novel, as her uncle wrote essays, to show that "sweet reasonableness" may replace Christian faith, and "altruism" Christian charity, and not only nobody be any worse off, but the "lower classes," who are now throwing "dogma" contemptuously aside and going boldly in for beastliness and rage against those better-off than themselves, may be made to re-accept the only practical outcome of Christianity that was ever worth talking about, by showing them that although the Gospels are pretty fables and "*miracles do not happen*," yet that to be "mild and lowly of heart," and chaste and self-restrained in action, will really result in the greatest possible happiness attainable. It is quite certain there will be fewer brawls if we all keep out of gin-palaces and beer-saloons, and other still more objectionable places; if we keep our earnings for a rainy day at the bottom of the social ladder, and keep our tenement-houses in good repair at the top. Come, brethren, clasp hands and do it, and meanwhile we, who are literary, will earn our living by showing you how inevitably the development theory, as applied to testimony, proves that Jesus never did and said most of the things attributed to him by the New Testament writers, or else that, far superior as he was to the teachers who preceded him, he made the mistakes natural to that inchoate and undeveloped and uncultivated period in which he lived. It is humiliating, of course, as M. Renan has already pointed out, that criticism, and archæology, and digging into documents, and finding symbolisms, only ends by landing the most cultivated on the same spot that the blaspheming street-urchin gets to at a single bound. But if you who aspire to culture will resolutely close your ears to those who are trying to persuade you that the urchin makes his leap merely to get rid of the dread of retribution, and allow us to show you that it must, instead, be his awakened reason which rejects Christianity, the travail of the critic and the scientist and the "writing feller," as our noble barbarians call us, will not have been wholly in vain.

That is the real theme of *Robert Elsmere.* In its working out it is intolerably diffuse, even though, as Mr. Gladstone says, it is above all remarkable "in the sense of omission with which the writer is evidently possessed." What she omits, however, is precisely what she would have put in had she fully grasped her case and felt it to be a strong one; the reason, that is, for the unfaith that is in her, and the arguments which appear to make it reasonable. What we get instead is a lot of altruistic rubbish, some not very vivid but greatly spread-out love-making, and much sounding description of the damaging results wrought upon Robert Elsmere's faith by blows of which we are allowed to get the distant echoes only. Can it be possible that those echoes were likewise all that reached the ears of Mrs. Ward?

A Counsel of Perfection (New York: D. Appleton & Co.) is by Lucas Malet, the *nom de plume* of Mrs. Harrison, a daughter of the late Charles Kingsley. It is very well written, in the manner of Mr. Henry James. The heroine, Lydia Casteen, is a "child-eyed spinster" of thirty-seven, whose life, up to the period when the story opens, has been spent in acting as amanuensis, proof-reader, and what-not to an unloving and exacting father, the rector of Bishop's Marston, who is engaged on a great history of the early church. After a good deal of petty vexation, Lydia manages to get leave of absence for a month, which she passes in Switzerland with friends. There she has her first and last bit of romance, being flirted with in a shilly-shally sort of way by a pudgy and *blasé* bachelor, who begins because he has nothing else to occupy his time, and finally ends by being shamed into making a proposal which he is greatly relieved to find rejected. Lydia, however, loves him. She refuses him only because she is indispensable to her father. There is no more than that to the story proper, but it is told with many deft touches and much good writing. Still, it leaves that sort of unpleasant memory after it which is produced by the novels of many women, and which one can only attribute to a lack of delicacy in their authors, and fairly describe only by quotation. Thus, for example:

> "For what, after all, had she found in these last two sunny weeks that made his loss seem to her so lamentably great? Lydia did not dare to ask herself quite plainly. And even had she asked herself, she was too innocent, ignorant if you will, to answer clearly. For all the unsatisfied desire of her emotional nature—and of her physical nature also—all the latent motherhood that lay folded in her heart, as some fair blossom within the bud, had awoke silently, gradually, its eyelids touched at last with the light of a delicious dawning of unconscious love and hope."

That is the kind of thing which "realism" in art, and the "science-man," and the development theory for the present produce in the better class of female writers who acknowledge their shaping influence. We were about to quote from another novel *His Way and Her Will*, by A. X. (Chicago, New York, and San Francisco: Belford, Clarke & Co.), to show what they can do for natures of a very much lower grade. But on second thought we refrain, assuring the reader that the book, although intended to point a moral, to uphold the beauties of virtuous living, and to paint the manners of the "best" American society, is emphatically one to throw into the fire.

A Débutante in New York Society, by Rachel Buchanan, and *A Woman's Face*, by Florence Warden, both issued by D. Appleton & Co., are much better than the work of A. X. Still, the débutante is rather too priggish and self-conceited. Old-fashioned people incline to the belief that strictures on one's mother are not in the best taste, and that if they must be made, they should not be put into the mouths of young ladies who are intended to impress the reader with their manifold perfections. New York society, if this débutante paints it well, cannot be called specially enticing. Miss Warden's story is well told, plotty and interesting, and makes it easy to understand her vogue with the novel-reading public. And though there are, as seems almost inevitable in the novel of the period, two ill-assorted couples in it, for one of which the usual solution of continuity is provided, yet Miss Warden has contrived to keep both her sentiment and her situations out of the mire. Neither Alma Crosmont nor Dr. Armathwaite can be accused of deliberately peering over the barrier between them until the ordinary course of nature throws it down. And in the case of Millie Peele and her mother the strokes which show character, though few, are well done.

The scene of Mr. Isaac Henderson's second novel, *Agatha Page* (Boston: Ticknor & Co.), like that of its predecessor, *The Prelate*, is laid in Rome. The theme of it is an old one: the virtuous man who marries a noble woman for love, but who entertains, later on, a passing fancy for an ignoble woman who conceives a passion for him. Both women suffer greatly, the man not very much, and the wife comes out victorious and happy in the end. The wife, Agatha Page, is half-American by the way, and has been brought up at home by her uncle; her cousin and rival, a full-blood Italian, has, on the contrary, been educated in a convent, and "never taught that she actually owed consideration to either duty or authority." That strikes one as an omission so singular in convent-training that it suggests a grave doubt as to Mr. Henderson's value as a witness. He might, perhaps, be useful as an illustration of the way in which Mrs. Ward believes testimony to have *developed* in these times of critical inquiry. Mr. Henderson writes very smoothly and tells his story fairly well, but fails to be particularly entertaining.

Mr. S. Baring-Gould, who once wrote lives of saints for the high Anglican market, has of late years taken to novel-writing for the general public, and does it well. If we say that there is a faint pedagogic flavor about his work, we by no means wish to imply that his purpose is in any sense didactic. He means simply to tell a story which shall be both wholesome and amusing, and, so far as we know his work, he succeeds in doing so. It is his manner and not his matter which suggests the school master—the trick of iteration, the bald, prosaic statement of matters not at all important. And these are minor faults in a man who, notwithstanding them, succeeds in getting readers for decent work, done in a not irreligious spirit. His latest novel, *Eve* (New York: D. Appleton & Co.), describes the fortunes of the two daughters of Ignatius Jordan, an English Catholic gentleman, at a period some seventy or eighty years ago. Why the Jordans are made Catholics one fails to see, unless it be to cast a stain of illegitimacy on Eve, the younger daughter. The Jordans live at a place where no priest ever comes, and as Ignatius will not go before a parson for the ceremony, his second wife and he clasp hands before an altar in a disused abbey and swear a fidelity which they observe. The story is plotty, is meant to be dramatic, and succeeds in being entertaining, in spite of the fact that Mr. Baring-Gould does not create illusions. His characters are not more than agreeably constructed puppets, who talk for the most part in a style so peculiar to their author that one cannot, for that reason, call it unnatural. The Jew, in a story called *Court Royal* if our memory does not betray us, which Mr. Baring-Gould published some three years ago in the *Cornhill*, had tricks of speech so much like those of Ezekiel Babb in the present novel that he might be his double.

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

MY TWO CONVERSIONS.

[It is a simple story, perhaps not worth writing, but how I would wish to make its recital an act of thanksgiving to the good God! I was brought up in a family where religion was thought but little of. My mother had at one time professed the Episcopal faith, but for many years had neglected it and had relapsed into that most deplorable condition of soul—indifferentism. When but a tiny little girl I remember lisping the Hail Mary at my nurse's knee, for our servants were Catholics. All honor be to Catholic servants! God only knows how many conversions are wrought through the memory of the prayers they taught their little charges, and the effect of their example and influence.

My mother, feeling that I needed some religious training, sent me to a Lutheran Sunday-school not far from our home. But many a time would I secretly attend Mass with my Catholic nurse, instead of obeying the maternal directions. I was a delicate child and ill-health prevented me from attending school regularly. When it was possible I would leave the house unobserved and visit our Lord in the Tabernacle. I was then scarcely eight years old. Gradually one desire began to possess me: to become a Catholic. The desire grew daily, it absorbed my thoughts. I become a Catholic! But how? I once timidly attempted to broach the subject to my mother, but was frightened by her almost violent opposition. I never endeavored to pursue the subject farther. For months I waited, and meantime I fairly haunted the Catholic Church. I did not have courage to speak to one of the priests. At last our Lord showed me a way to come to him. Leaving the chapel one day a sweet-faced lady approached me and smilingly asked me if I would say a prayer for her intention. Here at last was an opportunity to speak to a Catholic who, perhaps, might aid me. "Oh! yes," I answered, "but I'm not a Catholic." "No?" "Oh! could you please tell me where I could get a rosary? I have saved all my pennies. I have a prayer-book, but I want a rosary so much." She took me around the corner and showed me a convent, and promised if I would come there the following day she would leave a rosary for me with the portress. To-morrow was long in coming. I felt that I was drawing nearer to God as I stood upon the steps that led to the convent door. I procured the rosary, chatted with the portress, told her of my great desire to become a Catholic, and was most cordially invited to call again; an invitation I gladly availed myself of. Oh! the many excuses I made to leave our house. The fondness I suddenly developed for playing with all the children I knew in the neighborhood! Anything to get to the convent, where I knew I would receive aid. The nuns were kind, very kind. It was remarkable, they said, to see a child so persistent in her endeavors to become a Catholic. I again met the kind lady who gave me the rosary. She and her friends became much interested in me.

I insisted on being baptized. Of course they objected. They did not feel as though they could do so without my mother's consent. And it would be useless to endeavor to procure that. I did not know if I had ever been baptized. If they did not have me baptized, I said I would go some place else. I was determined; baptized I must be. Finally, after many entreaties on my part and much earnest thought on the part of my friends, I was made a child of God; the lady who had given me the rosary acting as sponsor. I was but nine years and six months old. My friends' kindness did not end here; I must make my first Communion. After being duly prepared, a day was named. I stole from our home before five o'clock one morning, carrying under my arm a white swiss dress that was to serve as the dress of the first-communicant. I found my friends awaiting me. White shoes, veil, gloves, etc., articles that I could not easily procure myself, were furnished by them. A prie-dieu was placed in the centre of the convent chapel, the father who baptized me said Mass, and I received my first Communion, the Bread of angels. Returning home I met my mother at the front door; she fancied I had been to the Catholic Church and was extremely annoyed. Unfortunately there dropped from my dress, where I had concealed them, a prayer-book and catechism. I received a sound scolding for what she supposed my misdeeds, but she never suspected how much I had accomplished towards my eternal salvation.

All went well for over a year. I went to school and followed my religion faithfully. But after a while I became careless, and lived in continual fear of my mother discovering what I had done. And discover it she finally did. Returning from school one day I found her awaiting me with the question, if it was true that I had been baptized in the Catholic faith? Tremblingly I confessed it. She seemed to consider it a crime, and laid the blame on the innocent shoulders of our Catholic help, who, fortunately for them, were no longer with us. I was sent miles away to my aunt's home, where I was carefully watched over. When I returned home I resumed my studies. I had forgotten the practise of my religion, or at least lost all desire to do so.

After leaving school, and growing weary of the monotonous home-life, I resolved to go upon the stage, and I became an actress. I travelled, of course, almost incessantly. Being seldom at home, and having but few friends with me, I was often very lonely. How deeply I regret to say that the Catholic faith had faded, seemingly, quite out of my soul! Yet I longed intensely for something higher, holier than the world gave me. I began by going to church on Sunday—to Protestant churches, of course. At that time it did not make any difference. "One religion is as good as another" had become a maxim with me. Even when it happened that I was travelling with Catholics, I never went to their church. Many weeks passed thus. At last God gave me the grace to hear his voice more clearly.

It was in St. Louis, Mo. Very near the hotel I was stopping at is an old Catholic cathedral, corner of Third and Walnut Streets, I believe. I went there, God alone knows why, but the church was empty; there were no services that afternoon. But the Blessed Sacrament was there; something forced me to kneel when I passed before it. Then I remembered the time when I knew more of this religion. Mass, confession, Communion rose confusedly before my eyes. Our Lord was speaking to my heart, but that heart was still too worldly to listen. But take one step towards God and he hurries forward with outstretched arms to meet you. A week after that, my first visit to the Blessed Sacrament in many years, my Catholic friend with whom I was travelling began to speak of religion. Once, several months before, she had asked me to what church I belonged. I had answered Episcopal. She laughingly told me that it was a tradition of the church that if one said a thousand "Ave Marias" from Spy Wednesday until Good Friday our Blessed Lady would obtain by her intercession any reasonable request we might demand of her. I mentally resolved to say the "Aves." But a difficulty arose. I did not have a rosary. But I could purchase one. The following week we were in St. Paul, Minn. There I purchased my rosary. Then the thought came, it must be blessed. I wandered through the streets hoping to find a Catholic church. I did not have the courage to inquire for one. I passed a church, in front of which was a large sign bearing the words, "Prayer meeting during Lent every day at one o'clock." I entered; it was the church of a Methodist congregation, and many were present. The almost fanatical fervor of the people startled me. After the meeting closed, seeing that I was a stranger, they clustered around, asking my name and cordially shaking hands with me. At last I met the pastor and had a long talk with him. The substance of it was that he advised me to read the New Testament and give myself up to Christ. Accordingly I read part of the New Testament. I felt miserably. I desired something. I wished to *do* something, I did not know what. God's Holy Spirit was calling me; I did not know how to respond.

Travelling a great deal, I had but little time to spare. But finally, I found myself again before the Blessed Sacrament. I began to read prayer-books left in the pews, and to make the Way of the Cross. At last I found strength to answer God's voice. I would return to the church. I was a Catholic. I could return through the sacrament of Penance. I began to prepare. And at last, on the eve of Passion Sunday, kneeling before the vicar-general of a large Western diocese, I received the grace of forgiveness and the precious absolution of my sins. Many kind words were said to me; Thomas à Kempis and a Challoner's catechism were given to me.

Then the struggle began in earnest. I feared I had taken too hasty a step. There were so many things I could not understand. But wherever I went I met kind priests; one in Ohio, whom I particularly thank for the many hours of instruction, and for the valuable books he so kindly gave me. Little by little the mists cleared away, and there was light—the wonderful light of God's truth. When I again saw the dear friends who had done so much to aid my conversion when I was a child they told me how they had prayed for me. Though I had wandered their prayers had followed me. May the Sacred Heart reward them for all their kindness! May the good God bless the dear fathers who have for their motto "Omnia ad majorem Dei gloriam," who first brought me into the bosom of Holy Mother Church, and who taught me when a child to know the Saviour, who saith "Suffer little children to come unto me"!

IS THE GOSPEL A CODE?

Mr. Gladstone, in his answer to Ingersoll, says that

> "The Gospel was promulgated to teach principles and not a code; that it included the foundation of a society in which those principles were to be conserved, developed, and applied; and that down to this day there is not a moral question of all those which the Reply does or does not enumerate, nor is there a question of duty arising in the course of life for any of us that is not determinable in all its essentials by applying to it as a touchstone the principles declared in the Gospel. . . . Where would have been the wisdom of delivering to an uninstructed population of a particular age a codified religion which was to serve for all nations, all ages, all states of civilization? Why was not room to be left for human thought in finding out and in working out the adaptation of Christianity to the ever-varying movement of the world?"

Gladstone's idea, therefore, is that the New Testament, in as far as it contains morals and doctrine, is a syllabus of principles. The Gospels and Epistles, according to him, are unapplied Christianity; the application is not to be made by the individual, but in a society. The written word supposed and included the foundation of a society in which its principles are to be conserved, developed, and applied.

According to this there is an interval between the inspired word of God and the individual soul, which is filled not simply by the interior action of the Holy Spirit, but by that same Spirit conserving, developing, and applying his doctrine in the external order; this external action having for its end the strengthening of the interior life. It is in the nature of things that this should be so. For man is not a pure spirit. He has no purely interior life. His constitution by the Creator is a pointer to his regeneration by the Mediator. He lives and dies a man—that is to say, a composite of the sensible and the supersensible—and it is inevitable that he shall not be treated in life and death as if he were an angel. As the interior oblation of Christ, by which we are saved, was ratified by the external outpouring of his blood, so are we inflamed within by his love and sealed without by his blood. This is why Christ gave to his principles the accompaniment of external ordinances conveying grace to the soul.

But Gladstone's eye is fixed with disapproval upon the error of supposing the new law to be a code. Cardinal Wiseman, in one of his controversial lectures, refutes this same error by the simple test of comparison between the old and the new law. He says in effect: If God would rule hearts and minds by a code, we know how he would go about it, for he has actually done it. The law of Moses was a code, and everything in the Jewish church was in little and great governed by it; a good thing for a single race. And, as the cardinal points out, the authority of priest or ruler was derived from and limited by the very words of the Mosaic code. It was stiff, it was narrow, it was local, it was to pass away. But Christ came for all men, and is of yesterday, to-day, and the same for ever; and hence to conserve, to develop, and to apply his mediatory office to all nations unto the consummation of the world, a code was insufficient. A syllabus of principles with an organic, corporate life, embracing himself and his redeemed brethren, was the divine economy in the Christian dispensation. This society living out these principles by the practice of virtues far above the natural manifests Christ in the external order and enjoys him in the spiritual order.

If it be urged that a code is necessary, we grant it at least in a sense. Just as the principles of the Declaration of Independence, which, uncodified, could, in the moment of revolt against tyranny, fire men with sufficient zeal to achieve independence, required codification and "the foundation of a society in which those principles were to be conserved, developed, and applied." The result was the Constitution of the United States and an enduring commonwealth. This is all in the natural order and under an overruling providence in that order. But the adoption of the sons of God in Christ Jesus is in an order altogether transcendent. The principles of the Gospel are not attainable by the reach of reason, and therefore their codification is not man's work. What is higher than nature, nature cannot conserve, develop, or apply. The man or society doing this must enjoy the supernatural aid of the divine Author of the principles. That is to say, the author is a founder. The principles of the Gospel are not left to be the private property of an inorganic mass of men. The very nature of man will form a society or many societies, and will make wreck of divine truth if it has no more than natural, organic force to apply to its conservation.

Any great world-force, if it is going to be perpetuated, developed, and applied, must have a world-society to do it. Man is not by nature qualified beyond the scope of race or nation, except it be in bare principles of fallen nature itself, such as humanity or philanthropy, and then but weakly. The world-force that the Gospel is, is aggressive, claims everything, moves everywhere, and must have a strictly co-ordinate society as its propaganda; co-ordinate in the sense of enjoying institution by the same divine authority which inspired the Gospels.

Mr. Gladstone's idea is full of truth, and of a truth which breeds a spirit of liberty in the man and flexibility in the organism. The idea which he combats—the idea of the Gospels as a mere code—breeds formalism, perpetuates Jewish slavery to law, courts, precedents, and the dead-letter of a book.

Have not these latter been traits of Protestantism?

A LAWFUL BOYCOTT FOR THE CLERGY.

It is learned by actual computation that there are in these United States no less than fifty-four thousand clergymen of all denominations. Nearly or quite eight thousand of these are priests in charge of eight millions of Catholics.

Eminently practical as THE CATHOLIC WORLD is, it can and will second the motion already put before the clergy in a Catholic weekly or two, to endeavor to curtail, and if possible abolish, the practice, becoming more and more shameless, of displaying nude and immodest figures on town placard-boards, in shop-windows, and on divers kinds of goods. Catholics are themselves not altogether guiltless of this aid openly given to the devil Astaroth.

What need is there to give details of what all may see who read as they run, read as they walk, read as they stand, read as they open their eyes? A priest in Minneapolis, Minn., Rev. James McGolrick, last year boldly called upon and obtained the help of the police to tear down the foul show-bills—pictures of nameless females—which had been posted about the city by a circus company. Representations were made to the like effect in Louisville, Ky., both as regards show-bills and nasty pictures paraded in cigar and book stores. The complaint was made to a brave Catholic chief of police, who undertook to do his duty, but with no other effect than to rouse the worst passions of the vile and hasten the proximate dismissal of the faithful officer.

The streets of cities in the South and West, on both sides of the curb-stones, reek perhaps with more filth and moral ordure than those of the Northeast. A large minority of the saloons and cigar-stores and factories of the land employ Catholics behind their bars and counters—except, probably, in Minnesota, Maryland, and New Mexico. Why cannot pastors and curates admonish these employees to represent to their employers their conscientious objections to having anything to do with sales or manufactures accomplished by the medium of unclean spirits, too visibly represented by the undraped Venuses and suggestive Cleopatras of the wall and the packing-case? If the clergymen alone would enter into a society of boycotters, whose first and last rule should be to refuse to buy or recommend a box of cigars or paper of cigarettes stamped with the figures of strumpets and lechers, that alone might bring many to their senses—through their purses. And if the priests' example could fire the other forty-six thousand clergymen to unite with them, the Lawful Boycott would soon isolate and topple over the stalking Goliaths. THOMAS J. JENKINS.

Knottsville, Ky.

LET US UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER.

Rev. Dr. J. W. Mendenhall, the newly-installed editor of the *Methodist Review,* thus delivers himself in his first issue—the July number: "The Roman Church may be the Babylon or the great whore of the Apocalypse."

Now, Dr. Mendenhall, let us come to an understanding with each other. If you are prepared to maintain that the church which claims to be the spouse of Christ—is so regarded by all Catholics—and has the respect of the majority of mankind on account of her special love of purity, is so foul as to deserve the name of harlot, it will require the greatest strain upon our charity to think that you are inculpable in your error. Now, we do not propose to hold any controversy with an insincere man; the sooner you take off your mask the better. For all sincere Methodists, who love truth and are striving to follow it faithfully, we have respect. What shall we say of you?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE BIBLE DOCTRINE OF INSPIRATION EXPLAINED AND VINDICATED. By Basil Manly, D.D., LL.D., Professor in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

While reading this book we have often asked ourselves, Why is it that the Baptists, as a rule, are so tenacious of what they consider to be the essential truths of Christianity? In the Church of England even a clergyman may be a rationalist or a weak deist, and yet be in good standing, provided he holds no official communication with dissent; in the German Protestant State Church the spectacle of a Pantheistic Lutheran clergyman is unhappily not rare; in the Free Church of Switzerland very many of the clergy openly deride the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. It is consoling, therefore, to find such steadfast loyalty to fundamental Christian truths among the Baptists; and, therefore, we ask again what is the reason of this? We think that the solution may be found in the fact that the Baptists endeavor to be logical in their acceptation of whatever of truth they have, whereas most other sects, in their efforts to preserve external conformity, will tolerate the most glaring inconsistencies. The strength of the Baptists is due to their consistency. A broad church crumbles to pieces; a strict church has within it a strong principle of conservation. The Baptists in the South, particularly in Virginia and Alabama, if we are to believe their own statements, have built themselves up out of the wreck of lax Episcopalianism. The divine secret of the church of God is its power to hold its members to *one true* standard. The Baptists have grown strong especially from their firm adherence to the Bible as the inspired word of God, and plenary inspiration at that. But let them give up this true doctrine, or one iota of it, and they will soon be on the wane. Dr. Manly, who so ably and conscientiously vindicates the doctrine of inspiration, evidently thinks as we do about this matter.

Now, the author, when he is explaining the doctrine of the inspiration of the Bible, knows thoroughly what he is talking about, but when he speaks about the Catholic Church he does not. He asserts, for instance, that we believe that "the church is inspired, as well as the Bible." He, unwittingly no doubt, misrepresents us, but it is a pity that a man who can treat so scientifically a subject which he does understand should venture to speak on a subject which he clearly has not investigated. It is a pitiful thing that so competent a Scripture scholar does not know the difference between inspiration and infallibility. There is a world-wide difference between the inspiration of the Bible and the assistance of the Holy Spirit which the church claims, and which Christ has promised to her. Inspiration is defined by the author as "that divine influence that secures the accurate transference of truth into human language, by a speaker or writer, so as to be communicated to other men" (p. 37). Assistance of the Holy Spirit does not necessarily illuminate the mind or move the will of the church, but negatively preserves her from error in matters of faith and morals. The church is simply the infallible custodian of the divine deposit of revelation which was complete before the death of the apostles.

The author's animus toward the Catholic Church is very bitter, which we attribute to his ignorance of her teaching. He is, nevertheless, a sincere lover of the Holy Bible, and as such we greatly respect him.

The doctrine of Inspiration of Holy Scripture, according to Catholic theology, is that the books declared to be canonical have God for their author in all their parts; so that we are not required to believe that every word in the Bible is inspired. It is even lawful for a Catholic to hold that plenary inspiration is confined to such matters as immediately concern faith and morals; though the general opinion of theologians extends inspiration over a wider field.

On the other hand, a Catholic cannot lawfully hold the opinion prevalent among the more liberal Protestants—viz., that the Bible is only inspired in the sense that it has God's sanction as a great moral and doctrinal guide, full of noble sentiments; that it is inspired only inasmuch as it is the best human expression of Divine Wisdom. This latter theory Dr. Manly rejects and repudiates, and endeavors in an intelligent and able manner to logically establish the inspiration of Scriptures in the Catholic sense. He is honest and fair to his opponents; he does not blink a single objection; one by one he deliberately takes them up and disposes of them, and that so effectually that in the mind of the fair-minded reader his thesis, that God is the author of the Book, is established.

The author, being an orthodox Protestant, expresses his belief in the error that the Bible is the only rule of faith. He fails to see that the fact that it is inspired does not prove that it contains the entire body of revealed truth. He affirms that the Bible, and the Bible only, is the inspired expression of divine revelation—clearly a conclusion unwarranted by his premises. An inspired tradition is unknown to him. But it is plainly a logical defect to lay down as a postulate, as he does, that because the Scriptures have God for their author, that therefore "Christianity (in the Protestant sense) is the religion of the Book."

MEDITATIONS FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR. From the *Christian Considerations* of Father John Crasset, S.J. Translated and edited by the Very Rev. T. B. Snow, O.S.B. 2 vols. London: R. Washbourne; New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

Father Crasset's *Christian Considerations* are very appropriately named. Instead of a systematic development of the subject of each meditation, there is a vivid presentation of several ideas belonging to the subject, each one of which is sufficient for a meditation in itself. Only the bare idea is presented, and the mind is left to do its own thinking, and the will its own resolving. This method necessitates real mental application and active volition in prayer. As to the relative merits of the two methods we are not prepared to say which is better. It depends wholly upon the habit of thought and volition of the individual.

Of Crasset's meditations we have had for many years a very high estimate, based upon long use of them personally, and what we deem a competent knowledge of the class of literature to which they belong. We have said above that the bare idea was thrust into the mind by this method, but by this we mean the idea stripped of accessories and explanations. No book of meditation deserves the name of jejune less than Crasset's. He has a piquant manner. His arrangement of topics and points is peculiar to himself; we know of no other author who treats his matter in exactly the same way. We open the book at random for an instance:

> "Will you always be a slave to men?
> Will you never contemn human respect?
> Why do you not declare yourself for God?
> Why do you not renounce these vanities?
>
> . . . .
>
> The world will laugh at you.
> You have more reason to laugh at the world.
> It is God's enemy.
> It is the tyrant of faith,
> The persecutor of Innocence.
> You have renounced its friendship,
> When you were baptized."

This gives the reader an idea of the matter and the method of its presentation. Of all the books of meditation for daily prayer we have ever known, there is none, excepting, of course, the Bible and the *Imitation*, better worthy of use than Crasset.

The translator has adopted throughout the work a form which was given to an old English translation of a portion of these meditations published in 1685. This feature adds much to the attractiveness of these volumes.

AT HOME AND IN WAR, 1853-1881. REMINISCENCES AND ANECDOTES. By Alexander Verestchagin. Authorized translation by Elizabeth F. Haphood. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

Certainly no novel of the school of honest detail, now so much in vogue, could tell us the story of Russian life, high and low, more minutely than this queer autobiography does. The author's mind in childhood, youth, and manhood was a phonograph storing upon the waxen tablets of a most retentive memory the scenes, the circumstances, the forms and words of his whole life, to be now turned into a printed book of peculiar interest. Whoever will read this book as honestly as the author seems to have written—no mean achievement, by the way, since he particularizes to a painful degree—will know Russian domestic and military life as well as it can be learned from a book.

The state of the common people, prior to the abolition of serfdom, is here portrayed with pitiless exactness. It leads one to say that an aristocracy that could so long keep in veritable slavery their own race and fellow-Christians can hardly be counted on to play a beneficial part in the further amelioration of the evils still oppressing their countrymen. The only reason why an aristocracy should exist is that their ownership of the land and monopoly of the offices shall conduce to the well-being of the whole people. In Russia, as this book plainly enough shows, there is no such purpose manifest, not to say attained. The vast estates are not held in trust for the profit of those who toil upon them, but merely for the aggrandizement of the nobles. We do not mean to say that there are not exceptions to this rule, for a trait of the Russian character, whether noble or peasant, is good nature. We do not mean to say that there are many such landlords in Russia as the author's grandfather, who was put to death by his own serfs for meddling with their wives; he was a Russian Lord Leitrim. But the entire effect of the book on the impartial mind is to show the utter perversion of the uses of class and government in Russia. Instead of the rulers of the empire holding their privileges for the common happiness of the entire people and for the proper distribution of the gifts of nature, the very reverse is the case. The masses of men, women, and children live for the nobility, and the nobility for the czar, and the czar for the maintenance of a barbaric autocracy. For the alleviation of public burdens, for the correction of tyranny on the part of the emperor, for the progressive development of intelligence, there are positively no means possible, except the arbitrary pleasure of one man—one man penetrated with the traditions of hereditary selfishness—or the bomb and dagger of the Nihilist.

As to the right of public life for citizens of ability as leaders, whose prerogative may be summed up in the Holy Father's words in his encyclical on Human Liberty, that "men have a right freely and prudently to propagate throughout the state whatsoever things are true and honorable, so that as many as possible may possess them," the very opposite is the rule in the Russian Empire. There is no right to educate except for the one end of the autocrat's power. The natural right of able and enlightened men to assemble in conference is not tolerated; the right of virtuous men to teach morality, of educated men to teach the people's children the rudiments of knowledge, the right of the true religion to minister to man's spiritual welfare—all are, if not totally prohibited by law, circumscribed in a way to pervert their uses to the ends of tyranny.

It is far from the purpose of this book to treat of Russia under these aspects. The book is a chatty, gossipy description of daily life at home and in camp, marred in one or two places by coarseness. The evils we speak of are proved to exist by the book only when the reader bears in mind the true bill that the grand jury of mankind has long since brought in against the Russian autocracy.

THE VADE MECUM HYMNAL: A Catholic Singing-Book, containing an elementary theory, with exercises for the study of sight-singing, etc. By M. D. Kelly. Baltimore: George Willig & Co.

Judging from a glance at the first seventy pages of this book, devoted to elementary instruction in notation and harmony, we think the author might be able to compile a useful little manual which teachers could use and pupils understand. But it would take much more than seventy such pages to make a satisfactory manual of vocal instruction and of the principles of harmony. As it is, there is a little too much of everything, but not quite enough of anything.

And of the collection of hymns our criticism will be summed up in one question: Would the author agree to put his *Catholic* singing-book into the hands of a non-Catholic or of a poorly-instructed child of the church, and expect either one or the other to get from its use a reasonable idea of the doctrines and practices of the Catholic religion? We take it that a Catholic hymnal professing to be a *vade mecum* should serve this purpose or it is a misnomer.

SACRED HISTORY FROM THE CREATION TO THE GIVING OF THE LAW. By Edward P. Humphrey, D.D., LL.D. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. 1888.

The late Dr. Humphrey was a profound Biblical student, and his object in writing this book was to assist believers in understanding those difficulties in the Pentateuch which cavillers and unbelievers continually work upon. He ably vindicates the doctrine of the inspiration of Holy Scripture. His explanation of the creation of Adam and Eve excludes the possibility of the evolution of their bodies from irrational animals. He also maintains the universality of the Deluge as regards mankind. He never attempts to eliminate the miraculous. When so much destructive criticism is found among Protestant Biblical students, we heartily rejoice that so able and conscientious a scholar as Dr. Humphrey has written this book. The great defect of his work is his rigid Calvinistic explanation of original sin, justification, and predestination.

A GRAMMAR OF VOLAPÜK. An Adaptation of Prof Kerckhoff's *Cours complet de Volapük.* By Rev. Louis A. Lambert, Waterloo, New York.

The remarkable invention of this singularly simple and yet very comprehensive international language is the work of a distinguished German priest, Johann Martin Schleyer. It does what the learned author of the present volume assures us in his very interesting and instructive preface: it gives a language capable of expressing thought with clearness and precision; it is scientific in conception, simple in structure, eminently practical, and easy to learn. It avoids the difficulties of pronunciation which characterize the English, French, and most Sclavonic languages, each letter, vowel or consonant, having but one sound; the words are always pronounced as written; it has no silent letters; the qualifying terms have all similar terminations; and there is but one conjugation for all verbs. It has been already extensively studied and used, especially for foreign correspondence in business affairs.

As an instructive and useful entertainment we know of nothing which would please young school boys and girls better than to learn it; and we look to see it become very popular with them, since the whole language can easily be mastered in a month's time. Father Lambert's grammar is the most complete one yet issued for English students, and he has added to it a double vocabulary of over three thousand words. We have, however, one adverse criticism to make. He gives equivalents for the Volapük letter *ä*, which he says is to be sounded as *a* in the English words *care, dare*, and then gives the sound of *a* in *date* and *fate* as equivalent for the Volapük *e*. We think this misleading, for *a* in all these words has, it seems plain to us, the same sound; for we suppose that the sound of *ä* in Volapük is intended to be that of *a* in *can, land*—the sound of *ah*, short. We shall also be glad when some variation is made in the use (as yet universal, we believe) of the heavy-faced block type used for printing the new language. It is as difficult to read as English set up in capitals, as those who have "tired" eyes know full well. It has to us an odd and unwelcome appearance. As the author is his own publisher, orders should be addressed directly to him.

MODERN NOVELS AND NOVELISTS. A book of criticisms. By Maurice Francis Egan, A.M. New York: William H. Sadlier.

Mr. Egan is one of the most capable literary critics that American literature can claim. He has an intuitive perception of the qualities of literary work. He has considerable experience as a writer and is a man of wide reading. Joined to this is his taking and imaginative style of writing. So that this little volume, going over nearly the whole range of contemporary fiction and poetry, is not only a valuable descriptive hand-book for the inexperienced reader, but is full of sound judgment on the merits of the books discussed, besides being, every page of it, very agreeable reading. Mr. Egan has a dexterous pen; and in many of these pages he sketches with one powerful stroke the characteristic of an author or the trend of his work.

It is often hard to read criticism—that is to say, to read what one man writes of another man's writing. We long to read about deeds. Hence it is a high order of merit which can make critical writing entertaining. Such is Mr. Egan's merit. There is nothing tiresome about his book, much that is piquant and stimulating to the literary appetite.

The book is printed on good paper, well bound, and contains a useful index.

IS ONE RELIGION AS GOOD AS ANOTHER? By the Rev. John MacLaughlin. Tenth thousand. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

This book, whose first edition was commended in these pages, has by its wide circulation justified our estimate of its usefulness. It meets a long-felt want. There are books which deal more or less directly with this subject, but, we venture to say, none that more intelligently or more thoroughly discuss it.

Indifferentism in religious matters bears the same relation to truth as does Agnosticism in philosophical matters. Indifferentism makes doubt necessary, affirms it to be inevitable. Hence it undermines the certitude, even the possibility of certitude, concerning the most fundamental principles and facts of revelation, being an evil more to be feared than bigotry. A book like Father MacLaughlin's is, therefore, one calculated to do great good. It is an arsenal for Catholics to arm themselves against the most prevalent error of the day.

THE NEW SUNDAY-SCHOOL COMPANION. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

Practical experience of the good of such a book as this in the Sunday-school induces us to give it warm commendation. It is a *vade mecum* for the child. Besides the Catechism of the Third Plenary Council, it contains a number of prayers and devotions for the church, the school, and the home; a simple unison Mass suitable for children's voices, the psalms for Vespers, with the psalm tones in modern notation; and a number of excellent hymns for Low Mass and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. We are surprised, however, that the compiler has neglected to make use of the fine English translation of the *Te Deum* found in nearly all compilations of Catholic hymns. The book is well printed, is neatly bound, and is illustrated with many good engravings.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mention of books in this place does not preclude extended notice in subsequent numbers.

AN EXPOSITION OF THE GOSPELS. Consisting of an Analysis of each Chapter and of a Commentary, Critical, Exegetical, Doctrinal, and Moral. By His Grace the Most Rev. John MacEvilly, D.D., Archbishop of Tuam. 2 vols. Matthew, Mark, and Luke. Third edition, revised and corrected. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

AN EXPOSITION OF THE EPISTLES OF ST. PAUL AND OF THE CATHOLIC EPISTLES. By His Grace the Most Rev. John MacEvilly, Archbishop of Tuam. 2 vols. Third edition enlarged. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.
An extended notice of these volumes will appear next month.

HYLOMORPHISM OF THOUGHT-BEING. By Rev. Thomas Quentin Fleming. Part I. Theory of Thought. London: Williams & Norgate.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE HON. AND RT. REV. ALEXANDER MACDONELL, First Catholic Bishop of Upper Canada. Toronto: Williamson & Co.

PEARLS OF A YEAR. Short Stories from *The Xavier*, 1888. New York: P. J. Kenedy.

MOTHER LOVE. A Manual for Christian Mothers. By a Priest of the Capuchin Order. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet.

ARISTOTLE AND THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH. An Essay by Brother Azarias. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. (For sale by Benziger Bros.)

THE

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THE MISSION OF LEO XIII.*

The Providential Mission of Leo XIII. is the title of a lecture delivered in Washington by the Rector of the Catholic University, and published for general circulation. It was a sort of Jubilee offering "laid as a tribute of reverence and affection at the feet of Leo XIII." The object of the lecture is to show that in the providence of God the Papacy, in the person of the present Pontiff, is engaged in infusing a Christian element into the movement of the nations of the world towards more democratic institutions. That as Pius IX. found it necessary to act mainly as a restraint upon that movement, because it was in his time premature and was then almost wholly under the guidance of the enemies of religion, so the present Pope can safely act upon it in a different spirit.

> "To Leo XIII.," says the lecturer, "God has assigned the task of at least inaugurating this adjustment of the church to the new circumstances of the world, and Providence had admirably fitted him for so delicate and important a mission. . . . With the clear and practised eye of a philosopher, a theologian, and a statesman, he had scanned the life of the world, had noted the throbbings of its pulse, had watched the ways of Providence, and he knew that those ways, though often obscure to us, are always right."

Bishop Keane's lecture assumes as a fact, what is indeed evident to all, that the church and the world are entering on new ways. The conflict of views arising herefrom has divided and placed in antagonism among themselves the Catholic people of France, Spain, and Italy. The Holy Father has steadily incul-

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* *The Providential Mission of Leo XIII.:* A Lecture. By John J. Keane, Bishop of Richmond. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

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cated "that the church is not wedded to any dynasty, or to any particular species of social organization; that she does not consider any form of government as necessarily hostile or injurious to her; that she has no fear of any result which the providence of God and the due development of nations may bring forth" (p. 16, 17). The lecturer then points out how, in dealing with Germany and other nations, the Pope followed up this statement of principle by his assertion of the rights of conscience, and by his good will towards all lawful efforts for the amelioration of the condition of the laboring classes. On p. 25 he shows how the Holy Father in all this is by no means favoring that false liberty advocated by Mazzini and Socialists and Atheists, but the true spirit of the age, asserting man's inalienable rights. The lecturer refers to the Declaration of American Independence as the fit proclamation of those rights, and as the public avowal of their having God and not man as their author, "and their basis in man's relationship with God." Hence the liberty-loving tone of the Holy Father's famous encyclicals, on the Christian Constitution of States, on the Principles of Education, on Human Liberty, and on Slavery. Finally, he explains the attitude of the Holy See towards Italy, and ends with a beautiful and touching account of the Pope's private life.

Now, it is by no means wonderful that such a lecture should have been given by an American prelate.. But it is significant that it should be printed in Rome in a French translation at the Propaganda Press, and copious extracts with a highly laudatory introduction published in the official organ of the Papacy, *Le Moniteur de Rome*. The old order changes sure enough.

Many years ago the writer of this article published a sermon, in the volume of Paulist Sermons for 1863, entitled *The Saint of Our Day*. It was an attempt to show by the example of St. Joseph how the liberty and intelligence of our day can be made a means of sanctification. It expressed my inmost convictions then and does so now, and offers, I think, a good reason, in the providence of God, for the representative governments of these times: their use as an assistance to Christian perfection. I undertook to show, as does Bishop Keane in his lecture, that every age of the church has its own characteristic form of expression. There is something about the sanctity of each age peculiar to itself. We have had the apostolic age, the age of the martyrs, that of the fathers of the desert, that of the cloisters, and then that of the mendicant orders, and finally that of heroic obedience and military discipline in religion inaugurated by the great St.

Ignatius and his order, and carried out practically by St. Vincent de Paul and St. Alphonsus Liguori.

Each type or form of sanctity differed from the others. Each class of men did in their day what their age required. Each class was true to its time, its wants, its promises, and therefore had its peculiar charm and beauty. As the church chants in honor of her saints the same words, "non est inventus similis illi"—"there is not found one like unto him"—so we may say of the different schools and types of Christian perfection that each stands out in its own way with unrivalled excellence. None but those of narrow capacity and a restricted education fail to see this. It is likewise a monstrous tyranny of opinion to arraign the past, judge and condemn it, by the standards of the present; and we resist it with no less energy than the spirit that would mould the minds and hearts of the present into the antiquated forms of bygone ages. The Catholic Church, like all that is divine, is ever ancient and ever new. Her mission is to guide man to the realization of the great end of his being, and for this purpose her divine Founder has furnished her with full and adequate means for all men, for all ages, unto the consummation of time.

What, then, is to be the fruit of her influence on the nineteenth century? To answer this, we must look at the characteristics of the century itself. It claims to be a period of most advanced civilization; to be marked by unprecedented diffusion of *intelligence and liberty.* So far as these claims are true, so far you have the indication of what the people of the age will be when their intelligence and liberty are completely dedicated to God. Now, will not a sanctity developed under such circumstances have at least the merit of completeness?

The more a civilization solicits the exercise of man's intelligence and enlarges the field for the action of his free will, the broader will be the basis that it offers for sanctity. Ignorance and weakness are the negation of life; they are either sinful or the consequences of sin, and to remedy these common evils is the aim of the Christian religion. Enlightened intelligence and true liberty of the will are essential conditions of all moral actions and the measure of their merit. Confine men to the exercise of a few of their faculties, or to any one class of their faculties, and the remainder will be hid in obscurity, undeveloped, and consequently unsanctified. The true development of sanctity in the saint will be in proportion to the true enlightenment of the intelligence and the right exercise of the will. A defective knowledge and a restricted freedom produce only an incomplete development of sanctity. The ideal of true Christian perfection is the union of religion with a fully enlightened intelligence and an entire liberty of will directed wholly to the realization of the great end of our being. It is therefore to be maintained that the more advanced a civilization, the wider will be the sphere for the display of the divine character of Christianity. Religion and sanctity are interested in the advancement of civilization, and, concede that civilization is advancing, then the fullest glory of Catholicity is not to be looked for in the past, but in the future.

The ideal of Catholicity is the union of religion with intelligence and liberty in all their completeness. Man offers a perfect worship to God when he pays the homage of his entire intelligence and liberty.

Our age is not an age of martyrdom, nor an age of hermits, nor a monastic age. Although it has its martyrs, its recluses, and its monastic communities, these are not, and are not likely to be, its prevailing types of Christian perfection. Liberty and intelligence have in many cases, and indeed in whole nations, been obstacles to religion because they have been perverted from the great end of human life, union with God. But it is the difficulties and hindrances that Christians find in their age which give the form to their character and habits, and, when mastered, become the means of divine grace and their titles of glory. Indicate these and you portray that type of sanctity in which the life of the church will find its actual and living expression.

The above is the substance of the sermon referred to. It greatly attracted Dr. Brownson's attention at the time, and he said that it was very bold. But such things are not now so considered.

Thus much has been said to show the point of view from which the true philosopher should consider the topic so ably discussed by Bishop Keane—the religious. Therefore, Bishop Keane does not mean to say that democracy is the direct object of religion, but that in these times Providence points out democracy as a means in the natural order to assist men to sanctify their souls; a better means, for these times, than other forms of government. His idea at bottom is that Catholics are now returning to a more normal religious life, and must cultivate more than formerly their personal and independent union with the Holy Spirit, and less than before that form of religious life which was dependent in great degree upon the environments of race and national traditions. Democracy is a remedy and a radical one for some of the evils that afflict Europe. But such evils are not the deepest nor the commonest that humanity suffers from. Democracy by itself does not make a man godlike; and to be godlike is the great, one, radical need of mankind. When democracy is the providential ruling for the world then it is that democracy assists men to lead a godlike life; such, as the bishop maintains, is the ruling providence of God, in the natural order, for this age. It is a pointer to the supernatural order.

The dominant trait of European politics, as advocated by Catholics, has heretofore been conservative; it will now, doubtless only gradually, become progressive without being destructive. Religion in its essential nature is a progressive force and not a conservative force. Its distinctive action is not that good may be kept good, but that all men and all things may be made constantly better; it is elevation. True religion cannot be still.* A state of things, then, in which religion mainly works to preserve, is abnormal and cannot be permanent; as said before, the main work of religion must be elevation. The chief function of Catholicity has been mainly conservative for the last three hundred years or more; not conservative altogether, but dominantly so. The proper state of things is that religion takes man as it finds him, low or high, and elevates him always. It is the want of the consciousness of elevation that makes men irreligious. So true is this that men who have only nature can be deluded into making a religion of the consciousness of natural progress alone; such are many Unitarians and even Positivists and Agnostics. But in supernatural, that is to say, in true, religion, the sense of elevation should be so abounding as to dominate every other sense. Now, the influence of religion upon its human environment in the political and social order is to produce this same sense of elevation in the natural man and in the citizen; it must be so. So that the normal effect of religion on civil polity is to make men freer and more intelligent citizens with a form of government to suit such conditions.

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* While on this point I cannot help quoting from the translation of Dr. Scheeben's *Glories of Divine Grace* (Benzigers), a work which, to my thinking, shows the *positive* value of religion better than any I know of. On page 234, speaking of the supernatural virtue of hope, the author says: "In the same manner as faith communicates to our reason a supernatural power of understanding, the infused virtue of hope endows our will with a divine power and a supernatural confidence, that it may actively pursue and securely attain the highest and infinite good which no created force can ever attain. Hope carries us upward above all creatures to God, to let us rest in his bosom, to strengthen us in his omnipotence, and ground us upon it as upon an immovable rock.

"Hope or confidence, says St. Thomas, is the rising up of the soul by which it confidently pursues a sublime and arduous good, and despises and overcomes all the obstacles that are in the way of its attainment of this good. It is an elevating sentiment which fills the soul with a joyous pride in the consciousness of its power.

"It grants us the consoling and comforting assurance that by grace God has called us to the ineffable dignity of his sonship; that we are his heirs and the co-heirs of his Son, and shall sit upon his throne and shall reign with him; that the whole world will be subject to us, and God himself with all his glory, with all his treasures and riches, with all his divine happiness will be our possession and our joy. . . . This consciousness gives the children of God that triumphant confidence which fears no danger, no obstacle, which is terrified by no created power, because it is superior to them all, which knows no hesitation, no trembling, no fear, no disappointment, and renders us as secure of attaining to our end as if we were already in possession of it. . . . Why should we, then, do ourselves the harm and God the great injustice not to confide in him through his grace; and, supported by him, why should we not despise all our enemies and dangers? The youth rejoices in the fulness of his youthful vigor; the warrior is boastful of his strength and valor; the prince is proud of the great number of his subjects and of the extent of his riches; should the children of God alone remain in abject lowliness and forget their sublime dignity and power?" I have only to say that these words of Dr. Scheeben plainly enough indicate what form of government, in the normal condition of things, such a religion would be apt to favor.

The church, for the last three hundred years or more, has, in my humble opinion, been in an attitude of defence, made necessary by the civil condition of Southern Europe and the doctrines attacked by her opponents at and since the time of Luther.

The reason why Catholicity has maintained in Europe the old order of things is a transitory reason. The church has favored conservative institutions not because, as some think, she is essentially conservative, for she is essentially progressive; the aim of religion is to move man upward and closer to God. As God is continually seeking the realization of himself by his providence in the natural and supernatural order, the proper state of things is progress in both. There is no man in the spiritual life but what is conscious of a ceaseless impulse onward. And why? Because God's influence is ever elevating. Elevation and progressive movement are essential to religion. The Holy Spirit attracts the soul upwards. If such a soul acting in his civil capacity seeks a downward course, seeks less natural light and less natural freedom as a man and a citizen, he does so under a delusion. If he but stands fast and refuses to advance into freer and more enlightened forms of civil life, it must be because Providence has denied him the opportunity. There are ages of the world where to stand fast is an essential condition of any advance in the future.

There are some who seem to think that religion can become a positively constructive force in politics. Such persons, if monarchists, demand that Catholicity shall make itself responsible for monarchy; if democrats, that she shall make herself responsible for democracy. In truth the church has an influence on each, either formative, conservative, or progressive, but only indirectly in any case. The direct action of true religion is confined to the sanctification of the individual soul. The church is always willing to follow the providence of God in the natural order of things; but it is none of her duty to officiously point it out and enforce it. The churchman does not supplant the politician. Nevertheless the tendency of the true religion, direct or indirect, in the natural or the supernatural order is ever to elevate. I have always held that it is the intent of divine Providence that the people of the civilized world should have more to do in shaping the governments by which they are ruled. The democracy will assume more power in one country than in another; it will be sooner assumed in one than in another. But this is certain, whoever loves the people most will get them. The religion that produces men and women most devoted to the people's welfare is nearest to God; it will win the people and will give them every good gift, including that which men love dearest—liberty.

The spread of intelligence—that is, the diffusion of primary education—would of itself, in my opinion, make the advent of democracy inevitable, in varying degrees, more in the West than in the East. The civilizations of the West and of the East differ from each other, and so widely as to show an essential difference in the original elements. I am not sure but that it would take three or four generations for even intelligent Eastern peoples to advance to representative institutions; some of them are never, perhaps, destined to do so, whether they be intelligent or not. The citizens of this free republic but partially understand how much difference there is between the races of men. This immense difference has been better appreciated in this country since Americans have had to face it in the Chinese question. That race, now held back from our shores by drastic laws and its members viewed in our streets almost as leprosy spots on the civil body, is not a whit behind many thousands of our native white population in intelligence; and yet it is hopelessly victimized by paternalism in China, and is a thoroughly pagan race in spite of its intelligence. And now the problem has gradually crept over other races; we seem about to extend the anti-Chinese laws to other races, and European ones, too; or at least to whole classes of certain races. There are some nations in Europe who seem to be shaking off their vermin upon the United States. They are sending to us an ignorant population who do not wish to be enlightened in our sense of the word; they have no esteem for the knowledge for which we have a high esteem. They are people who have been ground down in political and social subjection, and with the apparent consent of religion, and exhibit no more independence of character here than at home. From policeman in their own country they pass to the emigrant agent, and, landing here, they pass from him to the labor broker and the ward politician. To their own self-control they never come, as a class. Their lives in America are but a rotation from one "boss" to another; the habit of subjection is ingrain. These men, unlike the German, the Anglo Saxon, and the Irish, are without ideas of their own whether national or personal. The instinct of self-preservation more than anything else has brought them here, and in its most selfish form rules them here. In view of this can we say that the Pope is wrong to cry *Cavete!* to the democratic propaganda set at work among such a people? Can we say that the progress of democracy, inevitable in some degree as it certainly is, is going to be uniform? that it fits every race and should be offered at once and everywhere? Such a democratic propaganda produces a democracy of Napoleonic plebiscites and South American pronunciamientos. It is the pretence of democracy and the reality of absolutism. Despots are well content with such a democracy.

Notwithstanding all this, and although such be the condition of things among certain races, it is nevertheless perfectly true that free institutions will make their way everywhere among civilized nations. A greater or less degree of democracy is, in the providence of God, coming, and men should everywhere be fitted for it, and that by methods and means to be at once applied. What Bishop Keane says is evidently true:

> "It suffices us to state and to accept the unquestionable fact, and to express our firm conviction that it is not the work of chance, nor of the devil, but of the overruling providence of God. Whoever opens his eyes and is willing to see what is, must recognize that the day of absolute rule and of so-called paternal governments is over; that if, in some parts of the civilized world, they still hold a struggling existence, their duration must be stormy and short; that the laws of the nations can never again be made by one man or by a few men, unless as the delegated and responsible agents of the people, for whose welfare alone laws ought to be made."

It has, indeed, been the great problem of Cæsar to maintain himself in the face of this providential movement among the people. Some amount of freedom is nearly everywhere granted, or at least some counterfeit of it. Witness the shifts of Bismarck to rule with haughty absolutism, and to maintain the nation's good-will by using a representative assembly. Witness, especially, the tricks of Napoleon III. He squarely asserted the people's rights and gave them the cunning device of the plebiscite; so cunning as to win the tolerance if not the actual favor of many who really loved the people and would give them true liberty. The writer remembers a conversation with the late Louis Veuillot during the Second Empire, in which the latter said that it was fortunate that Napoleon III. was giving a dynasty to France, and boasted that he had the people's approval by a recent plebiscite. I answered that in America we believed in a government of checks and balances. What check had the French people against Louis Napoleon? Suppose he should turn his accumulated power against them? I put that question to him direct. He answered by drawing himself up and striking his chest, saying nothing, indeed, but meaning his readiness to die for his rights. I replied: "Oh, yes! if all men were like Louis Veuillot, soldiers, ready to die for their country, and if the emperor felt this to be so, there would indeed be a check against despotism." He had no answer to make. Meantime Napoleon kept Veuillot constantly under the eyes of a detective. We know how little Napoleon III. really trusted the people.

Of course, the relations of church and state will undergo very material changes as the old order changes. The church will

> "secure the rights and the freedom of religion, not by treating with changing administrations or governments, but by her hold on the convictions and affections of the people. It is so in our country, and it is fast becoming so in countries where Cæsarism has thus far maintained some hold. And I am frank to confess that, when I look back at history and see how Cæsar has almost habitually treated religion and the church in the past, I heartily welcome the future in which she shall no more have to deal with him, but with the people, who, in the main, and always when in their senses, know that she is their best friend, and that her interests are their own" (Lecture, p. 13).

In the long run democracy will be more favorable for the attainment of the real objects for which state and church were united than other forms of government. In reality church and state are in the truest sense united when the people are truly Christian—that is to say, in a form of government in which a Christian people control the state. An old priest of my acquaintance once said, during a discussion on this topic, that he didn't care for union of church and state if he could have union of church and people. A very wise remark, and a solution of a difficult question, but it can apply only under a popular government.

Franklin was a free-thinker, Washington some kind of an Episcopalian, Jefferson a Unitarian, and very broad at that, and Hamilton—we know not what he was, if of any religious belief: his career was short, and ended in a duel;—the Adamses were Congregationalists, Charles Carroll was a Catholic. Yet there is not a doubt but that a legitimate government, now hardly second in power to any in the world, competent for the settlement of the greatest questions between church and state to the advantage of equity and of religion, was founded by these men and their like. Where to-day in the whole world would the Holy See look for the fair settlement of a difficult question between church and state with so much confidence as to America? Where are such questions settled more in accordance with Catholic principles than here? Why so? Because we are a democracy; the men who rule are chosen by those for whom they act, and must legislate in the interests of the people. In Europe men rule on historical lines—that is to say, to maintain a traditional policy of possession or of acquisition. They have found their national or dynastic content in this. Here, and in every democracy, truly so called, men must rule more on first principles than on the lines of historical traditions; in so doing they are forced to seek their justification in the principles of sound philosophy, both heathen and Christian.

It may be asked what would be the effect upon the ecclesiastical regimen of the church herself of a wide-spread democratic polity among Catholic nations. I answer that it would be most beneficial. It would result in bringing the Papacy and the Episcopate closer together, and both into direct communication with the people, for whose real and spiritual benefit those ecclesiastical orders are divinely established. It would result in the College of Cardinals being made a representative body of all mankind. It would be the religious senate of the world. Its decisions would be the decisions of the religious sense of humanity, and whoever would resist them would be ostracized and suffer a popular abscission from the church whether he were formally excommunicated or not. When we use the word representative, we do not, of course, wish to derogate from the supreme and, under God, original authority of the Papacy, nor have we any wish to reflect any way unfavorably on the present order of things. But there is not a day in which we do not thank God for Leo XIII., and for the cardinals and bishops who share his responsibility and who assist him in fulfilling his mission, because of the evident trend of the governing body of the church towards the new order of things. He and they are bringing us nearer to the realization of the express desire of the Council of Trent, that the College of Cardinals should be representative. The Council of Trent (sess. xxiv. c. 1, *De Reformatione*) decreed that the cardinals should be chosen as far as possible from all nations, which wise rule was to some extent enforced by Sixtus V. in his bull *Postquam verus ille.**

Since Bishop Keane delivered his lecture the Holy Father has published his letter to the Brazilian bishops on slavery, a truly magnificent document, full of the most fundamental doctrine on the subject of human rights. And lately has appeared his encyclical on Human Liberty, containing both the true doctrine on that subject and an elaborate refutation of the false. But why is it, it may be asked, that Pope Leo says so much in this encyclical against false views of liberty? Because false views of liberty are prevalent in Europe. They are not so prevalent here, because, thank God! we have true liberty; no man who has true liberty covets false liberty. The founders of our institutions—Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, the Carrolls, and the Adamses—had sound views of human liberty. What the opponents of the church will not learn is that the fundamental principles of American liberty have never been contradicted by the church either in their reality or in the terms in which they have been expressed, but that, on the contrary, they are rooted in the eternal principles of natural equity, always defended and propagated by Catholic philosophers, theologians, doctors, and fathers.

No American wants the government of the French Republic. We may think it better than a monarchy, but it falls far short of a free republic. Just so in Italy. No body of law-makers with true principles of liberty in their minds could ever pass such a law as that embodied in the new Italian criminal code, making it a felony, punished by fine and imprisonment, for any man to declare that the Pope should have a distinct civil autonomy. This law is an offence against the liberty of the Italian people, against liberty of speech and of the press, and shows plainly enough that the Holy Father has chosen wisely to combat at length the false views of liberty prevalent in Europe. The same may be said of the laws in France interfering with education. The ideas of liberty among its self-chosen advocates in France and Italy are all wrong, according to the American ideas of liberty. If we Americans are right, they are all wrong. They have to be educated up to it as we were a hundred years ago. Whatever vagaries our non-Catholic fellow-citizens may have about non-religious education, only a few of the wildest spirits would dream of prohibiting private schools by law.

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* The eleventh paragraph of the bull is given in the bullarium as follows: "Ut autem ipsi Cardinales in regimine universalis Ecclesiæ, nobis et pro tempore existenti Romano Pontifici utiliter assistere valeant, ac de omnibus Christianorum regnorum, provinciarumque moribus, rebus, et negotiis prompte, et fideliter certa ab eis notitia, pro rerum emergentium opportunitate habeatur, prædicti Concilii Tridentini decreto inherentes, statuimus, ut ex omnibus Christianitatis nationibus, quantum commode fieri poterit, idonei assumantur."

See on this point Baron Hübner's *Life of Sixtus V.*, in which the subject of the sacred college, as it stood three hundred years ago, is discussed with much judgment and bearing, in my opinion, on the present state of the church. The work itself is one of the best of modern historical productions.

Yet we do not despair of the advocates of liberty in France and Italy. It wants only a little more study of the church and her principles and more uprightness of motive for the opponents of the church to see the truth about this matter. We can learn true liberty here in America because we have actually got it; we have got it applied here to our civil life in an established order of free institutions. But in Europe, amidst decaying thrones and vast armaments, an impoverished people have difficulties in studying what liberty is, because nowhere in their sight does true liberty exist. Men with empty stomachs and half-naked bodies are not apt to be in a proper frame of mind for the study of principles or the choice of methods. Some may be annoyed at the amount of space given by the Holy Father to the refutation of false theories of liberty; but it does not annoy me. For the strangest delusions about liberty are prevalent on the continent of Europe, as is plainly shown by the conduct of the men who come here from those countries, and who at this moment are organizing resistance to our true liberties in the form of Socialism and Anarchism. Who can say that the Holy Father did not do right to refute errors prevailing not only among his own people but among the people of continental Europe generally, where the civilized nations of the world have their chief seats?

The Western and the Eastern races are fighting for their ideas of liberty, as they understand them, in the streets of Rome, and the Holy Father stands there as the Vicar of Christ to see fair play, and he knows that such is his providential mission. However overloaded with refutation of error the encylical may seem to the Western mind, to the Eastern mind it will be found over-full of the affirmation of unpalatable truth, and in favor of personal and civil liberty. Many an aristocrat, both lay and ecclesiastic, of Italy, Spain, France, and even of Germany, will find the words of the encyclical a bitter pill to swallow. In the minds of many of Europe's ablest Catholics, there can be no altar without the throne; and the closing paragraphs of the Pope's encyclical, which emphasize the rights of men and nations in the direction of freedom and independence, will sound far harder to many leading Catholics in Vienna and Paris than will his admonitions on an unbridled press to the Catholics of New York and Dublin.

We ought to be glad that such a pope as Leo has been granted us in these times. And we ought to make it a matter of the prayer of thanksgiving at our devotions and at Mass that he is so sincere, so studious, so attentive to the signs of the times. We ought also to thank God that such men as Bishop Keane and Cardinal Gibbons, and prelates like them, here and in Europe, know the Pope's mind and can adequately expound his utterances to the public. I thank God that Pope Leo has the courage of his convictions. He shows a fearlessness which regards nothing but God, and he dares to do his duty whether autocrats or anarchists like it or not. Supreme love of truth should characterize the head of the church when writing such documents as Papal encyclicals. The term supreme has a peculiar significance in his case. How hard is his task! How much does he need the prayers of all the faithful that he may be true to his mission! How good a claim he has on the sympathy and co-operation of all honest men!

I. T. HECKER.

WHAT IS THE GOOD OF THE KINDERGARTEN?

THE difficulties of educators in any field are great enough at best; the difficulties of those particular educators upon whom devolves the duty of organizing a system of education for Catholic children in this country—handicapped, as they are, by poverty and opposition—must be at least doubled. Considering, then, the difficulties thus confronting us upon the very threshold, considering, too, the importance of the work, and its pregnant influence upon all that is most dear and precious to us either as Catholics, as parents, or as lovers of humanity, should not our first care be directed toward an earnest inquiry into the nature and requirements of our undertaking? The welfare of the Catholic children of America, the refutation of a vigilant and fanatical enemy, motives of economy—all unite to render this our first and most imperative duty. Let us follow the injunction of the copy-books of our childhood and "hasten slowly" at first; and, to be both wise and logical, let us begin where everything ought to begin, at the beginning. It would be, to say the least, culpable in us to leave our immediate successors in the predicament of a young priest who, a few years ago, was sent to take charge of a poor Southern parish, where a new church was building, and who found, upon inspecting the new edifice, which his predecessor had gotten as high as the roof, that the first duty staring him in the face was to pull down the walls, dig up the foundation, and begin over. A very good priest but a very bad architect, the predecessor had builded much worse than he knew; his foundation was wrong.

Let us be warned, and make it our first care to be sure of our foundation. To do this we must follow the suggestion previously given, and consider before anything else the fundamental part of education—or, in other words, the beginning. But where is that beginning? The scope of this paper does not permit a discussion of the exact period at which external influences may be brought to bear upon human development; and, as such discussion cannot affect, in any immediately practical way, the establishment of our school system, it may safely be left for a little longer, at least, to the investigations of psychology. This much may be said, however: since the sacred office of educator must be first assumed by the mother, only when she shall truly appreciate and intelligently understand the functions of that office can we hope for a perfect foundation upon which to rear our educational structure. Until that fortunate state of affairs exists, it will be necessary to consider as the beginning that moment when the child first leaves the home, and is submitted to the formal guidance of a professional educator. Judging by the provisions hitherto made, it appears to be the general idea that that beginning occurs only when the child enters the primary school and is set the task of learning to read. Is this idea correct? Is the imparting of instruction to the mental faculties the first step which should be taken in the work of organized education? If by education we mean the harmonious development of the spiritual, the intellectual, and the physical nature of man, why do we direct our attention to one more than to either of the others? And if for any good reason one must take precedence, why the intellectual? Is that the most important function of our nature, or is it the most practical? Does not religion tell us that our spiritual needs are graver? and does not every-day life convince us that our physical needs are more clamorous? But, in reality, how can we assert truthfully that one is of more importance than another? Does not the perfection of any one side of our nature demand for its completion the perfection of every other side also? Does not the spiritual lean upon the intellectual, and the intellectual upon the physical? If this be so, then the natural course would seem to be: first, the cultivation of the physical powers, and, through them, of the intellectual and spiritual. This brings us back to a consideration of the beginning; and, after the preceding remarks, no one will be surprised at the declaration that that beginning should properly be made much earlier than in the primary school. True, it is neither prudent nor practical to address formal instruction of a more or less abstract nature to the intellect at too early an age; but mental and spiritual needs may both be fed almost from infancy by careful training addressed to them through the sensuous nature of the child.

The Kindergarten, then, rather than the primary school, would seem, according to our present light on the subject, to be the true foundation which we are seeking. There is to be found the most consistent and practical application that has yet been made of the true and beautiful conception of education for which the Catholics of the United States have so long contended, and which the Protestant educational writers and workers of this country so frankly acknowledge in theory, but so stubbornly refuse to apply in practice—the harmonious development of the human being in his three-fold nature. So far as imperfect exploration of the vast field of educational science has yet been able to discover, the methods of the kindergarten appear to be founded on the laws of human development. With a peculiar fitness they seem to adapt themselves to the needs of the Catholic child more than to those of any other. They first speak to him in his intellectual and spiritual capacity by means of visible symbols, following in this the example of the church itself.

Through the study of primitive man Froebel came to hold as true the assertion that man is a symbol-making creature; long and patient contemplation of the child drew from him the further declaration that "as even the Christian church does not attempt to make itself understood without symbols, so the deepest need of childhood is to make the intellectual its own through symbols or sensuous forms." He regarded the first period of the child's life as wholly symbolic, saying: "Let the child grow into a knowledge of truth by means of types and symbols."

The profound study of nature, animate and inanimate, ranging in its course from man down to minerals, by which Froebel arrived at his conviction of the value of symbolism to the human mind and soul at the period of its first awakening, seems—from the reverent spirit in which it was prosecuted, perhaps—to have kept alive in him a certain faith: "Creation," he says somewhere, "is the embodied thought of God"; but very early in his neglected and precocious childhood he revolted from the hard, unloving aspect which a perverted type of Christianity presented to him under the roof of his father, a German Protestant pastor; he never reached the true idea of Christianity as embodied in the Church of God, but he approached sufficiently near to her to hold with her a fundamental truth, thus expressed in his own words: "The Christian religion entirely completes the mutual relation between God and man; all education that is not founded on the Christian religion is one-sided and fruitless."

It may be owing to the influence of principles such as these that the followers of Froebel generally show a less narrow and ignorant spirit toward the Catholic Church than any other body of Protestant educators. As frequently as not, perhaps, they do so unconsciously; but an accomplished kindergartner in a recent lecture upon Froebel's use of symbols and his insight into nature, deliberately declared that Catholics seemed nearer to nature and more fitted to understand her than other people, because the church appealed to them from infancy through the symbolic form of her worship. In many kindergartens the place of honor is given to a copy of some great picture of the Madonna and Child; not, it is to be regretted, for the purpose of inculcating any special love of the Mother of God, but at least with an intention very laudable in itself: the picture is to the kindergartner the type of mother-love, expressed through the grandest of examples, and she aims by it to impress the heart of the child with an appreciation of the feeling upon which family life is founded and by which it is preserved. Can it be possible that these little children, after having the dear Mother of God so presented to them at the most impressible age, can ever grow into that malignant and perverted state of mind which regards with hate, suspicion, or indifference her whom the poet felt to be "our tainted nature's solitary boast"? With this thought in mind may we not cherish a hope that the kindergarten is one of the means by which the bitterness of sectarian hate is yet to be modified?

The church places spiritual education above everything else. She demands that the moral and religious instincts of the child shall receive at least as much attention as the mental or the physical. Here, again, the kindergarten is at one with her. Froebel taught that man is born to a three-fold relationship: to God, to man, and to nature, and that rightly-directed education must awaken in him a sense of his duty to each. The ultimate aim of the kindergarten training, whether it be by means of the plays, the occupations, the songs, or the stories, is to develop fully in the child habits of reverence, love, kindness, unselfishness, self-control, and obedience. Following Froebel's favorite maxim, "We learn to do by doing," the true kindergartner is in conscience bound not to let pass the smallest opportunity of exercising the child's moral nature by encouraging him in the performance of such acts as give expression to these virtues. He must learn goodness by being good; in other words, he learns "to do by doing" things of a moral nature as well as those of a mental or physical nature. This care for the spiritual nature of the child, and the practical method by which it is to be brought about, is the kindergartner's chief claim to the notice of Catholic educators. It is the advice of the church, ages old, reduced to practice in the most literal manner.

Concerning the kindergarten methods of intellectual development it is not within the scope of this paper to speak at present; a subject of such proportions requires separate and exhaustive consideration. For the present, however, we may accept it as proof sufficient that they are the best that have yet been proposed since they have revolutionized the teaching in our public schools from the lowest to the highest grade. The public schools, notwithstanding some laudable endeavors to the contrary, still remain distinctly specialists devoted to the training of the mental faculties alone, and as such they ought to be an authority upon the surest means of accomplishing their own aim. We may, therefore, accept their dictum on the subject, and devote ourselves to a consideration of that other department of human culture which, like the spiritual, they largely ignore—the physical.

When we reflect upon the systematic care which the kindergarten gives to the training of the senses, and of the bodily powers in general, we perceive a new and very potent reason for giving it our attention. Who has greater need of the correct eye, the skilful hand, the vigorous body than the poor? and to what schools do the poor come in greater numbers in proportion to population than to the Catholic parochial schools? The kindergarten maintains that its training develops in the child at an early age manual dexterity, habits of precision and order, the power to observe attentively, to perceive correctly, to understand intelligently, and thereby lays the foundation of any and every trade. It is the duty of those upon whom devolves the obligation of improving the condition of the poor to examine the means so opportunely offered, and, if found suitable, to make good and immediate use of it. Perhaps through the kindergarten, or some system evolved from it, we shall begin at last to solve the question, How to make the school in some degree supply the place filled in mediæval ages by the guilds, and in recent times by our own apprentice system. The poor and the ignorant continue to crowd to our shores each year; our enemies have made it our reproach that these belong almost wholly to us. In common justice they should rather have made it our glory that out of such heterogeneous and apparently unpromising materials the church has produced so many faithful Christians and good Americans; but let that pass. True enough it is that, owing to the colossal proportions of the work she has been obliged to undertake, the church has failed to influence many of these immigrants; unfortunately, the state has found its educational panacea inadequate to perform what the church could not, and thus the larger cities behold in their midst an ever-increasing population given over to poverty and crime. There is ground for hope that the kindergarten erected under the shadow of the church may offer a possible remedy for this unhappy situation.

For two principal reasons, then, the kindergarten deserves to be studied by the promoters of Catholic education; and by them to be accepted or rejected on its merits:

First, because, taking the child at a tender age, before untoward influences have had time to arouse the innate disorder of his appetite and will, it begins his spiritual development along lines declared to be marked out by nature. What a golden opportunity is here offered to religion! Does not the church continually exhort the mother to begin the religious training of her child as soon as she perceives the faintest ray of understanding? And does not the mother, over-burdened, or ignorant, or pre-occupied, or indifferent, almost universally fall far short of the wishes of the church in this particular? Imagine the little child—the little poor child, especially—placed, at the age of three years, in the hands of carefully trained, enthusiastic holy women, such as the church commands in her religious orders, and, from that age until six or seven, imagine his sympathetic, eager soul reaching out to those sweet, pure, devout influences to which in its baptismal innocence it responds as it never will respond later; expanding under their combined action as the lily-bud expands under the sunshine, rain, and dew! Could any after influence wholly wither that soul so early and so carefully nurtured in the congenial atmosphere of love, of piety, and of purity?

Secondly, because the kindergarten trains the physical powers of the child and makes use of the activity natural to this period to render him self-helpful and industrious; leading him finally, through the force of habit and the pleasure born of skill, to love work for its own sake, thus making the child's education subserve the practical necessities of life instead of leaving him, as it is now too often accused of doing, helpless and incompetent.

LIBRARY

Though these reasons appear to be well supported by observation of the facts presented by the kindergarten, they are offered here not for unquestioned acceptance, but rather in the hope that, attention having been called to them, inquiry and investigation may be provoked. This becomes imperative when we remember that the claims which the advocates of the kindergarten make have not been received with entire acquiescence. True, the opposition has been surprisingly small, yet the truth remains that leading minds, while commending the system itself, have doubted the principles upon which Froebel believed it to be founded, while others, without denying the underlying principles, have questioned the method of their application. Prudence suggests to enthusiasm that this disagreement deserves notice at the hands of Catholic psychology before the kindergarten can be generally adopted as part of the parochial-school system. But supposing, as is likely, that the principles and practices of the kindergarten are perfectly accordant with the demands of nature and religion, it yet remains for experience and wisdom to institute such emendations as shall adapt it to our peculiar circumstances. The leading promoters of the kindergarten in this country acknowledge that it is capable of a wider development than Froebel had time to give it. The conditions of American life, it is evident, require the introduction of various modifications in order to adapt it perfectly to the development of the child born to a destiny, and to duties so radically different from those of the German child, to whose environment it was naturally most suited as it came from the hands of its inventor. But if it be true that the kindergarten must be studied in a new light with a view to adapting it specially to the needs of the American child, it is equally true that it must be studied not only in this but in still another light before it can be made to fit the circumstances of the child who, in addition to being American, still further complicates the situation by being Catholic.

Here, therefore, is a call for the Catholic scientist. Now, if ever, the time seems ripe for more words upon the subject of infant education than our philosophers and psychologists have yet seen fit to give us. A pressing need exists at present for their investigations in the field of pedagogical science—a field in which very great, and it might be added very wild, activity is evinced just now. Catholic teachers need the help which such investigation would lend to guide their own efforts intelligently no less than to counteract the effects of the unwholesome tendencies which the "New Education," left too much to irreligious and irresponsible influences, so frequently manifests; nor need this work be considered beneath the notice of the most commanding genius and the widest erudition. Whoever assumes authority to point the way in elementary education treads dangerous ground. Deep and accurate indeed must be his knowledge who endeavors to glean the truth regarding the laws governing the relation of matter to mind or of mind to soul, and it is of such material that the thousand pitfalls are constructed which a specious philosophy sets for the inquirer at the very gate of the far-reaching science of education.

But, granting that upon investigation the kindergarten prove to be all that its advocates assert, it will be asked: How is a poor, overburdened, and unjustly taxed people to adopt this most expensive of educational schemes? Have they not already undertaken more than they can well perform in attempting to educate children within the period generally accepted as the school age proper? Leaving all answer, except the one bearing the most practical aspect, to faith, zeal, and charity, it may be said that the kindergarten advocates insist that, notwithstanding the cost of its establishment and maintenance, this is the only truly economical basis upon which to found an educational system. And for many reasons: in several ways it is a saving of time; and, to the poor especially, time is literally money. The kindergarten utilizes those years of earliest childhood which otherwise must be, in a certain degree, wasted, or worse than wasted if we consider that the child, left to his own unguided activity, or to the guidance of untrained parents, lays up a store of bad habits which it must be the first work of the teacher in the primary school to consume time and labor in helping him to unlearn—so far, at least, as such a thing is possible.

All who recognize the immense force of habit in education will see here a double saving of time, since in the kindergarten the child is led to form right habits of thinking and acting from the beginning. In addition to this, the kindergarten, with a truly German thrift which of itself might reveal its origin, seizes the opportunities which the traits peculiar to early childhood offer in the eagerness of its curiosity, the freshness of its interest, the impressibility of its mind, to garner a harvest of mental images and facts which the child draws upon as food in its future development. These qualities, if not intelligently fostered and fed when first manifested, grow dull as years advance, until, often through faulty schooling (education would be too gross a misnomer), at a later period they die out almost totally, leaving the child a listless incompetent in place of the curious, investigating little creature who a few years previous kept his elders at their wits' end with his amazing questions. The kindergarten rests its economic claim upon yet a fourth reason: the child who enters the primary school from the kindergarten, it is alleged, shows at once the advantage of his previous training in the ease with which he outstrips his less fortunate classmate who has not enjoyed a similar training. His habits of observation well cultivated, and his power of language developed, he learns to read more quickly; his hand practised in answering the behests of the will, he learns to write more readily; his mind rich in a store of those conceptions which mathematics require, he apprehends the abstractions of arithmetic with greater ease and intelligence. According to this assumption, a class of kindergarten children entering the primary school should complete the year's work in less time than a corresponding class of children having no preparation but the unsystematic training of the home. Finally, it is maintained that in those early years of childhood which the kindergarten so thriftily utilizes can be laid the foundation of every occupation and study to which in later life the youth or the adult may be called upon to turn his attention, including language, mathematics, the natural sciences, trades, art, and sociology.

These are pretensions of ambitious proportions certainly; yet notwithstanding this, the kindergarten, in the half century which has elapsed since its establishment, has been accepted by the promoters of education throughout Europe and the United States with remarkably little show of opposition. It still remains, however, for Catholic educators to set upon it the seal of their approbation—or the contrary. True, the kindergarten is in operation in many of our orphan asylums, protectories, industrial homes, and similar institutions; but this does not indicate to Catholic teachers, parents, and school trustees with sufficient clearness that the kindergarten may be considered suited to the universal need of childhood, regardless of surrounding circumstances. Upon this must hinge our determination whether or not this system shall constitute the foundation upon which all the succeeding education of our children shall rest. Some secure foundation there must be, and that carefully laid, if we are to build a lasting monument to American Catholic education. Only with this end in view is the question to be studied; and the immensity of the interests at stake imperatively demand that all the light which genius, learning, and experience combined can give be turned upon the subject. We cannot afford to trust to haphazard experiment, as the state too frequently does. The material upon which we must operate is too precious; it is nothing less than God's most perfect work, the human mind and soul.

Certainly, if, as is claimed for it, the kindergarten is the most natural, true, and economical beginning that can be made in the work of human culture, then duty and expediency leave us no choice but to adopt it, let the question of ways and means be as perplexing as it may. We shall have to attempt it, praying that new Dom Boscos and Father Drumgooles may arise to set our weakness the example of faith and zeal, and that Mary Caldwells may appear in every parish to second their work.

The necessarily limited scope of this paper, and the many-sided nature of the question it has attempted to consider, permit little more than a cursory glance at its most striking points; but if the aim previously acknowledged—to direct more general attention to the subject in order to awaken investigation of its merits—be even partly successful, a good and necessary work will have been initiated. The kindergarten has been in operation a sufficient length of time to encourage an attempt to judge it by results. Even in this country, where it was not introduced until 1856, a generation has had time to mature under the influence of its methods. It would be a work deserving unqualified gratitude to trace the lives and work of some of the children who, beginning in the kindergarten and continuing along educational lines in harmony with its aims, have reached manhood and womanhood, and now stand ready in our midst to bear that living testimony which shall aid us in determining what judgment we are to pass upon the principles, methods, aims, and results of the kindergarten.

Austin, Tex. J. THOMAS.

DIVORCE.

THE family was the patriarchal unit of society, never the individual. Around this primitive institution centred all legislation, and in it inhered all blessings and sanctions. Nothing is more remarkable in the history of those ancient days than the supreme importance of the family, and the jealous care with which it was guarded and fenced in every direction. "Thou hast set the nations of the earth in families."

With the coming of Christ upon earth the twilight of the early dispensation passed into the clearer radiance of the coming day. "That which was in part was done away, that which was perfect" had come, and our Divine Lord raised marriage to the full dignity of a sacrament, and set upon its indissolubility the seal of his most awful sanction in those words: "What God hath joined together let not man put asunder." It is impossible to exaggerate the full significance or the tremendous importance of these words. Upon this sacrament rests the whole structure of civil society. Marriage creates the family, and the family is the citadel in which are guarded the hopes and the destinies of humanity no less than the eternal weal or woe of its individual members. Unquestionably, it is to the sacramental character of marriage that woman in all civilized countries owes whatever of moral and material well-being she now possesses. No refinements of art, no advanced culture of the intellect among men, have secured to her the proud position which is now her birthright whenever and wherever she may choose to claim it. Can one imagine a higher state of artistic and literary culture than is presented by the ancient civilizations of Greece and Rome? Can human history present a more profound degradation of womanhood?

When these effete civilizations were overwhelmed by the fresh life of the barbarous tribes of Northern Europe, the change would have been for woman only that from being the degraded toy of voluptuaries and tyrants, she should have become the household slave and burden-bearer of the savage conquerors. But the Catholic Church, by her firm maintenance of the two great sacraments of Holy Order and of Matrimony, saved Christianity and constituted the Christian state, of which these two sacraments became the joint foundations. When the church's law of marriage became incorporated into the civil law then arose the morning star which heralded the dawn of woman's emancipation.

It is true that this earth was not a paradise for woman through the Middle Ages, and that she has had her full share in the frightful struggles and calamities of all the centuries. But on the whole her elevation has been commensurate with the elevation and progress of the Christian Church. Never let it be forgotten that nothing but the assertion of and the protection by the Catholic Church of the sacramental nature of the marriage contract have secured to her the fruits of this progress.

At the Reformation this sacramental nature of marriage was rudely assailed and persistently denied. It was sought to degrade it to a mere civil contract, and to place it under the sole guardianship of the state. In all Protestant countries and communions this attempt succeeded, and surely no consequences of the Reformation have proved more disastrous to society. Under the plea of obtaining relief to persons suffering from various evils incident to ill-assorted marriages, the whole social fabric of family life has been undermined, and a threatening shadow thrown upon the honor and dignity of every Christian home; for surely if marriage be not a sacrament, but merely a civil contract with no warrant of indissolubility, as a state of life it loses inconceivably in dignity and sacredness.

When the sensual and irreligious seekers after easy divorce cry out, "Prophesy unto us smooth things only," make the convenience and the passion of the individual the supreme law, we turn in edification to the heroic struggles by which in fiercer and less civilized ages the Pontiffs of the Christian Church upheld this great corner-stone of society. Happy indeed for us all, Catholics and Protestants alike, that they breasted for our sakes with unshaken fortitude the wrath of kings and emperors, and faced with unswerving fidelity the shock of wars, the threat of imprisonment and even death, rather than betray the cause of any helpless wife who appealed to them for protection. When the vicious King Lothaire, of Lorraine, wished to repudiate his wife Thietberga that he might marry Waldrade, sister of the Archbishop of Cologne, the grand old Pope Nicholas I. took upon himself her cause; and surely the pages of history cannot furnish a more sublime instance of courage and chivalrous devotion to duty than this story and its sequel. The haughty monarch determined at all hazards to succeed in his designs; resorted successively to every expedient of fraud and violence. He first compelled the queen to falsely accuse herself before an assembly of eight bishops at Aix-la-Chapelle, and again to repeat her confession before a second assembly at Frankfort. The unhappy woman appealed to the pope in these touching words:

> "Should it come to the knowledge of your Holiness that I have finally been brought to make the false confession required of me, be persuaded that violence alone could have wrung it from me, a wretched queen, who have been more shamefully treated than the most menial slave could have been."

But, forsaken and condemned by all others, this poor woman appealed not in vain to the Vicar of Christ. When Lothaire hesitated not to bribe the corrupt assembly of bishops now convened with great pomp and ostentation to finally try the cause, and had thus secured their judgment in his favor, the intrepid pontiff declared all their acts null and void, deposed the corrupt archbishops, deposed and repudiated his own faithless legates, and threatened Lothaire with excommunication if he did not at once put away Waldrade, whom he had newly espoused. When the enraged king incited his brother, the Emperor Louis, to march an army upon Rome to avenge himself for this insult, the undaunted pope refused to yield one iota, and declared that under no circumstances would he pronounce the marriage of

Thietberga unlawful. Forced by the rude soldiery to take sanctuary, he retired to St. Peter's, and there passed two whole days and nights in prayer and fasting, but still refused to receive Lothaire, or to grant him absolution unless he restored Thietberga to her rightful place of wife and queen. Lothaire consented to this, but now resolved upon another expedient. He so ill-treated his wife that she had the weakness to apply to the pope to pronounce judgment against her and allow her to retire to a convent. But the pope refused, and replying to her appeal in a letter full of dignity and firmness, he admonished her to stand firm and not allow herself to be prevailed on by fear or force to utter any falsehood, but to be ready to endure even martyrdom, with the assurance that in that case she would merit a martyr's reward.

On the death of Nicholas, his successor, Adrian II., maintained her cause with equal vigor and success. The effect of this victory of the sacraments over the lustful union of man and woman can hardly be exaggerated.

This was by no means an isolated instance of papal interference in behalf of this sacrament. We need only allude to the excommunication of Philip of France by Urban II., in the eleventh century, for putting away his wife Bertha and living with Bertrada, the wife of the Count of Anjou. In this connection we cannot forbear quoting the heroic language of the Bishop of Chartres with regard to this same case: "The king may deal with me as he sees fit, and may do whatever God permits him to do against me. Whether he casts me into prison or puts me beyond the protection of the law, in any event I am determined to endure all things in defence of the law of God, and no consideration will bring me to share the guilt of those from whose chastisements I should shrink." Innocent III. compelled Philip Augustus to take back his wife Ingelburga, whom he had repudiated, and in Spain he compelled Alfonso IX., King of Leon, to break off the marriage unlawfully contracted with his niece. The contest of Clement with Henry VIII. was but the continuation of the same struggle, and the manifestation of the faithfulness to duty of the unchangeable church, "the pillar and ground of the truth." It has been well said that "the maintenance by the popes of the sacredness of marriage is the key to half the struggles of the middle ages."

It needs surely but a little reflection to convince us of the absolute necessity of the sanctity and indissolubility of marriage in order to preserve society from the greatest corruption and disorders. The family is the nursery of the civil state. In the Christian home alone, invested as it is with the necessary attributes of stability, permanency, and sacramental dignity; can be found the requisite protection for the helplessness of infancy, and the wisdom and grace to train the child's developing powers, thus fitting it for honor and usefulness here and the perfect life hereafter. Human nature is, moreover, undeniably selfish, and if this principle were not held in check by any strong counter-motive, who can conceive the wretchedness and violence which must ensue? The life of the family furnishes the greatest natural corrective to this master-instinct of our nature, and when purified by the grace of the sacrament secures to the individual a means of self-discipline and culture second only to the higher life of all, the life of evangelical perfection.

John Stuart Mill somewhere observes that "public spirit, sense of duty towards the public good, is of all virtues, as women are now educated and situated, the most rarely to be found among them." We are sorry to confess that we believe this statement to be largely true in its general sense, but in the present instance certainly it need not be restricted by any limitations of sex. What is surely most needed, imperatively needed, in this our day and generation, is that young persons should be trained to take broader, more unselfish views of marriage and its responsibilities. The thoroughly worldly person never can or will do this. These ideas are essentially Christian. We do not by any means assert that persons not influenced by Christian faith are incapable of that genuine affection which should always form its basis. But it is nevertheless wholly true that this natural affection should be strengthened by sacramental grace in order to enable it to bear successfully the strain and burden of the marriage state. If it be true that something must needs be added to perfect this earthly love, beautiful as it certainly is by nature, in order to secure the well-being of the home, what must be said of the great number of marriages contracted from inferior motives, from ambition, love of money, or, most terrible of all, to acquire a fancied freedom from the restrictions and limitations imposed upon the unmarried.

The Rev. Dr. Dix, in a recent Lenten lecture, has painted in terms as truthful as they are graphic the evils resulting from this class of marriages. Let us not accuse him of exaggeration. It is well-nigh impossible to exaggerate in this matter, and it cannot be doubted that his own observation and experience as a pastor of souls have furnished the facts which he portrays so brilliantly and so forcibly. Ah! if some of those who listened to him, and some of us who read, could only tell the tales which have come home to our own hearts and homes, no Lenten lecture ever delivered could rival their terror and their pathos. The young girl, gifted in many ways, conscious of possessing charms of person and of manner, craving above all things admiration and "conquests," restricted, it may be, by surrounding circumstances, seeks to escape by marriage from a sphere to her so unendurably narrow. Alas! for the home; alas! for the husband and the children. "I hate a domestic life," said such a one to me. "It is a terrible bore to have a husband who wishes to play the lover and read poetry. Let him amuse himself as he likes, and I will do the same." Said her husband, in reply to a remonstrance as to the various admirers who filled his house with their gifts of music and pictures and flowers for its young mistress: "Nonsense! I should despise myself if I were capable of being jealous of my wife. People admire her, and I like to have them do so. It is all right." All right; and the divorce came, and to-day the winds sigh a dirge over her untimely grave; and her husband, the handsomest, most versatile and variously gifted man we ever knew, is consigned to a living death; and the sons, God help them! alone in their young manhood with their inheritance of shame and sorrow. And this is not an isolated instance.

We confess to a hearty admiration for the marriage service of the Episcopal Church, and indeed it is but an adaptation in English of the most impressive portions of the Catholic Ritual. But it is truly admirable in its simplicity and dignity; and is well calculated to impress, not only those to whom it is specially addressed, but all who are present. How astonishing it is that after such solemn vows of love and fidelity, "in sickness and in health, for *better*, for *worse, until death us do part*," and after the clergyman has pronounced those awful words of our Divine Lord, "Whom God hath joined together let not man put asunder," any thus married should ever dream of repudiating those vows; and stranger still, perhaps, that this same church should find herself unable to protect the sacredness and indissolubility of the marriage tie! It is certainly true that she condemns all divorces except for cause of adultery, and that she forbids her clergy to officiate at marriages contracted in spite of this prohibition. But how recent is even this legislation, and alas! how ineffective. The parties thus divorced and remarried cannot be excluded from her communion. It is only necessary to have the marriage ceremony performed by a minister of some other denomination, or even by the civil magistrate—a very slight trial, surely, when the newly-married thereby subject themselves to no ecclesiastical penalties, and their marriage is regarded as perfectly legal. It is matter for congratulation that that church is awakening to a sense of the great evils of divorce, and is endeavoring to shape her legislation accordingly. Nor are there wanting indications that all the more conservative Protestant communions are anxious in this respect to return to the first principles of Christian civilization. It all implies a growing consciousness of the necessity of a sacramental basis for the very life of the community.

All legislation which is designed to subserve the general well-being ought to be founded on the principle of the greatest good of the greatest number. No legislation ought ever to be allowed to override this fundamental principle, and it needs no argument to prove that the indissolubility of marriage is necessary to promote this general well-being. In reality, the divorce laws of most of our States, so far from protecting the rights of our citizens, invite, as it were, the very evils which they claim to repress and punish. They provide numerous grounds and open endless facilities for annulling the bond whenever it may become onerous. While in all cases assuming to protect the innocent and punish the guilty, these same laws tacitly allow the party desirous of obtaining the divorce to set on foot endless persecutions and plots to entrap and ruin the unhappy person who may stand in the way of their wicked designs. It needs but a slight acquaintance with the divorce proceedings in our courts to show how difficult, sometimes how impossible, it is for even the innocent to escape. It has been demonstrated that the procuring of divorces has been greatly facilitated by the diversity of the laws regarding it in the different States. Ostensibly the causes are limited, but practically—given the desire of divorce and the requisite money for counsel fees—and the coveted release from the marriage tie is almost certain. If divorce cannot be had for sufficient cause in one State, a temporary removal to another suffices.

In considering the evils attendant upon divorce legislation, we must not pass over the demoralization of the taste and moral sense of the community by the constant publication in the daily journals of the nauseous details of these scandals. The public mind is thus familiarized with the tales of dishonored and wretched homes, and even the very school children may take their fill of these corrupting and sensational stories.

After all that we have said of the absolute incompatibility of divorce with the law of God and the welfare of society, it is nevertheless true, and it would be most unjust to ignore this fact, that there will ever be some persons for whom relief must be found from a married life of intolerable suffering. For such persons, in cases of adultery, gross brutality, and desertion, there remains a partial relief, which neither God nor man would deny them, in a separation. But separation does not imply a privilege of remarriage, and its disabilities ought to be borne patiently by the innocent until the death of either party dissolve the marriage bond. Truly, for such a sufferer to have peace with God and his or her own conscience is better than any earthly gain. There is, however, no doubt that a very large proportion of the unhappiness in married life, for which a remedy is daily sought in our courts, might be avoided if the sacred character of this state of life were more seriously considered in advance. The church advises her children to think well upon the life which they are about to enter, and to make their choice in the fear of God and with regard to their own highest interests.

The married would, under the pressure of such convictions, strive to adjust their lives in mutual harmony, to minimize their differences, and repress all things which might beget jealousies and discords.

We believe it to be true that the characters of all persons who are living according to the highest requirements of marriage present to the careful observer a manifest superiority over their unmarried contemporaries, in regard to the virtues of unselfishness and self-sacrifice, apart from those who practise religious chastity.

To this rule there are, of course, exceptions, but in this case "the exceptions only prove the rule." No doubt the capacity for the same virtues exists in the unmarried also, but, from the necessities of the case, individualism is paramount, and its demands are imperative. The individual needs the environment of other lives in order to properly develop and foster the powers which God has given, and which lie dormant in his soul. We need but suggest the various means by which this evolution of powers, this wholesome discipline and culture are wrought and perfected day by day in the family life. By bearing one another's burdens, in patient endurance of varying moods and eccentricities and tastes, in mutual adjustments, and in all the numerous simple, kindly offices of affection which fill the home, the character becomes gradually but surely strengthened, elevated, and spiritualized.

No one who has lived for many years in the world, and has cultivated the powers of observation and reflection, but must often have noticed the ennobling, often the complete regeneration, of character under the influence of a happy, conscientious domestic life. We have seen the thoughtless, apparently vain and selfish young girl, whom only the excitements of pleasure, or exquisite dressing, or the allurements of the last "No-name" novel could rouse from listlessness and indolence, transfigured by a worthy affection. We have watched her with loving admiration from the hour when she stood radiant with youth and love and beauty at the altar, speaking with gentle firmness the words which bound her *for ever* to the man in whose hand she placed her own without one fear or doubt; and we have seen her as the years passed on, no longer indolent, no longer selfish, ever busied with the thousand tender, homely ministries of the wife and mother, the light and centre of a happy home. Yes, and we have seen her when sickness and sorrow and death have entered that home, watching ever for others' needs, denying herself daily without a murmur, "bearing all things, hoping all things, enduring all things," steadfast ever in her love and trust, until she has seemed to reflect in her face the very light of the celestial city. Such is the power and such the grace of the sacrament of matrimony. Happy, indeed, the country where such homes abound and marriage is thus honored. It is more securely defended by far from all the destructive theories of anarchists, communists, and social disorganizers than it could be by the presence of standing armies.

Danger to our republic lies alone in the masses of the unchristianized, the unemployed, and the unhappy. For all these classes the Church of God offers the only remedies available. On the one hand, she raises the bulwark of her sanctified homes, the nurseries of the civic virtues. On the other, she calls to the life of evangelical perfection a host of men and women whom she consecrates to the mission of alleviating or remedying every evil from which humanity is suffering. The sick, the poor, the ignorant, helpless childhood and dependent age, the vicious, the criminal, and the slave, all claim her wise and provident care.

Yes, even the very lepers are not forgotten; but strong men give up every hope and sever every tie which binds them to home and country to go and share the life and die the death of these poor, helpless outcasts.

Vain will be all attempts to reorganize and regenerate society on any other basis than the one which our Lord himself has instituted and blessed as the type of his own union with His Bride, the Church. "Three things are approved of God: the concord of brethren, the love of neighbors, and husband and wife that agree well together" (Ecclus. xxv. 1).

L. C. B.

SOUL-SOLITUDE.

From dreamless sleep I with a start awoke.
In deepest solitude the soul of night
Rested, unbroken by a sight or sound—
Darkness so heavy, silence so profound,
I felt their contact, and great drops of sweat
Stood on my brow, and I was trembling still
As o'er me rushed such drowning waves of thought
As sweep the country in a maddening swirl
When mighty rivers leap across their banks:
Such awful thoughts of how the whole world slept
Beneath a sleepless Eye; how all forgot
Their loves and hates, their plans, their very lives,
And lay, all shorn of power and strength and pride;
And how God sat, and held their loves and hates
And hopes within the hollow of His hand—
And slumbered not, or slept not, or forgot.
And then I shook as with a mighty chill
Lest He should call me, knowing that I waked;
And as man hides whene'er his Maker calls
Since Adam hid in Eden long ago,
I shut my eyes upon that solemn dark—
Ah! the soul fears to be alone with God!

Margaret H. Lawless.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

UNDER the ungenerous title of "Poetry from a Dublin Garret" a writer in the June number of *Time* attempts to give a life-sketch of one of Ireland's sweetest song-writers; but it is so brimful of inaccuracies and injustice that I am tempted to give here, for the benefit of those who may never have heard of this truly remarkable man's eventful and sad career, a plain, unvarnished tale.

James (*Clarence*) Mangan (Clarence was a *nom-de-plume* he adopted when contributing to the *Dublin Penny Journal* in the year 1832) was born in Dublin, May 1, 1803. His father, James Mangan, a native of Shanagolden in the County Limerick, came to Dublin in 1801, and married Miss Catherine Smith, daughter of Mr. John Smith, a respectable farmer and grazier of Kiltale, Dunsaney, in the County Meath. They carried on business as grocers in No. 3 Fishamble Street, now a very poor neighborhood. For some years the business prospered very well, and, having amassed considerable wealth, he sold out the house in Fishamble Street to the surviving relatives of the Smith family, the former owners, and invested his money in house property in the neighborhood of Camden and Charlemont Streets. This succeeded for a short time, but being addicted to extravagant habits he very soon ran through his worldly goods, and eventually failed in business and died of a broken heart.

Young Mangan's uncle, John Smith, took charge of him and his two brothers, and when James reached his seventh year he was sent to a school in Saul's Court, off Fishamble Street. This school was opened in 1760 by a celebrated Jesuit, Father Austin, and here it was that the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, Archbishop of Dublin, received his primary education. This school was subsequently directed by the Rev. Dr. Betagh, who was educated at Paris and Milan; he was afterwards parish priest of SS. Michael's and John's parish, and before his death, in 1811, established in the city a free school for boys. Dr. Betagh's successor and the teacher of young Mangan was Michael Blake, who in after years was Bishop of Dromore, and who restored the Irish College in Rome. He grew fond of the future poet and placed him under Father Graham, a learned and classical scholar, who taught him the rudiments of Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish. He left this school shortly afterwards, owing to the straitened circumstances of the family. It is said on good authority that he acquired a perfect knowledge of Spanish and German from a Father Villanueva, a learned Spanish priest with whom he made acquaintance after leaving school. At any rate he was shortly afterwards competent to give lessons to young pupils in German, and thus at a very early age help in a small way towards the support of his young brothers and his sister. Finding this very insufficient for all their supports—for he became their sole reliance—he, in 1820, entered a scrivener's office in the city. During his leisure moments he contributed to local "almanacs" and "diaries" short lays, charades, and enigmas; these being the only periodicals in his young days which could serve for the ventilation of amateur poetical effusions. In 1825, after five years' dreary drudgery in the scrivener's office, he obtained employment from an attorney, with whom he remained for three years. Shortly before this he made the acquaintance of a Miss Frances Stacpoole, one of the sisters of a respectable family who lived in the southern suburbs of the city; she is said to have been very beautiful, and it is quite evident Mangan fell passionately in love. In John Mitchel's words, "Paradise opened before him"; but it was of very brief duration, for she was a cold-hearted coquette, and having gained his heart turned him over to despair. "His air Paradise was suddenly a darkness and a chaos; he never loved, and hardly looked upon, any woman for ever more." He himself best describes his feelings:

> "I saw her once one little while—and then no more;
> 'Twas Paradise on earth awhile—and then no more.
> Ah! what avail my vigils pale—my magic lore?
> She shone before my eyes awhile—and then no more.
> The shallop of my peace is wrecked on Beauty's shore;
> Near Hope's fair isle it rode awhile—and then no more."

He seems ever after to have been a different man. He hardly had set out on life's journey when he fell into the society of low companions, his fellow-clerks, who ridiculed and laughed at his odd manners and flouted the temperance cup. His life was ever afterwards an irresolute struggle against an appetite for drink. With his whole heart he hated the work he had to do, as well as his fellow-workers, but he could not break from their company. He wrote of them as he felt:

> "As men by bond and shackle trammel
> The overloaded horse or camel,

> So is *my* spirit bound with chains,
> And girt with troubles, till 'tis wonder
> A single spark of soul remains
> Not altogether trampled under."

During the few years he spent in the attorney's office he did what he could to assist those at home, as was afterwards the case when more congenial employment was given him, by Dr. Todd, in cataloguing the books of the library of Trinity College.

About the year 1830 there was formed in the city the "Comet Club," consisting of about a dozen members, amongst them the subject of our sketch, Samuel Lover, Maurice O'Connell (son of Daniel O'Connell), and Coyne, the poet and dramatist. They started a newspaper of their own, *The Comet*, to which Mangan contributed several prose essays, many of which are forgotten or unheard of, but are all marked by a quaint humor and great literary ability; notably his "Treatise on a Pair of Tongs" and his "Adventure in the Shades."

While engaged in Trinity College he made the acquaintance of the celebrated George Petrie, who obtained for him an appointment in the Ordnance Survey office, situated then in Great Charles Street, where he came into contact with John O'Donovan and Eugene O'Curry, from whom he learned much of the hidden gems of the old Celtic ballads, which he would get them to translate for him, and immediately he would transpose them into vigorous English verse, preserving the spirit of poetry of the original authors as none other could. It seems, indeed, incredible, but it is a fact, that he did not know Gaelic, as in later years he had the valuable assistance of John O'Daly, a celebrated Irish scholar, in turning into English prose rare old Gaelic songs, as well as his supervision of the *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, published in 1849. The same can also be said of those poems which he disguised as translations from the Persian, Hindostani, and other languages of which he knew nothing; these and many other so-called translations were in reality all his own original work.

In 1832 Petrie and O'Donovan started the *Dublin Penny Journal*, to which Mangan contributed eight or nine poetical pieces under the signature of "Clarence," now used for the first time. Amongst these were "Two Sorts of Human Greatness," from the German of Blumauer, and the "Glaive Song," from Körner. This latter is the Marseillaise of the Germans. Notwithstanding his success at this period, his life appears to have become a burden to him; his one passion claimed him; the slightest quantity of spirituous liquor seriously affected his delicate constitution and finely strung nerves. He was not given to taking opium, as is stated, but ever and anon would sip during his work a mixture known as tar-water, of which he prized himself as having an invaluable recipe, which he gave to several friends. It is curious to note that in this recipe he forbids those about to use it ever to approach any intoxicating liquor. For the benefit of my readers I will give this celebrated tar-water recipe as it appears in a letter from Mangan to his friend, John De Jean Frazier (who wrote such stirring songs in the *Nation* as "The Gathering of the Nation," "Song for July 12, 1843," and later, in John Martin's paper, the "Irish Felon"): "Pour a gallon of cold water on a quart of tar; stir both up with a stick for five or six minutes; let it lie for three days, then pour it off. Nothing more need be done, except to skim the oil from its surface. With respect to quantity to be taken, this will depend on the nature of the disease. In most cases half a pint in the morning and another in the evening are sufficient. Bishop Berkeley cured a hideous malady (a gangrene in the blood) in one of his servants by forcing him to drink tar-water by night and day. One thing, however, should be particularly attended to—this, namely: that he who takes tar-water must take nothing that will interfere with it. He must not approach any intoxicating liquor. Tar-water knows its power. It is a jealous medicine. It is the Emperor of Specifics, and, Turk-like, 'twill bear no brother near its throne." Mangan seems to have had great faith in the curative effects of this strange medicine. Often he would disappear for weeks and months, and then suddenly turn up like a ghost, and tell his friends he had been in the country suffering from fever, and cured himself with draughts of tar-water.

He was ever on the move and most restless, for it cost him nothing, poor fellow, to shift his lodgings, as of wardrobes and furniture he had none. This unsettledness was not a matter of necessity, as many of his friends made generous offers to him of bed and board and money; but a dread of any restraint, and what he regarded as a surrender of liberty, made him decline their kindly overtures.

In 1834 he first contributed his German translations to the *Dublin University Magazine*. He wrote for over fifteen years for this magazine, prose and verse, under the initials "C.," "M.," and his full signature, "James C. Mangan." The most admired of his German translations were collected together in two volumes under the title of "German Anthology," in 1845, but only a third of them all are so collected. In 1841 Petrie started the *Irish Penny*

Journal, and Mangan's contributions in the poetical line were some of its chief attractions. In it we find his "Lament for Kincora," "The Woman of Three Cows," "Elegy on the Tironian Princes buried at Rome," etc. The next year we find Mangan heralding to his countrymen the great event of the *Nation's* first number, started by Charles Gavan Duffy and the Young Ireland party. Who has not heard or read with enthusiasm Mangan's inaugural ode?

> "'Tis a great day, and glorious, O public! for you,
> This October fifteenth, eighteen forty and two!
> For on this day of days, lo, the *Nation* comes forth,
> To commence its career of wit, wisdom, and worth;
> To give Genius its due—to do battle with Wrong,
> And achieve things undreamed of as yet, save in song;
> Then arise, fling aside your dark mantle of slumber,
> And welcome in chorus the *Nation's* first number."

After Davis' death, in 1845, Duffy spared no pains to secure Mangan's services for his paper and reclaim him from those peculiar habits which he often relinquished and ever resumed. The warm-hearted editor looked with pity on his truly forlorn condition, and agreed to pay him one pound each week, on the condition that he should at least contribute one article, prose or verse, for each week's issue. It is said this was more honored in the breach than the observance by Mangan. Duffy, in his great work, *Young Ireland*, says: "The man most essentially a poet among the writers of the *Nation* was Mangan. He was as truly born to sing deathless songs as Keats or Shelley." To the *Nation* Mangan contributed several pieces, generally under the signature of "Terræ Filius." During one of his visits to the *Nation* office he was introduced to John Mitchel, who had heard from Duffy and others great praise of his poetical writings. Mitchel was greatly struck with the strange appearance of Mangan; he remembered having seen him on several occasions in the library of Trinity College, perched on a ladder perusing some old tome, dressed in an odd-looking brown garment. On the 12th of February, 1848, Mitchel started a paper of his own, the *United Irishman*, and in the third number we find Mangan contributing, under the initials "J. C. M.," a long prophetic poem, "The Vision." In the sixth number "The Marseillaise" appears, in which he calls on the sons of France to awake, arise, and an "Irish National Hymn" in the fourteenth number. All his poems in Mitchel's paper are full of the political fire which distinguished the prose writings of its great editor. To this short-lived paper he contributed about twenty poems. Mitchel says in his biographical sketch of him, that from the time he commenced to write for his paper he contributed to no other organ.

The last two years of his life saw him pursue in his private life the same erratic course, and every effort of his friends to reclaim him failed. They, however, induced him toward the close of 1848 to go down to Kiltale, his uncle's home, thinking this would be the means of restoring his enfeebled constitution; but after a stay of a few weeks he came up to Dublin again, tired and weary, as he expressed himself, of his existence while there, everything having been dull and dreary.

It will not be out of place here to give a life-like portrait of the *personnel* of this remarkable man, just as he could be seen in the streets of Dublin, at the old book-stalls round Trinity College wall, or at the Four Courts. He was about five feet six inches high, slightly stooped, very thin. His head was large and beautifully shaped; blue eyes; and complexion pale—indeed, of a deadly pallor. He was most eccentric as regards dress, seemingly putting on his garments at haphazard, and generally ill-fitting ones. He usually wore a blue cloth cloak buttoned tightly round him, and under his arm he carried a large, old-fashioned umbrella; he wore a broad-leafed, high-crowned hat. He seemed totally unaware of his eccentric and remarkable appearance, and never seemed to notice the jocose remarks on him made by passers-by.

In 1849 there was an appalling outbreak of cholera in the city, and Mangan had some peculiar idea that there was no such thing as contagion and that precautions were unnecessary. However, he seemed to have had at this time a presentiment that he was doomed to fall a victim to the terrible epidemic. In June he fell seriously ill at his lodgings in Bride Street, and was removed to Meath Hospital by direction of his friends, Dr. Stokes and Rev. C. P. Meehan. The latter was one of his truest and best friends, ministering to his spiritual wants till, on the 20th of June, 1849, he passed away to a brighter and happier home, of which he had written:

> "Where neither passion comes, nor woes,
> To vex the genius of repose.
> No darkness there divides the sway
> With startling dawn and dazzling day:
> But gloriously serene
> Are the interminable plains;
> One fixed, eternal sunset reigns
> O'er the wild, silent scene."

Dublin, June 30, 1888. R. M. S.

UNITED ITALY.

ITALY has puzzled English-speaking Catholics for well-nigh fifty years. She is called a Catholic nation and is ruled by an infidel government. She produces the highest types of saints—Cottolengo,* *e.g.*, and Dom Bosco—and is constantly at war with the Roman pontiffs. While her religious orders are robbed and pitilessly dismembered, new ones arise, one of which at least, established primarily for the education and religious training of youth, is already the wonder of this age, and recalls the time of Loyola and Vincent de Paul. Religion is banished from the universities, colleges, and primary schools of Italy, and she continues to send missionaries to Asia, to Africa, to Patagonia, to the Rocky Mountains.

The pope, bishops, and priests of Italy are certainly persecuted by a minority of the Italian people, and the Catholic majority does not protect them at the polls. Were Italy tyrannized over by an autocrat, holding in fetters both church and state, it would not be surprising to see the pope a prisoner in his own domains. But she enjoys now the blessings of a representative government, and her people can shape their own laws and their own destinies. Why do not Italian Catholics avail themselves of their right of free citizens, go to the polls, elect their own representatives, form a Catholic government, and invite King Humbert to walk out of Rome? Why do they allow the Italian parliament to frame in this very year of grace 1888 a set of laws that will empower the enemies of the church to gag and imprison every bishop and priest in the land, if he dare do his duty and refuse to become a traitor to his chieftain, the Vicar of Christ? Thus reason many Americans. I have been asked to give an answer to these and similar questions, and in doing so I will endeavor to explain:

1st. How Italy came to find herself in her present religious state.

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* To answer the question, "Who is Cottolengo?" in a foot-note would be utterly impossible. He established the Piccola Casa of Divine Providence in Turin, which is the most remarkable single institution of charity of this century. The buildings are joining those of Dom Bosco. If you should visit the Piccola Casa, and then all the institutions of charity of the Catholic Church in New York City, you would find out that the former does not fall short of equalling all the latter. Its inmates number now between three thousand and four thousand. Any afflicted human being finds its doors open to him. Cottolengo has been declared "Venerable," and I hope to live long enough to see him canonized. His life is written in three volumes by Gastaldi, who, I think, is a nephew of Silvio Pellico. The work awaits a translator.

2d. Why the Catholics of that country do not seem to endeavor to get out of it by the means suggested.

I must ask the reader to glance at the contemporary history of Italy. We shall begin with the year 1815. It must not, however, be forgotten that the French encyclopædists had already made their influence felt among the educated classes of the Italian people during the latter half of the eighteenth century—witness Ugo Foscolo and Alfieri. The Congress of Vienna so dissected Italy as to render her powerless and lifeless as a nation. The possessions of the ancient Republic of Venice (which had died of old age and given up the ghost without a struggle at the approach of Napoleon) were given to Austria. The house of Savoy and the Pope were allowed their time-honored sceptres, while the King of Naples and the Dukes of Tuscany, of Parma, and of Modena were permitted to re-establish their hated rule in Southern and Central Italy. The island of Corsica reverted to France, and that of Malta (the grave of mædieval knighthood) was allotted to England. Switzerland, the Prince of Monaco, and the Republic of San Marino were given the other shreds of the peninsula. Meanwhile, not fewer than 150,000 sons of Italy, who had been drafted into Napoleon's army, had returned to their homes with their religious ideas shaken or wrecked by contact with the French soldiers; these latter, during the different stages of their mighty revolution, had been brought up without religion. They found their country as fifteen years of war had left it, ravaged and parcelled out to foreigners and to petty rulers, who seem to have been unable to realize that with the nineteenth century a new era had dawned upon the world, one of progress in developing the material resources of nature. The North of Europe had awakened to the necessity of popular education, and while France and Switzerland were busily engaged in teaching their people how to read and write, in Italy, Southern and Central Italy especially, it was decided to be unnecessary to give schools to the lower classes. As late as 1860 the eight or nine million subjects of the kingdom of Naples were found to be an almost solid mass of illiteracy. No wonder if everywhere discontent was breeding among the lower and middle classes, who looked upon their country as a "once noble queen now uncrowned and humbled to the dust." No room was left for national aspirations, no hope to patriotism, unless the hideous political fabric was pulled down and a new one built upon its ruins. Liberty, as Americans understand it, had no resting place between the Alps and the Gulf of Taranto. The masters of Italy, frightened by the horrors of the French Revolution, made everywhere their absolutism more absolute. To speak a word, to write a line of protest against the dismemberment of the *Patria* was a crime. Men began then to band themselves into secret societies under the names of Carbonari, Giovane, Italia, etc. Their leaders found shelter and protection in France, Switzerland, and England, whence they carried on their propaganda through a secret postal service of their own, embracing the whole of Italy, and operated mainly by the numerous sailors who had been initiated into the mysteries of the associations. It has been generally taken for granted by Catholic writers that these societies were naturally anti-religious and composed exclusively of bad men. But the evidence for this has never been clearly stated.

The Roman States, between 1815 and 1870, were little more than dependencies first of Austria and then of France, the self-appointed protectors of the Holy See. The influence of the powerful Prince Metternich (the Bismarck of the early part of the present century), and of his master, Francis I., was directed towards absolutism, while beyond the Alps the Bourbon kings were hard at work to make of France what it was under Louis XIV. Had the popes dreamed of giving the people of the Roman provinces a voice in the affairs of state, they could not have done so without placing themselves in opposition to all the Catholic crowned heads of Europe. Their policy would have been suicidal. They, however, who occupied the chair of Peter between Pius VI. and Pius IX. gave no sign of being so inclined. The numerous dukes and kings of Italy, swayed by France and Austria, united in crushing every aspiration of the malcontents and every attempt to establish popular forms of government. Conspiracies, rebellions, and revolutions, now in the North, now in the South, became of frequent occurrence, and the little monarchs were more than once forced to empty their treasuries to feed hosts of political prisoners, and to pay the passage of exiles out of the country.

Meanwhile there arose in Piedmont and Lombardy a galaxy of brilliant writers, who gave Italy the best productions of the Italian literature of this century—Manzoni, Cesare Cantù, Silvio Pellico, Massimo d'Azeglio. Catholics in faith all of them, all of them had dreams of liberty and national independence. In the lecture-room, in the theatre, in fiction and in history, in prose and in verse they fanned the flame of what they thought to be patriotism. They soon became the victims of the ruling powers, and the idols of the educated middle classes. All of them were laymen, and bequeathed to Italy the cleanest and wholesomest pages of her literature. Philosophizing priests followed them—Gioberti, Rosmini, Ausonio Franchi. The first named—a profound thinker, idolized by the people for having flattered them in works written while an exile of absolutism, a court chaplain, a professor in the university, a prime minister—wielded a powerful pen and never stinted its use. Finding his political schemes thwarted by the Jesuits (the faithful adherents of the pope in politics as well as in religion), he dipped his pen in venomous gall and wrote that encyclopædia of calumnies against the Society of Jesus called the *Gesuita Moderno.* No other book proved as hurtful to religion in Italy during this century. It was promptly placed on the Index. But forbidden fruit is attractive, and for a few years, in Piedmont at least, where the liberty of the press had been proclaimed, it passed through more editions, probably, than the Bible itself. Rosmini was a saintly clergyman and the founder of a religious congregation. But he thought he saw abuses in the church, and wrote about them. His book, too, *Le cinque piaghe della Chiesa*, was placed on the Index. Ausonio Franchi, whose real name is Francesco Bonavino, is said to have fought for a time against scruples and doubts, and then unfrocked himself, turned rationalist, and spent the rest of his life in writing popular philosophical works calculated to poison the minds of the people on the subject of religion. Gioberti and Rosmini found not a few followers of their philosophical theories among the clergy, but the priests who believed in their political schemes were few and far between.

By concordats with the Holy See the rulers of Italy had obtained the virtual nomination of bishops. The relations between church and state were so manifold and intimate that the occupants of episcopal sees were, in more than one respect, the officers of the government, and clerical appointments were made with a view to solidify the different tottering thrones, and, as sometimes claimed, to give honorable positions to deserving members of aristocratic families in full sympathy with their patrons. The lower clergy and religious orders, at that time well provided with benefices, thought as the bishops did, and viewed the new idea of government reform and reconstruction as the germ of a future political revolution destined to shake, as it had done in France, both church and state to their very foundations. They used their moral influence over the people to oppose the revolutionists. These soon learned to look upon the church as their enemy, and saw behind every altar a tyrant, in every clergyman an enemy of progress. Absolutism is enthroned, they said, behind the sanctuary; we must demolish the one to reduce the other. Thus began the war of what became known as liberalism against the church. Gioberti, Manzoni, Cesare Cantù, who had dreamed beautiful dreams of Italian nationalization and free institutions, with the pope as honored chieftain, having been used as tools for a while by the occult sects, soon lost influence, and radical men, enemies of the altar as well as of the throne, became leaders of the revolution.

Mazzini, a crafty Genoese, and thoroughly unscrupulous as to the means to obtain his ends, became the guiding genius of the vast system of conspiracies in Italy and in Europe. Trained from youth to hate the Catholic Church by his mother, who was herself imbued with the principles of the French revolution, he received in his native city and abroad an education that made him master of the principal European languages.* He was at home with his French, German, Spanish, and English fellow-conspirators as well as with the Italians. While yet a student in Genoa he was already found, during a popular commotion, insulting and beating an inoffensive clergyman. The unfortunate Baudiera brothers, in foolishly attempting to destroy an Austrian fleet in 1844, became the victims of Mazzini's ideas. Rossi was assassinated in Rome, Louis Napoleon's life was attempted by Orsini (a frequent emissary of Mazzini), while he remained quietly in London under the protection of British politicians. No one else, probably, could give as thoroughly satisfactory an explanation of the epidemic of revolutions that broke out everywhere in Europe during the year 1848 as Mazzini. A universal republic built out of the debris of monarchies, and a new religion based on rationalistic principles, was his Utopia. For a time, at least, there was a Young Italy, a Young France, a Young Switzerland, a Young Poland—a Young Europe; and Mazzini, from his hiding-place, directed the movements of all. His agents in America were numerous.

Garibaldi, a sailor from Nice, had early in life become an associate of Mazzini, and was used by him, like many others of his profession, in secretly disseminating revolutionary literature in Italy. A fearless adventurer, he helped to form republics in South America, fought bravely in 1848 against the Austrians, defeated in 1849 a French detachment near Rome, and one of Neapolitans at Palestrina. Twice exiled from Piedmont, he settled in 1850 in New York. Between the years 1854 and 1859 an agreement was entered into between Cavour and the leading revolutionists to unite Italy under the Sardinian flag. Garibaldi was quietly invited back to Piedmont. By this time the thrones of Naples, of Parma, of Modena, of Tuscany, and the Roman provinces had been thoroughly undermined by the ever-active plotters of the secret societies. Austria alone stood in the way; and it was left to Cavour's diplomacy to overcome the obstacle. He procured a matrimonial alliance between the courts of Paris and Turin; the saintly Princess Clotilda, Victor Emmanuel's daughter, was sacrificed in marriage to the Prince of Paris (Plon Plon), and a promise was made of the cession of Savoy and Nice to France. As a *quid pro quo* Napoleon crossed the Alps with his armies, and with the help of the Sardinians drove Austria from Lombardy, which was given to Victor Emmanuel. Parma, Modena, and Tuscany, by successful revolutions connived at by Cavour, and several of the Roman provinces, were annexed to Piedmont with the secret approval of the French emperor. On May 5, 1860, Garibaldi, a native of what was then a French province, and a citizen of the United States, embarked with one thousand volunteers near Genoa on board a Sardinian steamer flying a foreign flag. He landed at Marsala, in Sicily, and, aided by local revolutionists who were in the plot, took possession first of the island and then of the mainland in the name of Victor Emmanuel, whose navy and land forces openly co-operated with him.

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* Mazzini and his mother are buried side by side in the famous Campo Santo, but beyond the limits of consecrated ground.

The kingdom of Italy was thus established. How Venice in 1866 and Rome in 1870 came into possession of the present government of Italy is fresh in the minds of every reader. By an alliance with Prussia the former was acquired and the Franco-Prussian war gave the opportunity to enter the latter. It is needless to say that the clergy opposed revolutionary wars and insurrection, and remained faithful to the pope and to their monarchs. The masses of the people, especially of the rural districts, followed their priests and bishops. It was, therefore, necessary to the permanence of the new government that the influence of the church should be crushed and, if possible, annihilated. Priests and bishops by the hundred from Southern and Central Italy were banished to Northern provinces, or, to use the hypocritical jargon of the revolution, were relegated to a *domicilio coatto* (forced domicile). The writer remembers receiving the blessing more than once of one of those exiles, the venerable Archbishop of Parma. They for years were the victims of the daily insults of the ribald Garibaldians, and subsisted, as best they could, on the commiseration and charity of the Catholics. At the same time the pay-roll of the men who lived on the bounty of the government was swelled to immoderate proportions. Former Carbonari, plotters from Venice, from Tyrol, from the Papal States, were invited to become citizens of the new kingdom, pensioned and settled in the towns of Piedmont and Lombardy. Many of them, who had learned in the secret haunts of conspiracy to handle the dagger better than their beads, lived in idleness and became the terror of law-abiding people. The pension rolls and the wars against the Austrians, the Papal States, and against the kingdom of Naples, had brought the government to the verge of bankruptcy. Its credit was little more than zero. A vast system of church spoliation, called by the euphonious name of secularization of ecclesiastical property, was promptly devised. It answered the three-fold purpose of depriving the clergy of the sinews of war, of deterring young men from entering the sanctuary, and of successfully meeting the financial crisis. Those magnificent structures, the monasteries of the religious orders, the pride of Italian architecture, their rich treasures of art, their immense libraries, the accumulations of centuries, were sold out at auction. Hundreds of churches went the same way or were demolished. Others were turned into soldiers' barracks, and even into brothels. The bishops' estates and those of their chapters, the innumerable benefices of the secular clergy, all fell in their turn under the hammer of the government auctioneer. Thus the Italian scoffers at religion, Jews and foreigners, the minions of the triumphant revolution, were afforded an opportunity of enriching themselves by buying church property and church estates at one-third of their real value.*

Still the work of religious destruction did not proceed as rapidly as desired. The church must be sapped at its foundations, and endeavors made to deprive her of ministers. Laws were enacted forcing every able-bodied aspirant to holy orders into the ranks of the army. And when it was discovered that Catholics willingly paid from three to four thousand francs to redeem each of the young Levites by procuring for them substitutes, a supplementary law was passed forbidding it. It seemed as if the times of Antichrist had come. The clergy, the Catholics and the conservatives, looked in dismay upon their tyrants as a scourge from God. A stand might have been made with the ballot which the constitution had placed in the hands of the Catholic majority. But elections and plebiscites are farces in the face of a standing army of not less than two hundred thousand men, especially among peoples wholly unaccustomed to the electoral system. To aggravate the situation there came forth from Rome the famous formula addressed to Catholics: *Ne eletti ne elettori*, which paraphrased means, You are forbidden to have anything to do with national elections. You must be neither candidates nor voters. That order has never been revoked. Pius IX. stoutly refused to recognize the usurpation. And, although retaining for himself after 1848 only the shadow of power through the interested intervention of France, he undertook to protect the rights of the former rulers of Italy, depending on Providence for the triumph of his ideas. He withheld from the new government the privilege of interfering in the nomination of bishops to vacant sees. Many dioceses remained vacant for indefinite periods, while the ordinaries of others were prevented from taking possession of their episcopal residences and the remnants of their revenues.

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* My indictment against the Italian government is strong enough without exaggerating the gravity of its charges. The benefices belonging to *parish* churches have never been sold, but taxed to an amount equal to over one-third of the net income. Bishops, canons, and others were given in exchange for their benefices an amount, in bonds, equal to the net proceeds from their sale. But as these were sold generally very cheap, and as the bonds are heavily taxed, little income is left to the beneficiaries.

A system of centralization was next devised which soon made it impossible for any but the partisans of the revolution to enter the more honorable and lucrative walks of life. The universities (brought into existence and nursed by the church) were thoroughly secularized, and the military academies established. Thus, to obtain a professorship, to practise law or medicine, to become an officer in the army, to follow even the humbler calling of a druggist or engineer, you must first "go through the mill" and obtain a diploma from the government. A clerical—that is, whoever remains faithful to the practice of the Catholic religion and dares to protest against the paganization of his country—need not apply for position or entertain any hope of advancement. The old men of letters and the scientists of Italy were Catholics. Infidels, Protestants, and Jews were called from beyond the Alps to take their places and teach in the universities. The railways and telegraphs were in the hands of the government, and the employees must subscribe to the new political tenets. The government reserved to itself the exclusive right to manufacture and sell salt and tobacco, and thus recruited thousands of adherents. Judges, magistrates, policemen (their name is Legion), and the entire army are forced to subscribe to the new order of things, not only politically but frequently to renounce the practice of their religious duties. Chaplaincies in the army in time of peace were abolished, and once a year the common soldier is allowed a few hours to receive the sacraments at Eastertide. But the day before the captain thus addresses his company: "If there be a fool in my command who wishes to go to confession, an opportunity will be afforded him to-morrow morning. He will be allowed to leave the barracks for that purpose between the hours of six and ten. His comrades, however, will learn to know him as an enemy of the country." It looks incredible. But in 1866 just such a harangue was addressed to the company of which my brother was a member.

It would be useless to attempt to tell of all the obstacles thrown in the way of aspirants to holy orders, and how priests and bishops are hampered at every step by vexatious official interference with the exercise of their ministry. Pilgrimages, religious processions, funerals, the ringing of bells for service, etc., have all been subjected to legislative enactments, and frequently prevented under frivolous pretexts. In 1870, being then twenty years of age, I was subject to the law of conscription. I was then a student of theology in the seminary of my native diocese. On a given day the order was handed me to present myself at the seat of the *mandamento*,* and draw a number which would assign me to the first or second *categoria* of the army. Providence favored me. The number which I drew from the fatal urn with trembling hand made it possible for me to continue my studies in the seminary instead of beginning four years active service as a common soldier. A few days later it became necessary to present myself, together with all the young men of the *circondario* of my age, to a mixed committee of army officers and surgeons, to be examined as to my physical ability for army service. I was forced not only to put off my seminarist's soutane, but to strip myself naked before them and some fifty other persons. A uniformed officer scanned me from head to foot, felt my chest and other parts of the body, and with a sneering compliment that I must have been descended from the ancient

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* They divided Italy into provinces, these into *circondarii*, and the *circondarii* into *mandamenti*. The army was then divided into two *categorie*, or classes. The first was the standing army in time of peace. The second class, after a few days' drilling, was dismissed, only to be called out in time of war.

Taurini,[*] and would make a good bersagliere, put my name on the roll. An humble petition from my bishop,[†] who stood well with the government, to his majesty's minister of war, after several months' delay, obtained me permission to prosecute my studies for the priesthood. I was ordained in 1874 for the foreign missions, and on the eve of my departure for Mississippi asked for the necessary passport to leave Italy. It was not granted without a security of two thousand francs for my prompt return to Italy should I be called at any time between the years 1875 and 1887, the period of my liability to service. Had I not done so, I would have been arrested on crossing the frontiers as an ordinary deserter. Is it any wonder if it is difficult to obtain young Italian priests to minister to their countrymen in foreign lands?

The press, oftentimes subsidized by the government, is used as an instrument of torture upon the clergy. No calumny is too base that it may not be used against the ministers of religion to vilify them in the eyes of the people. The pictorial art is prostituted by illustrated monthly magazines and weekly sheets in vile cartoons against priests, bishops, and popes. The most august ceremonies and practices of religion are ridiculed in romances, in which ecclesiastics appear as debauchees, in vulgar street ballads and on the stage as well as in periodicals. The courts of justice afford no redress.

From what has been said the conclusion might be drawn that by this time religion has been well-nigh banished from Italy. On the contrary, the very fact that the government is now busily engaged in framing a new engine of persecution to be used against the church, in the shape of a new set of laws against the abuses of the clergy, is proof that the fortress has not been taken and that the siege has been laid in vain. Ninety per cent. of the Italian women and seventy per cent. of the men are to-day practical Catholics. Faith was too deeply rooted in the Italian people to be swept away by a few decades of persecution. The masses of the Italian *contadini*, or farmers (Italy is an agricultural country), kept aloof from the religio-political strife and continued quietly to practise what the catechism had taught them, and to pursue the cultivation of their fields. Enormous taxes and the forced military servitude of their sons, at a period of life when they are most needed on the farm, did not contribute to endear to them the new régime. Meanwhile, the clergy have not been idle. Fra Agostino da monte Feltro finds no church in Italy large enough to give standing-room to the throngs of artisans and workingmen that flock to hear his lectures. The children of Dom Bosco are training hundreds of thousands of young men to stand by the church in the work of saving their country. A Catholic press is being gradually established to answer the attacks and refute the calumnies of the parasitical official periodicals. Editors and publishers cheerfully undergo fines and imprisonment in the defence of truth. During a visit to my native country two years ago I saw everywhere, especially in the Northern provinces, evidences of a religious revival rather than of decay.

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[*] Taurini, a broad-chested and broad-shouldered race, were a people inhabiting parts of Piedmont before the times of the Romans. Turin (in Latin, Augusta Taurinorum) is called after them.

[†] He was the priest who assisted at Victor Emmanuel's morganatic marriage with the disreputable Countess Mirafiore, and got as a fee the mitre for the Diocese of Cuneo. One of his first episcopal acts was to dismiss the Jesuits from the Episcopal College, where they had been teaching in the garb of secular priests. *Requiescat in pace.*

King Humbert and his ministers, after seventeen years' residence in the Quirinal, do not yet feel at home. They lately heard the voice of reaction and felt insecure in "intangible Rome." That voice must be stifled, the priests must be gagged. It must become a crime to say that the pope is the rightful sovereign of Rome. The following laws have been, therefore, formulated by the ministers and are now being discussed in Parliament—by this time, perhaps, placed on the statute book: "Whoever attempts any overt act intended to alter the unity, the integrity, or the independence of the state is punishable with penal servitude for life." Or, following Cardinal Manning's translation of another formula of the same law: "Whosoever does anything tending to make the country or any part of it subject to a foreign power, or to tamper with the unity of the kingdom, is punishable with penal servitude for life." "The minister of any denomination who, in the exercise of his functions, publicly censures or outrages the institutions and lords of the state, is punishable with a year's imprisonment or a fine of one thousand francs." A third law provides that if "a minister of any denomination, abusing the moral power he possesses by virtue of his office, brings into contempt the institutions and laws of the country or the acts of the authorities, he is punishable with imprisonment, six months to three years, and a fine of from five hundred to three thousand francs." The reader needs not be told that these statutes are tyrannical, not only because they are intended to stifle the Roman question, but because their elasticity and the indefiniteness of their wording will leave it in the power of judges and the government executive to convict or acquit as the political exigencies of the case may require. Henceforth it will be possible, if these laws are approved, for every petty magistrate or *pretofobo* (priest-hater) to have priests and bishops indicted and convicted, if any of them will dare (as surely they will) to condemn the usurpation of Rome or any of the iniquitous laws against religion. Will these statutes be approved by the Chamber of Deputies and by the Senate, and will they obtain the necessary signature of the king? Assuredly they will, judging from past experience, notwithstanding the protest of every priest and bishop in Italy, unless foreign pressure be brought to bear on the Italian government rendering it impolitic to adopt them. This is all that can be said of them at present.

I am done with my first point. The way is now smooth to the second. Why do not the Catholics of Italy endeavor to overthrow their government by electing Catholic representatives? Answer: Because the pope forbids them to do so. Why? First, because he knows that to go to the polls, to accept candidatures and offices, would be recognizing, before the world, the *status quo* and the revolution. Second, because he knows that a Catholic party could not be successful. It must be borne in mind that Italy is not a republic governed by universal suffrage, but a limited monarchy with the balance of power largely in favor of the crown whenever it chooses to exercise it. The constitution by which it is governed provides for two legislative bodies, the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate. Only the deputies are elected by the people; the senators are appointed for life by the king, and are naturally his creatures. The hereditary monarchy retains for itself an unlimited veto power. Suppose now that an election takes place. A ministerial candidate is in the field and the clericals or Catholics nominate an opposition ticket. All the government employees, the judges, the magistrates, the policemen, all the soldiers of the neighboring barracks would be ordered at once to carry the election or the officials be dismissed and the soldiers punished. The priest should leave his pulpit, the people their church to enter the political arena. The government invariably selects Sunday for election-day. But let us look at the bright side of the medal and suppose that a Catholic deputy is elected. He will present himself to the chamber to be sworn, and, as likely as not, will be told that his election is annulled owing to the undue influence of the clergy in procuring it. Let us continue to suppose. His credentials are accepted. Before taking his seat he is required to take the following oath: "I swear to be faithful to the king and loyally to observe the constitution and the laws of the state." Can he conscientiously swear to be loyal to the usurper of Rome and not to do that which he was elected to do by his constituents? Again suppose the highly improbable. A majority of Catholic deputies are elected and seated. They legislate to break the fetters of the church. Will the life-senators repudiate all their former legislation and write the sentence of their condemnation before the world? If they should, there would yet be the royal veto to overcome, backed by an army of two hundred thousand men, capable of immediate increase to eight hundred thousand men.

I have heard it said by Americans: Let the people of Italy rise in their might, throw their tyrants into the Tiber, and set the pope free. Would the attempt succeed? Not without perjury and treachery. Leo XIII. would rather breathe his last a prisoner in his own house than consent to become the monarch of the world by unlawful means. And what right-thinking man would turn the fair land of Italy into a pool of blood and a house of carnage to re-establish the temporal power of the pope? Americans have also offered the Italian Catholics the following words of sympathy: "You are the slaves of a handful of infidel demagogues, but your shackles are of your own making." But I answer, let somebody write a truthful history of Europe during this century, and it will be seen that, were it not for the gold of Protestant nations interested in destroying the temporal sovereignty of the Roman pontiffs, were it not for Louis Napoleon's double-dealing and the apathy and dereliction of duty of the old autocratic rulers of Italy, Victor Emmanuel's unclean ashes would not to-day pollute the Pantheon of Rome.

What is the future of the Catholic Church in Italy? It will grow stronger and healthier under persecution until Europe shall see the propriety of again giving freedom and independence to the Vicar of Christ, the centre of unity and peace in the Christian world. The words of St. Ambrose have proved prophetic for fourteen hundred years and they will continue so: "*Italia, Italia-aliquando tentata mutata nunquam!*"

Jackson, Miss. L. A. DUTTO.

"IN DURA CATENA."

O OUTRAGED land! O tortured land!
  Let not thy burdened heart grow faint;
Remember thy fair brow hath borne
  The crown of martyr and of saint.
The judgment blast shall ring at last;
The tyrant's knell shall ring at last.
Thy voice, that seems too weak in pain
To fire a nation's blood again,
Is not too weak for God to hear
  The power of its plaint:
Is not too light for God to slight
  The passion of its plaint.
      Poor Erin, struggle on!

A fateful day—a final day
  Is coming to thy foes and thee.
Ah! not to be a tyrant's prey
  Is thy eternal destiny!
Thy freedom bowed hath cried aloud,
For vengeance hath it cried aloud.
That cry shall bring its answer down;
Yet shalt thou wear a nation's crown,
While crushing persecution's might
  Shall stand thy liberty:
While stern and strong, defying wrong,
  Shall reign thy liberty.
      Brave Erin, struggle on!

Baltimore, Md. M. LOUISE MALLOY.

JEANETTA GRUDZINSKA, PRINCESS OF LOWICZ.

An interesting article in a late number of the *Revue Britannique*, by a Polish pen, recalls to mind a lady whose memory had well-nigh faded out of sight, though an imperial throne was forfeited for her sake, and in a most difficult and exceptional position she seems to have exhibited fidelity, self-restraint, good judgment, and many endearing qualities.

This lady was Jeanetta Grudzinska, Princess of Lowicz, wife of the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, elder brother of the Czar Nicholas, and, during the lifetime of the Emperor Alexander I., heir-presumptive to the Russian throne.

The article in the *Revue Britannique* contains a brief biography of the princess and extracts from some of her letters, but it presupposes the reader's acquaintance with events on which the interest of her life is founded. We therefore propose to offer a short account of the condition of things in Russia when, in 1820, her marriage connected her with the imperial family.

The father of the Grand Dukes Alexander, Constantine, Nicholas, and Michael was the Emperor Paul, son of the Empress Catherine and her husband Peter, who did not survive a cup of coffee drunk in prison the day after he had abdicated the imperial throne.

Paul was exceedingly distrusted by his mother, who kept him in a state of abject pupilage. He was allowed no influence at court, no part in public affairs. He was merely permitted to superintend the drill and the uniforms of the army. The only gleam of happiness in his sad life was when he passed a year as the Comte du Nord, travelling with his sweet young wife, Dorothea of Montbélliard, to the courts of France, Holland, Italy, and Germany. The history of that journey has been told us in the memoirs of Madame d'Oberkirch, who was the intimate friend of the grand duchess, and in her pages Paul appears in a most amiable light, though throughout the narrative, notwithstanding its reserves, we can see with what terror the Empress Catherine inspired her son and her daughter-in-law.

We judge from his wife's letters to Madame d'Oberkirch, to whom she wrote as friend to friend, and from that lady's account of the life led in private by the married pair, that Paul was exceedingly attached to the beautiful, amiable, and intelligent lady he had married when a young widower.

The Czar Paul, after succeeding his mother, is believed (for court chronicles in Russia are seldom matter-of-fact) to have shown symptoms of the insanity latent in his family since the days of Ivan the Terrible. He disgusted the army by his strict regulations as to drill and dress, especially in the matter of hair-powder, concerning which Suwarroff got himself into disgrace, notwithstanding his splendid services, by reminding the emperor that hair-powder was not gunpowder; and lastly, he exasperated his people by suddenly becoming the partisan of everything French and forming an alliance with the Emperor Napoleon.

A conspiracy was formed to dethrone him. Alexander, his heir, was notified of this plot, and appears to have accepted it as a necessity. But the conspirators had no idea of putting their own lives in jeopardy by showing the dethroned emperor any mercy. They surprised him at night. Naked and unarmed, he fought with desperation, but they overpowered him and strangled him with the sash of a young captain who was looking on while the work was performed by leading Russian generals.

Alexander never recovered the shock of this night's tragedy. He was forced to accept the situation, but his mild, gentle, and just nature made him all his life liable to fits of deep depression, which, had he lived, would probably have ended in religious melancholy. After the close of the Napoleonic wars he planned the Holy Alliance in a fit of fervor. Considering all revolutions as tending to atheism and all reforms as tending to revolution, he formed a league with the new ruler of France and the sovereigns of Prussia and Austria (England, under Lord Castlereagh, approving though not joining the alliance) to put down any symptoms of revolution as calculated to disturb the new map of Europe marked out by the treaties of Vienna. Faithful to this alliance, he refused to encourage the Greeks or the Rumanians when they revolted against the Turks, although in alliance with them he might either have secured permanent influence with a Christian emperor at Constantinople, or have acquired for himself that much-coveted city.

He died of malarial fever at Tangarog, in the Crimea, December 5, 1825, and his last hours were embittered by the discovery of the first Nihilist conspiracy—a plot to assassinate him, not because he was unpopular or accused of any tyranny, but because he was an obstacle to that programme of reform which, based upon the principle that "whatever is is wrong," was to begin by making a clean sweep of existing institutions and reducing everything to nothing.

On Alexander's accession to the Russian throne he had endeavored to associate his brother Constantine with him in the affairs of government. Constantine had in his father's lifetime made, in 1799, a campaign with Suwarroff. At Austerlitz, in 1805, he distinguished himself by his rashness and his bravery, and he attended his brother Alexander through the campaigns of 1812, 1813, and 1814. After the wars were over he returned to Russia, and was married to a refined and gentle lady, Princess Juliana of Saxe-Coburg, sister of the Duchess of Kent, King Leopold the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and aunt both to Prince Albert and to Queen Victoria.

But the eccentricities, the fits of passion, the brutalities and the savagery of Constantine so terrified and alienated the poor lady that she refused to live with him, and retired first to Switzerland and subsequently to her own family at Saxe-Coburg. Complaints of all kinds poured in upon Alexander concerning the unbearable brutalities of his brother's conduct, and Constantine was dismissed from the Russian court to superintend affairs in the new kingdom of Poland. In this capacity some French wits called him the chief of police to the Holy Alliance.

In Paris, in 1814, the grand duke had been thrown into contact with some of the Polish leaders and had conceived a high esteem for them, showing preference thenceforward for the Poles over his own countrymen. At Warsaw he was head and chief, in St. Petersburg his position was secondary and uncomfortable. At the beginning of his career he had exhibited his father Paul's strange fancy for matters of military dress and drill. It was currently reported at St. Petersburg that he had said he hated war because it spoiled his soldiers' uniforms. A button loose, or boots ill-blacked, or a beard a fraction too long was sufficient under his generalship to destroy for life the professional prospects of any officer, and yet he had talent and a quick knowledge of character, was generous, industrious, and by no means inaccessible to emotions of kindliness. He was a good son, a good husband (at least to his last wife), and a good brother; but his fierce explosions of rage and his general eccentricity destroyed the effect of his good qualities. Nevertheless all Polish writers unite in saying of him, "*Qu'il avait un bon cœur; tous ceux qui l'ont connu sont d'accord sur ce point.*"

His administration in Poland had little to distinguish it. It was a field where his rude and savage character found full sway, but his private life after his retirement from the Russian court is a far more attractive history. Between Constantine in public and Constantine in private there was a strange contradiction. The two characters are inconsistent, and their reconciliation might form an interesting psychological problem.

At the period when Constantine appeared in Warsaw as generalissimo of the troops, and governor-general of the Kingdom of Poland there was living in that capital a family of good birth but of impaired reputation. Broniec was the name by which it was known, though it often was called Grudzinska. The truth was Count Grudzinska, who appears to have been a "just man," and even a pious one, had been the first husband of a lady who, having with great difficulty procured a divorce from him, married a certain Broniec, once marshal at the court of the King of Saxony, a mere adventurer in spite of his title of marshal, which he habitually bore. By her first husband Madame Broniec had had three daughters, whose custody she was permitted to retain. The names of these young ladies were Jeanetta, Josephine, and Antoinette.

The Poles have a proverb that no apple falls far from its apple-tree, but the three young ladies Grudzinska were not like the maternal apple-tree at all. They may have inherited amiable and attractive qualities from their father, but they owed more to their education, which was undertaken by a lady who, though political events had reduced her to needy circumstances, moved and was esteemed in the best society. Daily to this lady's house the three sisters repaired at seven in the morning, not returning to their own home till evening, receiving there not merely knowledge but education. Subsequently they were introduced into society in Warsaw by this lady with her own daughters, for in spite of her small means she had the best *entrées*.

The fair young girls were pitied, approved, and soon became great favorites in society, where they were taken under the especial patronage of the chief leaders of fashion.

The state of affairs in their own household was neither creditable nor comfortable. Count Grudzinska, a devout Catholic, had refused to lend his name to his wife's proceedings for a divorce, and whilst the young girls were growing up confusion, intrigue, and distress prevailed. A legal divorce had been at length procured by Madame Grudzinska, who forthwith married Marshal Broniec.

It is not surprising that with this man at the head of the household debts increased rapidly and disorder and discomfort reigned. Even the money remitted by Grudzinska for his daughters' education melted before reaching their instructress.

Hence it was felt by every one to be desirable that the three fair sisters should marry early and leave their home. Josephine, an amiable and beautiful girl, married a distinguished Polish gentleman. The youngest sister, Antoinette, married General Chlapowski, subsequently a leader in the Polish Revolution, and dictator of Poland in 1831, for a brief period, between the overthrow of the Russian government and its terrible restoration.

Jeanetta was not so beautiful as her two sisters, but, as a contemporary writer has said of her, "in all things that she did she charmed." Her sweetness of disposition was as attractive as her powers of conversation. "In amiability she was without a rival." In 1818 she met the Grand Duke Constantine for the first time, and the acquaintance soon ripened into love. The courtship lasted for more than two years. Constantine was still the husband of the Princess Juliana, and in Russia a divorce can only be obtained by favor of the emperor, who claims to be, *ex-officio*, the head of all Greek Christians in his dominions. In 1820 Constantine repaired to St. Petersburg, and made it his earnest request to his brother and his mother that he might be divorced from his Saxe-Coburg wife and marry (with the imperial permission) the lady whom he loved.

It cost him tears and prayers and sacrifices to attain this end. The divorce was at last given and the consent granted, but a heavy price had to be paid for them. Previous to the marriage an imperial ukase was published depriving the children of any marriage contracted by a member of the imperial house with any lady not belonging to a reigning family of all rights of succession to the throne. To this Constantine consented, and also agreed that his Polish wife should not be considered a member of the imperial family. Besides these conditions, which were known to the public, there was a third kept a profound secret between Constantine, his brother, and their mother. Constantine had signed and placed in the hands of his brother a paper by which he renounced his right of succession as heir presumptive to the imperial throne. This paper was sealed and deposited by Alexander with the president of his grand council, only to be opened in case of his death, when it was to be read immediately.

These conditions having been at last arranged, not without much difficulty, for Constantine, though willing to surrender his own rights, was jealous for those of his wife, the imperial lover went back to Warsaw, made his formal demand to Count Grudzinska for the hand of his daughter, and was married to Jeanetta on April 24, 1820.*

A contemporary memoir writer thus speaks of this wedding: "The Grand Duke Constantine Paulovitch, brother and heir of the emperor, married April 24, 1820, Mademoiselle Grudzinska. For several years there has been talk of his attachment, and those who knew him well predicted how it would end. Of course disparaging remarks have been made on the young lady. But these are effectually silenced by the marriage. Mademoiselle Grudzinska immediately after her wedding took up her residence at the grand ducal palace, and since then she and the grand duke are seen everywhere together. It is considered very surprising that the emperor and his mother should have given their consent to this marriage. It is said that the grand duke when last at St. Petersburg wept three days at their feet imploring their permission. Jeanetta has no title as yet, but it is said the emperor intends to give her one. This subject is the theme of conversation in all circles. Many ladies envy Jeanetta, but I pity her."

The marriage on the whole was not unhappy, though the bride soon found herself assailed by annoyances, many of them caused by the insatiable demands of her needy and voracious family. Jeanetta seems most sincerely to have loved her husband, but from the first he forbade her interference in public affairs and warned her never to intercede with him on behalf of her countrymen. If she had hoped to stand the friend of Poland and to assuage the miseries of her own people, she soon found that no influence on such subjects was allowed her.

The emperor created her Princess of Lowicz and presented to his brother large estates that bore that name. These were settled on the prospective children of the marriage. But no children came. By degrees the princess adapted herself to her anomalous position. She overlooked much, she forgot much. She could "suffer and be still."

But though denied all political influence, her influence was great over the semi-barbarian who was her husband. In her society and under the spell of her affection he became calmer and more refined. He always spoke of her as his home angel. Though forced to be deaf to innumerable demands for honors and money which harassed her continually, her correspondence with her mother and sisters was most loving. Never did a family fête-day or a birthday pass forgotten. To her family she wrote only of her happiness, of her husband's attentions to her, of the kindness that she received, of the embarrassment she felt when she found herself treated with more distinction than her rank gave her a claim to. After a great review at Lowicz she writes:

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* The marriage, of course, was invalid, Constantine's divorced wife being yet alive. Let us hope that Jeanetta's imperfect religious instruction left her in good faith in contracting it.—EDITOR.

"I slipped away into the church, thinking that no one would notice that I had disappeared; and was astonished to find that a chair and a carpet had been made ready for me in one of the chapels."

And yet within a few days of the anniversary of her marriage she thus opens her heart to a friend of her childhood:

"BELVIDERE, April 3, 1821.

"MY BELOVED ANGÈLE:

"I have no excuses to offer you for my silence, nor will our mutual affection require them. But I must tell you that I have passed the first year of my married life in sadness, vexation, and perpetual irritation. This will explain my silence. I am now recovering by degrees my strength, moral and physical. . . . My surroundings are charming. I find all sorts of pleasant things in my home, all kinds of advantages. But this is only of late. At first it appeared to me all gloomy and sad, and its luxury was unbearable. . . . I have suffered very, very much. It seems to me that I never had so many trials in my life as during this year, *qu'on dit être année de miel, mais que j'appele plaisamment, mais avec raison, l'année de fiel*—the year not of honey but of gall. But all that is over now and I am completely happy, and all things have improved. My health, too, is better for a long rest. After some months of married life people know each other far better than they can possibly do, as you know, before marriage. One has to bear and forbear, and make mutual concessions. I am doing so and begin to feel happy. You will understand that this letter is only for you and for your mother."

Notwithstanding the conditions on which the emperor and the empress-mother insisted before they would consent to the grand duke's marriage, the relations of the princess with the emperor and the court were always friendly. When Alexander came to Warsaw soon after his brother's marriage he gained golden opinions even from the reluctant Poles. The Princess of Lowicz felt the attractions of his character and always spoke of him with enthusiasm.

For three years and a half after this the princess led a quiet life at Belvidere, a palace which, though almost a country-seat, was within the limits of Warsaw. Her health was not good, but time and her husband's tender solicitude for her in her weakness drew them more closely together. Besides this she had the good opinion of the czar, and the affection of the whole imperial family, more particularly that of the Grand Duke Michael and his sisters, the Grand Duchesses Anne and Marie.

A few days before Christmas, 1825, the Emperor Alexander died in the Crimea after a brief illness. Up to the last he pathetically refused to be thought ill, or to omit the duties of his station.

The Grand Duke Nicholas, residing in St. Petersburg, immediately on receipt of the intelligence took the oath of allegiance to Constantine, his elder brother. He then despatched two couriers to Warsaw to inform Constantine that he was now emperor. Strange to say both couriers died upon the road, and the news was brought to Warsaw by an aid-de-camp of Nicholas, who was charged to present to the new emperor the respectful homage of his brother.

Before, however, this messenger was despatched from St. Petersburg, the army, as well as Nicholas, had sworn allegiance to Constantine. No sooner had they done so than the president of the council produced the letter that the Emperor Alexander had confided to his keeping. It conferred the imperial crown on Nicholas, and enclosed a letter from Constantine confirming and sanctioning this arrangement.

In spite of the production of this document Nicholas persisted in despatching his aid-de-camp to Warsaw to assure his brother of his loyalty and submission.

The effect produced at Belvidere by the arrival of this messenger was very great. Some say that Constantine fainted on learning of the death of Alexander. It is certain that he at once shut himself up alone in a state of great excitement. Even the princess was not suffered to come near him. From a distance she stood with clasped hands where he might see her from a window. At the end of two hours he came forth self-collected and calm, though all the furniture in his room had, during his transport, been broken and battered. His first words were to the princess, an assurance that she might make her mind easy, for he was not going to reign.

He at once despatched his youngest brother, Michael, to Nicholas, confirming his resignation of the throne, and Nicholas, who during the interval had thoroughly crushed the projected insurrection of the Nihilists, made preparations for his coronation. But Constantine was still popular with the party of Old Russia, the party that loved long beards and the national costume, and

Nicholas was anxious that his subjects should receive some personal assurance that he was to be crowned czar with the full consent of his deposed brother. He therefore urged Constantine to be present at his coronation. Constantine returned no answer, but on the eve of the day appointed he drove into Moscow in a travelling carriage, attended by a single aid-de-camp. Nicholas, grateful and delighted, hastened to welcome him; but his surprise and embarrassment were great when Constantine announced that he only meant to stay one night, and should set off on his return home the next morning. It had to be explained to him, with fear and trembling, that there had been some delay in the preparations, and that the coronation would not take place for a week. With some grumbling at the delay, Constantine consented to remain till after the ceremony. His native ferocity, aggravated by the excitements of the occasion, kept the new Czar Nicholas all that week in a state of great uneasiness, and it is not quite certain what thoughts were stirring in the heart of the elder brother, but not many hours before the coronation took place Constantine became aware that in the preparations for the ceremonial everything had been arranged so as to do him honor. This seemed to produce on him the effect of a sudden revelation. That afternoon, at a review, he abruptly placed himself at the head of his own regiment, and advancing to where the emperor sat on horseback at the far end of the great court of the Kremlin, he raised his hand respectfully in military salute to him as his superior. The emperor seized him by the arm. Constantine bent forward and kissed the hand of his brother. The emperor flung himself upon his neck and they embraced in a transport of brotherly affection. Next day, the Grand Duke Constantine refused to place himself upon the throne that had been prepared for him at the coronation, but took his place simply as a grand duke of the imperial family by the side of his brother Michael. The next morning, in spite of the earnest remonstrances of the emperor, he started back to Poland.

He returned to his home, to the Polish army he was endeavoring to discipline after the western fashion, and to the wife who loved the wild nature she had conquered. That he was unpopular only made her love him with more wifely devotion; and in truth he must have had some qualities well worthy of her love.

Here are parts of two letters written by him to his wife's mother:

> "Madame: I had much pleasure in receiving the letter you wrote me on my birthday. Accept my thanks—nay, my gratitude—for this new proof of your kindness. The pretty casket you have sent me was a surprise, and I am greatly obliged for it. Its design reminds me of that time in my life when, under your protection, I was endeavoring to secure my future happiness, and when my wife was beginning to make me happy. My affection for her increases daily, for she is the source of all my happiness, and my sole aim is to try to make her happy and content. Thank God, her health is improved, and she is ever that sweet and charming Jeanetta whom you have always known."

And again:

> "Thanks to our excellent Jeanetta, I enjoy a happiness in my home that I had never dreamed of, and I pray God it may continue until death."

But events in Poland were in preparation for a crisis. In 1830–1831 all Europe was enveloped in clouds and darkness, and the treaties of Vienna, then shattered by the shock of revolution, were in another generation to be swept away. Revolutionary fires had indeed been smouldering throughout Europe ever since the Spanish revolution of 1823. In Poland, as in Italy, there were secret societies which kept up fermentation beneath the social surface. The Revolution of 1830, in France, attracted the sympathies of all unquiet spirits, and when an order came to mobilize the Polish army, that it might be ready to advance on revolutionary France, the latent spirit of disaffection burst out into activity. On the night of November 29, 1830, a party of young men began a movement which at first, for a few hours, seemed to fail of success, but by daylight, owing to a variety of causes, had become a temporary victory.

Eighteen of the conspirators made their way to the palace of Belvidere. They entered it without opposition while all within it lay asleep and in apparent security. They murdered two of the grand duke's gentlemen in cold blood and made their way into his chamber. He had been awakened by his valet. He sprang out of bed, flung a cloak over his night-clothes, and rushed down a small stairway to his wife's apartments. There he found the greatest confusion. The court ladies had all left their beds and had assembled in the *salon*. The princess made them all fall on their knees around her husband and pray aloud for his safety. Unhappily Constantine had wholly lost his self-possession, and though a soldier brave to rashness in his early career, he now trembled with terror. The eighteen conspirators, after searching his apartments, retired in haste, murdering General Gendre, his chief counsellor, on their way. They had not gone a hundred yards from the palace when a party of Polish horsemen galloped up to the rescue. Why the little band of conspirators was not annihilated it is hard to say. But by this time the insurrection had spread among the populace of Warsaw; Polish soldiers were fraternizing with the instigators of the movement, and no troops remained faithful to the grand duke but four regiments of cavalry.

Had he put himself at the head of these four regiments he might have won the victory, but he seemed dazed by the events of the night. He trembled like a leaf and wandered aimlessly among his troops, a prey to a despair which seemed to have stupefied him. He and his wife retired before the fury of the storm and sought shelter at Wiezbno. There for some days they lived in a gardener's hut, destitute of comforts of every kind. The princess showed courage and capacity in this emergency, but she could not always restrain her feelings.

The leader chosen by the insurgents was General Chlapowski, and one of his titles to their confidence was his resentment against the grand duke for an insult publicly put upon him in 1818. Yet since that time he had married Antoinette Grudzinska, the Princess of Lowicz's favorite sister. The princess had favored the match, in spite of her mother's opposition. Chlapowski deemed it his duty as a patriot to negotiate. The negotiation came to nothing, and it lost him the confidence of his countrymen. But as the deputation sent by him to confer with the Grand Duke Constantine left the camp in which Constantine still retained eight thousand men, it was followed by a large part of the Polish cavalry. There was nothing left for Constantine but flight, and as Chlapowski took no pains to arrest him in his retreat he lost still more the confidence of those who a few weeks before had been blindly devoted to him.

Not long after this the Polish revolution lost all prospect of success, though the struggle was continued a few months longer. The czar hurried troops to the scene of action, his army being already mobilized with a view of threatening France under her new sovereign. The general in command was Diebitsch, who had won his laurels in the Turkish wars. He advanced upon Warsaw, and with him came the cholera. The Poles won a battle, and those who had been hand-to-hand with the Russians in the conflict were stricken down within a few hours. The dirt, the fever of men's minds, and the absence of all sanitary precautions made the plague horrible in Warsaw. Nevertheless the war went on. Step by step Diebitsch advanced, but early in

January the Poles gained an important victory. Diebitsch retreated to his camp, and in his despair and self-abandonment took refuge in drunkenness. It was thus that a messenger from the czar found him and presented him his dismission. The next day Diebitsch was seized with cholera and died. The messenger passed on to Minsk to carry despatches to the Grand Duke Constantine. The day after their interview the grand duke also died of cholera. He was fifty-three years of age.

His widow retired to St. Petersburg. On her way she wrote thus to her mother:

"AUGUST 2, 1831.

"DEAR MAMMA: Your daughter is very, very miserable. She has lost him for whom she lived, and now she is alone, without husband, friend, or protector. O mother! you can never know the grief this parting has caused me."

In the middle of September a few words written in a trembling hand close the records in her journal: "I am very ill and have received the last sacraments."

Yet she lingered a few weeks longer. She was watched over with affectionate solicitude by the imperial family. She had a presentiment that she would die upon the anniversary of that dreadful night when, roused from peaceful slumber, she fled with her husband from their home at Belvidere. The Emperor Nicholas, with kind consideration, had the dates changed in the little calendar she always used in order to mislead her. But in vain. She died on November 29, 1831, exactly one year after the attack on the palace of her husband.

She was buried in the Catholic chapel built by Alexander I., at Tsarskoé-Sélo, near St. Petersburg, and the court wore mourning for her for two weeks.

"Many tears," says a French writer, often hostile to emperors and kings, "were shed upon the tomb of this Polish lady, so fair, so tender, and so faithful. Her own conjugal devotion, and the beneficent influences of her love upon the character of her husband were no secrets to any one. The Grand Duke Constantine, though fierce in temper and generous by impulse, gave up a throne to win her, and having won her he showed her during the remainder of his life the submission of a child and the devotion of a knight in a romance of chivalry."

E. W. LATIMER.

PAUL RINGWOOD: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER I.

A LITTLE CHILD.

About three roods from the main street, in a garden, amidst many elm-trees, stood the house in which I was born—a gray stone cottage, lichen-roofed, ivy-hidden. A large casement window overlooked the street on the north side of the house. Facing the east was the porch, vine-covered, a stoop on either side. The south end rambled away into a summer kitchen and outhouses; the west led to the spring and a path through fields. Cross the threshold of the porch and straightway you are in the dining-room: a cheery room, with substantial table of mahogany, a side-board of like wood holding quaint candlesticks, odd caddies, winter or summer never without its vases of flowers, put there by the hands of my dear mother. From the dining-room, turning to your right, a corridor led you to the parlor. In the corridor stood a book-case, hanging above it a family tree together with a water-color painting of a coat-of-arms.

The parlor: with its leathern, brass-nailed chairs, but two of them alike—such comfortable chairs, made for every lazy posture. On either side the fire-place that bloomed with roses in the summer, whose fire ruddily lit the blue and yellow tiles in the winter, were placed the two Spanish chairs, alike, sacred to father and mother. When mother died and, other troubles following, I became my father's companion, her chair fell to me. Portraits of grandparents, and great and greater-grandparents hung on the parlor walls. Everywhere there are books, and in a corner, fitted in the wall, an organ, which, after my mother died, I never heard played but once again.

At the end of the dining-room, to the left, a door led to a sitting-room, beyond which were the kitchens; to the right was a staircase leading straight to the garrets. On the second floor was a corridor, opening on bedrooms and a library, terminated by the "little room"—the room where I and my brother, some few minutes my senior, first saw the light of this world; the room destined to be mine for fifteen years after. Pink carpeted, pink curtained, the furniture wicker-work, I have a notion that this dainty room influenced all my after-tastes, making me foolishly seek for a prettiness that is neither manly nor artistic. There were two garrets: one, the smaller, a maid's room; the other had curious gable windows, its floor strewn with boxes of novels, boxes of *Punch*, boxes of the *Illustrated London News*, boxes of magazines and miscellanies. A charming garret, under whose roof I have spent many hours with my good old friends, the books and pictures. How much was learned there, how much that had to be unlearned!

My father's occupation—if what was done without an effort may be called an occupation—was to be a gentleman. It was the general opinion that he succeeded admirably. He was a stern man, a reserved man, an excessively proud man, and my mother loved him with a love that fell just short of worship. But once do I remember his ever having spoken a kind word to me, though he had a term of endearment for me of which I shall speak. He ruled me; for years I was his constant companion; yet he never conversed with me, and I loved and revered him. There must have been an attraction about him, for there were servants in the house who had served him a lifetime, to whom he had never opened his lips, and they declared that there was no man like the "master."

"What sort of a man is Mr. Ringwood, Maggy?" asked a gossip of the parlor-maid.

"Sure," said Maggy, "I've lived in his house eleven year, and he never's spoke the first word to me; he's one of the rale sort."

He was a very handsome man, a lavishly generous man. These may have been reasons for the liking all had for him, though every one feared him. As dearly as my mother loved my father, so he loved her. Mother was as unreserved as he was reserved; as lavish with endearments as he was chary of them. They had but one trait in common. She, too, was generous, always giving. And yet theirs was a perfect union.

Bert was idolized by my mother; it was different with me. I was a freckle-faced, red-haired, snub-nosed little monster; my twin-brother, with his flaxen curls, rosy complexion, and black eyes, a young Cupid. How often have I heard myself contrasted with my brother. Glad as I was to hear his beauty praised, I could not help but wish that I were not so ugly, that I might have more of my mother's love. Not that she was unkind to me; she could not have been, for she was kind to every one. Yet I felt that I was not much loved. I inherited nothing of that charm my parents had that drew people to them. I knew that I was lacking in something. How often, when a little child, have I cudgelled my brains trying to find out what that was I lacked.

What was there I did not do to gain the love of the people about me! I gave away all my little possessions to win the love of some boy friend, and, thank God! I was blind enough to think that it was I was loved, not my gifts. Yes, I humbly thank him, for those were happy moments when I dreamed I had gotten the one thing lacking in my life.

The first remembrance I have of the decade now in the telling is of Bert, our nurse, and myself talking of a summer trip we were to make to Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania. My mother had well taught us the story of Him who was cradled in an Eastern Bethlehem, and it was of this Bethlehem Bert and I thought and spoke as we stood under the archway of the stone bridge crossing Wingo Creek, the creek that runs by Allemaine, the town where we were born. We wondered whether there would be angels in this town to which we were going, asking Nurse Barnes to tell us. I am not sure that she told us that we would find angels there, but am inclined to think she did, for she was a very oracle to us, and I know we settled between ourselves what to say to the angels when we met them. I remember our getting down a folio of colored Scripture prints, finding the one of the stable-palace of the King, our being much troubled because of the shepherds in the scene having but scanty clothing.

"It was terrible cold," said Bert, almost whimpering.

"Let's give 'em our fuzzy coats," I proposed.

"I was a-thinkin'," said Bert.

Then we went to mother to tell her of our new philanthropy, and she fondled Bert, telling father how good he was. We did not find angels in the staid Moravian town, but we did find shepherd boys, to whom we gave clothes and sweets. To us they were very real shepherds, who spoke as Bethlehem shepherds should speak, in an unknown tongue. It mattered little to us that their speech was that most barbarous of all dialects, Pennsylvania Dutch. We did not understand them, and that delighted us.

It was in Bethlehem that my father gave me the name that remained with me as long as he lived. I was suffering as only a child can suffer with toothache, and it was decided that the tooth must come out. So I was taken by my father to a dentist, Bert insisting on coming along. The dark room hung with dingy curtains; the worn, carpet-covered chair in which I was to sit; the dentist, an old man in scarlet wrapper, fumbling in a horrible box for a horrible steel instrument—all these things are visible to me to-day. I can hear the old man telling me in a droning voice that he would not hurt me, I knowing full well that he was an arrant liar. I can see Bert on the other side of a glass door looking in at me, and weeping. I can hear my father coldly telling me not to make a noise and frighten Bert. "No," I said to myself, "I won't scream; I won't frighten Bert." Poor Bert! how frightened he did look. Then the dentist puts the cold steel into my mouth. A wrench, two wrenches, a third, and I feel as if my whole lower jaw has been pulled off. I did not scream, though I bled like a knifed pig.

I was in a plight when I got home; blood over my shirt, hands, and face. "Well, it does not hurt now, does it?" father asked. It did hurt, and I said so.

"Nonsense!" said my father, "the tooth is out; how can it hurt?"

Looking up from her tatting my mother exclaimed: "How bloody you are, my dear Paul!"

Faint, I staggered to a chair, mother letting fall her work and running to fetch me some water.

"What is the matter, Paul?" father asked surprisedly.

I could barely stammer, "I think, papa, he pulled some bone"; then I fainted. Yes, the old man in scarlet had fractured my jaw. When I came to I was stretched on a bed, father and mother beside me.

"Better, Soldier?" asked my father. That was the name he gave me ever after, saying it coldly, but I think it meant much to him. What a misnomer it was you who read this autobiography will know.

I can remember no time when my brother and I could not read. We were born in such an atmosphere of reading that, for ourselves, I can accept Dogberry's dictum, "Reading comes by nature." In every other branch of learning I was a dullard. Not so with Bert. His progress was rapid in all things. No wonder that father was proud of his handsome son, that mother loved him as she did. Our first teacher was a sweet-faced maiden lady of English birth. Her name was Chelsea, and I think her father had failed in business. Out of her small means she had educated and cared for three orphan girls. She patiently tried to teach me, hiding my dulness from my parents as well as she could. I distinctly remember her telling my father that I was dull, not stupid. This she acknowledged when pushed to it by my father, who, with reason, was finding fault with me. Her saving clause, that I was not stupid, has been the means of keeping me from becoming so. It heartened me when, burdened with many studies, I was becoming hopeless. May God bless this good woman wherever she be!

Our next teacher was a man by the name of Whit. He was a New-Englander, a Puritan of the most pronounced type. Never can I forget the horror he filled me with. I am sure that the man did not mean to be unkind to me; he could not help being harsh, it was his nature. He had two hobbies, arithmetic and grammar. Miss Chelsea said that I did very nicely in the first; the second I hated with the hatred of a Grant White. Anything well done was now in the past tense of his beloved grammar. It seemed to me the more I tried to understand his explanations the further I was from doing so. How his ringing, "You are an arrant ass!" stung my ears and set my head aching. It must be acknowledged that I was deserving of the first application of this gentle alliterative.

It was a question as to the numeral affix to the name of that much-wived maker of martyrs, Henry Tudor, first head of the English Church. Bert was stating that "Henry, eighth of that name—" Here I interrupted, anxious to show my learning: "Wasn't it because he had eight wives, too?"

"You are an arrant ass! Proceed, Elbert," said our master.

Mr. Whit was succeeded by a Mr. Woods, a kind and good man. He taught Bert Latin and French; tried to teach me. I did learn some Latin, did learn to read French. How I tried to speak it and could not! Father said that I was obstinate and would not. To make me pronounce the French words correctly I was kept days and days from Bert, from the books I loved. I tried; how I tried! Sometimes I succeeded fairly, most times not at all; and then it was that I was accused of obstinacy. I obstinate, father, when I would have given anything and everything for a kind word from you? Yes; though in all else dull, I loved books. How well I remember the first novel read by me—that wonderful book, *Nicholas Nickleby*. My first reading of it must have been in my eighth or ninth year, for it was in Mr. Whit's time.

Probably there were never two men more opposite than Whit and the monster Squeers. Yet to me the first was a personification of the last, and I was Smike; Bert, Nicholas. Of course, it was very ridiculous, but how often did I plan that Bert and I were to run away! Not that home was in any way like "Dotheboys Hall," only that I was so often wretchedly unhappy. My plans were never told to Bert; I felt too sure that he would laugh at them. Nicholas Nickleby has never been an abstraction to me. He is my oldest friend. And my next was Hamlet, or, rather, Hamlet as I saw him in Booth. Reading and rereading the play, I thought—as many others have thought with perhaps as little reason—that I understood you, Hamlet.

It has just been said that mine was an unhappy life. Not altogether. The happiness my books have given me is not easy to tell. I cannot think that I was discontented. A discontented being is one who thinks every one and everything wrong but himself, and I was sure that all things were as they should be; only myself was wrong. I knew how lacking I was in mind and person. I wished to please and could not, no matter how I tried. Fault was not often found with me, no one systematically scolded me, save Mr. Whit. My mother pitied me, Bert patronized me, my father ignored me. Sometimes father noticed me; for instance, the day he called me to be taught chess. It may seem overstrained to talk of the exaltation of a child's soul. However that may be, I was weeping tears of joy in my heart as I followed my father to the library, which opened out of his bedroom. He was the greatest of men to me, and he was going to teach me how to play chess. We sat down at the board, and I took up the box of men to slide open the lid. Trembling with excitement, the box slipped from my hands, and kings, queens, and pawns clattered over the table and the floor. It was a valuable set, and I cried out: "O papa! I am sure I have broke none!"

He said nothing, lightly drumming on the table with his fingers whilst I gathered together the scattered court and army. I was stooping beside him to pick up the last of the pawns, one of his hands hanging over the arm of his chair. I don't know what possessed me to be so bold, but I took his hand, so white and fine, and kissed it. He smiled, and put his hand on my hair to stroke it. Only for a moment. No wonder the harshness of my red crop irritated him. "Come, Paul," he said, "get to your place if we are to begin to-day."

For a while I learned very well. Then things began to go wrong. I cared nothing for the game; I was happy and proud because I was with my father. Full of this happiness, I made blunder after blunder, almost playing at random.

"Paul, do you know what you are doing?" father asked gently.

I looked up at him, laughing from very glee.

"Paul, get down a dictionary," said my father.

"The large one, papa?" I asked.

"Either," he answered very gently.

When I had brought the book to him he said, not angrily but how he cut me: "Look for the word blockhead."

I stared stupidly at him, stared stupidly as, going to his bedroom, he poured water into a basin to wash his hands. And the hand he washed most was the hand I had kissed, the hand with which he had stroked my hair. I turned dully away, and went to my "little room" and sat down on the floor by the window. Not crying, only thinking and longing. It was a very little child, but it was a child longing to die.

After all these years I do not blame my father; I was far from blaming him then. He was so fine; not a dandy, mind you, never was a man less of one; it must have been hard for him to realize that he had begotten so coarse and dull a lump of flesh as myself.

CHAPTER II.

DEATH.

Our birthday, my brother's and mine, falls on the 8th of September. It was shortly after we had celebrated our entering into our tenth year that we lost our mother. Devotedly religious, mother was not satisfied with seeing that her children learned well the Episcopal catechism and the collects, and that they attended the frequent services, but she would have the servants of her household perform their religious duties. Never was Catholic mistress more in earnest about her servants going to confession and to Mass than was this Protestant mistress. How often, early of a winter morning, would she leave her warm bed-room to go to the stables to rouse the coachman's family and send them off to Mass! She could and did forgive Dan and Dan's wife many omissions of duty, but she would excuse no staying away from church. There was no severity about mother's religion, but to much sweetness was joined a very exact idea that for religion to avail one its precepts must be rigidly conformed to.

One Sunday morning late in October mother rose from her bed to rouse Dan and his wife. She said afterwards that had the weather been fine she would have remained in bed. Snow had fallen over-night, and now a heavy sleet was falling. Pattering against the pane it had waked me, and standing by the window, a quilt wrapped about me, peering into the darkness, I saw my mother pass, a lantern in one hand, the other carrying an umbrella. Looking out on her, slipping and stumbling through the sleet and snow, an overpowering sense of my naughtiness came over me. In a childish way I thought of the reprobates of whom I had heard, thinking I must be one of them, or how else account for so good a mother caring so little for me? Still watching, I saw her returning to the house. Suddenly she threw out her arms, the lantern waving frantically, then it fell to the ground extinguished, and all was dark. Wringing my hands helplessly, I ran down-stairs in my night-shirt, bare-footed, out into the garden towards where my mother had fallen. It was pitch dark, and several times I fell. Although my eyes were becoming used to the darkness I could see nothing of mother. Standing still, I called softly, "Mamma! mamma!" calling many times before I heard faintly whispered: "Is that you, Paul?"

I had passed my mother in the carriage-drive, and going back a little way soon found her. She was lying on her back in the road, and when I stooped over her and begged her to get up and come to the house, she said that she could not, but that I must go and call Dan and Mary to help her, and to be sure not make a noise and waken father. I readily found my way to Dan's house, for light was gleaming in its lower windows, and before I reached it I could hear his wife's loud voice grumbling that the mistress would not let a poor woman have her bit of sleep. Dan was in his shirt-sleeves washing his face in a pail of water when I burst open the door, calling on him and Mary to come to mother, for she was dying.

"Glory preserve us!" exclaimed Mary. "The poor craychur is a mash uv blood, an' naked!"

My night-shirt was torn and my legs scratched and bleeding where I had fallen. Pulling Mary by her gown and taking Dan's hand, still wet from his morning's wash, I prayed them to come quick, before mother died. Mary hoisted me on her shoulders, and, bidding Dan bring a lantern, we went, an odd procession, to mother. She lay as I had left her, and, setting me on my feet, Mary began to wail over her.

"Hush, hush!" mother commanded in a whisper, "you will rouse Mr. Ringwood. Help me to my feet, and then you and Dan can support me to the house."

In that way we went, mother leaning on Dan and Mary, I going before with the lantern. With all mother's caution, she was the one who roused father. When we had reached the house, by the light of a candle she had left burning on the sideboard, mother noticed the strange plight I was in.

"My poor child!" she cried, "out in all that cold with nothing on!"

Her crying-out brought my father, half-dressed, running downstairs, Bert and the maids at his heels. No one spoke to father; instinctively he seemed to know what was the matter and how it had all come about. With scarcely an order, he had mother carried upstairs, Dan off for the doctor, myself sent to put some clothes on.

I had washed and dressed myself, feeling stiff and sore and was sitting before a little fire I had kindled in the grate, when cook came into the room. She was weeping, and said: "Master Paul, the mistress is askin' for you." Then she burst out: "Oh! this is the black day for us all."

Not questioning cook, I left her to weep and ran to mother's room. She was in bed, my father sitting by her side, the doctor giving his directions to Nurse Barnes, who still lived with us. Bert was not there; I found he had been sent to breakfast. Mother put an arm about my neck and rested my head on her bosom, whispering: "You must stay with mamma till she gets well, Paul." By way of answer I did what I had seldom done before, kissed my mother.

Had it been but the fall my mother suffered from, she would soon have gotten well. But she had taken a cold which brought on a lung disease, and day by day she grew weaker, less able to talk to father or to me. She was so good to me, showing me so much love, speaking so often of how I had gone to her on that cold morning, that had I not understood that she was dying she would have made me very happy. Hanging in her room was a picture of Christ healing the sick. They were the prayers of a child, but they were hearty ones that I put up to him to heal my mother.

One cold November night the unwatched fires had gone out in the parlor and the library; we were gathered together in my mother's room—all our household, the clergyman, and the doctor. My mother was gasping for breath, and the hand that held mine was nerveless. Father stood beside me, one hand resting on my shoulder, the other holding the lower part of his face, his head bent, gazing on my mother, listening to what she was saying. "Be good to Paul, Arthur," she said, and smiled. There was a stir in the room. The clergyman was preparing to give my mother the communion. We all knelt. It was then about seven o'clock.

Another hour had gone when mother called out for my father to raise her. At the same time she made a motion to her lips, and the nurse thinking she wanted drink, brought it; but she motioned her away, looking earnestly at me.

Did she want me to kiss her good-by? I thought so, and clambering onto the bed, kissed her cheek.

She smiled and, heaving a deep sigh, fell asleep.

CHAPTER III.

MY BROTHER LEAVES HOME.

We are told that no one is necessary in this life, that there is no situation in life, however well filled, but there is some one who will fill it as well. We are told that the instances in proof of this are beyond number. Were this sincerely believed in, vainglory would be at an end. There are exceptions to this sweeping belittling of man. Who ever heard it advanced as a doctrine to be believed that the place of a good mother is readily supplied? Not by a stepmother, if the stepmother of literature is a faithful picture of the thing it portrays. If my father believed, and I am sure he did not, that my mother's place could be filled, he never acted up to his belief.

When my mother died the house was cared for by Nurse Barnes, who did her work well. The two creatures left motherless cared for themselves as best they could; in wholesome awe of a father who did not interfere with them as long as they kept within bounds, the bounds being the garden gates. Every moment passed beyond the gates was to be strictly accounted for. The territory being limited in which we could work mischief, we were seldom in trouble. Do not give children opportunity and they will not be troublesome, is a maxim that should be cherished by parents.

Bert and I kept close together for more than a month after mother died; then we drifted apart, as we had been before that time—I to my books, Bert to his boy friends. He could not be blamed for finding me tiresome; I made myself tiresome to every one; he drew every one to him. Not a boy in the neighborhood but looked up to Bert. All things that a boy can do he did excellently well. Wherever he went were bright faces. I was fond of one thing, reading. It is true that I liked cricket—liked, indeed, all the games the boys played; but who would want a fellow on his side who would be sure to lose? This I will say for myself: I think that I could have become a good cricket-player only, when I found the boys did not want me, I became too timid to join them. Not the whole truth. There was much, too, of the spirit of "if you don't want me I don't want you" mingled with this keeping of myself aloof. When one is told, time and again, by word and deed, that one's company is not wished for, it would argue an entire want of spirit if one did not in some way return the compliment.

During the Christmas holidays it was decided that Bert was to go to Segur Hall to prepare for college. I was to remain at home to be taught by Mr. Woods, my education not having progressed enough to fit me for the Hall. When father was not within earshot Bert went about singing, delighted at the idea of a change; and no wonder, for ours was now a very gloomy house. I was feeling badly enough about his leaving home, dreading nothing so much as that he would find it out. I feared he might think me envious of him. Child as I was, I managed to keep a cheerful countenance up to the night of the third of January, the eve of his going away.

All that day Bert and I had not been apart. He had been very good and kind to me, giving me his horned frog and pigeons to take care of. I am sorry to say that Blacky, our tom-cat, ate the horned frog, save the horns, before Bert returned home. We were seated before the parlor fire-place, the burning coals redly lighting up the drawn window-curtains. For the hundredth time since it had been settled that he was to go to boarding-school, Bert wondered what it would be like, and I listened to his conjectures with a very full heart.

He had talked till, I think, it irked him to talk more, when, throwing himself back in his chair, he began to hum the air of the hymn—

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear us"—

a hymn my dear mother sang so often for us, herself playing the sweet music on the organ. There was the organ, shut and silent, and she gone where is ever sweetest music. When Bert began to sing I turned to where the organ stood, all the pent-up sorrow in my child's heart breaking forth. I did not shed tears, but locking my hands, beat them against my little bosom, crying in an undertone: "Bert, Bert! what am I to do? Mamma's dead, and now you're going away!" Bert's big eyes rounded as he said: "Well, Paul Ringwood, you're a funny boy! I'm just as sorry, I'm sorrier than you about mamma, but that won't do nothing."

I have hinted that Bert was wise beyond his years, but somehow his philosophy did not console me. It heartened me, however, to keep down all other outbreaks with which I was threatened on that evening. Shortly after the scene I had made, Bert went to bid father good-night; I to Bert's bedroom to wait for him. The fire was blazing brightly for Bert when he came from the library, something hidden in his hands, his eyes sparkling, his cheeks glowing with excitement.

"Guess what I've got!" he exclaimed; "I bet you won't!"

"A watch," I said, not exhibiting much discernment, for this was the one thing Bert desired most.

"Yes," he said, a little downcast at my ready guessing. "You won't guess what kind."

For a wonder I had tact enough to say: "A silver one?"

"There! I knew you wouldn't," he cried, triumphantly opening his hands and exposing a gold stem-winder nestled in a blue velvet case. After we had gloated over it for a while, Bert said: "I don't like this black string," showing me a silk guard like my father wore. Long before two chains had been made, one of Bert's hair, one of mine. My hair for Bert, his for me. Both were ornamented with gold, and I humbly proposed to Bert that he should wear the chain of my hair.

"Wear that red thing!" Bert cried indignantly. "You must be crazy."

At last it was settled that Bert was to wear the silk guard till, with our united savings, a gold chain could be bought. I was to stay with Bert till he fell asleep. "It's the last night, Bert," I pleaded, when he asked me what was the use of it. We said our prayers together for the last time, then Bert kissed me lightly on the cheek, jumped into bed, and was soon asleep.

Watching him from where I sat in a great chair before the fire, I, too, fell asleep.

CHAPTER IV.

"GENTLE AMY MORRISON."

Bert gone away, I was left entirely to myself and Mr. Woods. If the progress I now made in my studies was not first-rate, it was sure; what I got, gotten well—Mr. Woods telling father that I compared favorably with boys of my age. When it was taken into consideration that my desultory reading had given me a stock of varied information, I was less and less looked upon as a dunce. My studies went on until March, when my teacher falling sick, I was so unfortunate as to lose him. No one came to take his place; still, I did not give up study, often floundering, often losing myself; in spite of all, making progress. As frequently as when mother lived, I went to St. Bede's. No matter how bad the weather might be, I was present at what we called "Matins" and "Evensong." There was a young girl of about eighteen who was as regularly at service as myself. Her name was Amy Morrison—I knew it from hearing Nurse Barnes speak of her—and to this day I do not know who had the sweetest, prettiest face, Miss Amy or our Lady in the picture of the Annunciation on the great glass window above the altar. I often wished that she would speak to me, but though when we met she nodded and smiled, she never spoke. The desire to know her grew on me as time passed, till I found myself praying that we might be friends. I would sit in church looking at her so wistfully that had I been other than a very little boy it must needs have annoyed her. At last she was brought to speak to me, as I devoutly believed, in answer to my prayers. There was a notice in the vestibule of the church, placed above the reach of my eye. I was standing tip-toe trying to make it out, when a hand was laid on my shoulder and a gentle voice read the notice for me. Looking up I saw Amy Morrison smiling down on me.

"You will not be able to come," she said; "the service is at night."

"Oh! yes, I'll come," I replied.

"By yourself?" she inquired.

Drawing myself up, I answered with much dignity: "Of course! Why not?"

She laughed, and asked: "Does your father let you go out at night?"

"I know he'd let me go to church," I answered confidently.

"But nowhere else?"

"I never go anywhere; no one wants me," was my frank confession.

Miss Amy looked pained, and asked if I was Paul Ringwood.

"Yes, Miss Amy," I replied.

"So you know my name?" she said smiling.

"I've heard Nurse Barnes say how good you are," I answered, with no intention of paying a compliment.

Reddening, she said that I must not mind Nurse Barnes, and took a little watch from the belt about her waist to see the time. "I am going to walk down the road with you, Paul," she said.

Putting my hand in hers, I told her how glad I was, and how I had been longing for her to speak to me.

"Had I known, Paul!" she said. "You looked so cross at me in church I thought I must have offended you."

Then I had not been looking wistfully at her, as I had fondly thought. "I didn't mean to; I was born with this," I explained, putting my finger on the crease between my eyebrows. "I was born with front teeth, too; Richard III. was born with teeth; he was bad; Nurse Barnes says I will be very bad or very good."

Miss Amy said that she did not believe that my teeth would have anything to do with it, but she hoped that I would be very good. We got along finely. I talked as I had never talked before, telling her all about Bert and mother. When we reached our garden gates I begged her to come in, offering as an inducement for her to do so a sight of the horned frog. But she said no; she would another time.

After this she took a walk with me almost every day, though the other time for her entering our gates did not come. I owe much to her. She brought me out, made me manlier, and laid the foundation for what was to bring me the greatest blessing that can come to man. She was the confidant of all my little troubles. When Blacky ate the frog, and I did not know how to tell Bert, it was she who wrote a little letter, which letter I copied and sent him. When his answer came I gave it to Miss Amy to read to me; I was afraid to read it myself. To my horror, he wrote that the letter I had sent him was the foolishest he had ever read; that he did not care about the frog, but that he hoped the horns choked Blacky. When she had read Bert's letter, Miss Amy laughed very heartily; then examining it closely said: "How much alike you and your brother write, Paul!"

CHAPTER V.

THEOLOGICAL.

One June morning Miss Amy asked me if I had ever thought of being confirmed. I told her truthfully that I never had. It was the one church ceremony I disliked, being associated in my mind with Good Friday and penitential works. Our bishop was an enemy to colored stoles and altar furniture; this being the case, all our altar ornaments were banished, save a cross and pair of candlesticks, when he visited us. In a chancel after his own heart he may have been a pleasant enough man; but in St. Bede's sanctuary he was always cross, openly finding fault with our clergymen, who were, indeed, unhappy during his visit. After the bishop's departure they would soon get over their misery, wearing just as fine vestments and burning as many candles as if their bishop had never expressed a wish that they wouldn't.

I have not forgotten my first impression of an Episcopalian bishop. We had at home an illustrated *Arabian Nights*, in which was a picture of the Barber's seventh brother. He had a scowling face, and was dressed in a white gown with a sleeveless robe over it. When our bishop began to scold, I, a very little boy, took him to be the seventh brother, and with tears begged my mother to take me home, which she did not do, but let me hide my face in her lap for the remainder of the service.

When Miss Amy pressed me to think of confirmation I replied that I did not believe there was much good in it, for every one seemed to be so sorry when the bishop came. No doubt but that my frankness shocked her, though she was too gentle to show it. She could never have read the Thirty-nine Articles, for she told me confirmation was a very great sacrament the receiving of which brought many blessings, the bishop the instrument by which those blessings were imparted to the faithful. Although it was Miss Amy who declared it, I did not at all believe this last. I suppose that I must have looked incredulous, for she entered into an explanation of the apostolic succession that I understood pretty well, except, as I told her, I could not make out how a man who had it would try to make little of it. Miss Amy said that it was unfortunate, and I said I thought so, too. The end of it was that I made up my mind to overcome my horror of the bishop, and get from him whatever he could give me of confirmation.

The annual scolding was over, the clergymen were looking hopefully for the morrow when the bishop would leave us, and Miss Amy and I were taking a stroll in the graveyard. We had not gone far when we saw the bishop and our pastor advancing towards us. We would have gotten out of their way, but before you could bless yourself, as Dan's wife would say, the bishop had my hand in his fat, flabby hand. Afterwards I told Miss Amy, in confidence, that he had no bones in his hand. He opened his mouth and grinned, and, never having seen a person with so many teeth, I wondered if he, too, had been born with teeth.

"Now, my little boy," the bishop said patronizingly, "I confirmed you this morning; tell me, What is confirmation?"

I thought our rector was looking so uncomfortable because he thought that I would not be able to answer the bishop's question. I knew that I could. Had not Miss Amy instructed me, and if she did not know, who did?

"Confirmation," I replied, "is a sacrament in which, by the imposition of the bishop's hands, we receive the sevenfold gifts of the Holy Ghost."

"Umph!" exclaimed the bishop; "who taught you that?"

"I prepared Paul for confirmation," Miss Amy said firmly. Still grinning, the bishop turned to the rector and said: "What does Brother Linton say to his parishioners holding such views?"

The rector shirked the question. "I think Paul a very apt pupil," he said, kindly laying his hand on my head.

The bishop swelled up. "Will you have it announced this afternoon that I shall preach some Gospel truths—Gospel truths, please to remember—at an especial service to-night?" he said, and then walked off pompously, the worried-looking rector following. The bishop's sermon, owing to the slim attendance he had, was a failure, and the following Sunday the rector had his revenge in a sermon on the one, true faith.

"Miss Amy," I asked, after the rector's sermon, "have we one faith in our church?"

Miss Amy looked surprised, and said—how she could believe it I don't know—"Certainly, Paul; what makes you ask such a question?"

"I was only wondering," I answered.

CHAPTER VI.

"I AM BLIND."

During the time of which I have been telling in the last two chapters, I do not suppose my father spoke to me half-a-dozen times. I was much troubled about him, fearing that he was not in good health. Physicians often came to visit him, remaining for what seemed to me hours, shut up with my father in his room. I begged Nurse Barnes to tell me what was the matter, but all she could do was to exclaim: "Bless you, child! how am I to know?" And when I teased her to ask father, she shook her head, and said that it was as much as her place was worth to do so. After a time, as he never complained, we began to think less and less of the visits of the doctors. One day Nurse Barnes came to the "little room," where I spent the greater part of my time reading, a satisfied smile on her face.

"Them's phrenologers," she said.

"Who?" I asked.

"Them doctors," she answered. "They tells fortunes by the lumps on a person's head."

"How do you know?" I asked, meaning how did she know that the doctors were phrenologists.

"Didn't I see them feeling his head, an' Mr. Ringwood settin' still, lettin' 'em?"

This was convincing enough to set Nurse Barnes and myself to feeling our own bumps for the next half-hour. As neither of us knew anything about phrenology we derived no benefit from this absurd proceeding, except the benefit always derived from a hearty laugh. About two weeks after Nurse Barnes' supposed discovery I went to the library for a book. In my frequent visits to the library I would always find my father there, reading or writing. He never looked up from his occupation, and I would softly get what I needed from the shelves, afraid of disturbing him. On this day he was neither reading nor writing, but sat bent forward in his chair, his head resting in his hands. Quietly as I passed over the strips of green carpet on the oaken floor, he heard me. Looking up, he said sharply: "Who's there?"

I was too startled to think of the strangeness of his question, he looking me full in the face.

"Paul, father," I said. "I've come to get a book; shall I go away?"

Getting up from his chair without answering me, he put out his hands as one does who walks in the dark, and went slowly to a shelf of books. He passed his hands over their backs, took one from its place, fluttered its leaves, and, in attempting to put it back, let it fall to the floor. Giving vent to a short laugh, he muttered something to himself about being awkward, but did not again attempt to put the book in its place. I stood staring stupidly at him, afraid of I knew not what; afraid to remain in the room, still more afraid to go away.

After a little he asked: "Are you there, Paul?"

Still I did not see into the meaning of his putting such questions to me, and I answered, surprisedly: "Yes, papa; do you want me to go away?" For answer he said: "Come here." I went over to where he stood and timidly touched his hand. He hastily withdrew his from mine, a moment after laying it kindly on my shoulder.

"Are you fond of reading?" he asked.

Was it possible that my father did not know how my time was spent? of my frequent visits to the book-room? I had thought he knew of my love for books, and that, although he had never said so, he was pleased with me for it. So full of self-love was I that there was a lump in my throat as I answered: "Yes, papa, I like to read." Not seeming to notice what I had said, he commanded gently: "Bring my chair here."

I rolled his big chair to where he stood, and again putting out his hands as those do who are in the dark, he felt for it, and sat down.

As I stood by him, timidly resting a hand on the arm of his chair, sweetly and quietly, as I had often heard him speak to mother and to Bert but never before to me, he said: "Soldier, I am blind."

HAROLD DIJON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A QUARTET OF CHRISTIAN JOY, WITH A SOLO ON TASTE, BY THE ORGANIST.

THE SOPRANO.

LA me! I am all of a flutter
As I think of that *duo* to-day
Which I sang with Miss Flatus
In the *Et Incarnatus*—
I wish she would just keep away;
You know how she flats; and it sounded like cats
At a serenade up on the gutter.

THE ALTO.

I pity that blonde-whiskered German
Who thinks he sings tenor "to kill."
He always will blunder
In trios—no wonder!—
Looking sideways at little Miss Trill,
Who draws the green curtain to hide all the flirtin'
She carries on during the sermon.

THE TENOR.

There's that horrid old Signor Bassedo,
Whose singing I never could bear;
At the *vitam venturi*
I got in such a fury

To see him reach over my chair,
And eat all my candy that I had kept handy
To ease my throat after the *Credo.*

THE BASS.

Just fancy my mortification!
To give my *Qui tollis* to Fedge,
Who sings like a cow,
And only knows how
To set all one's teeth on an edge.
If I'm to bear that I'll just take up my hat.
After all, it's a poor "situation."

THE ORGANIST.

I'm sick of this church-organ playing,
And singers like these I'll not stand.
If 'twere not for the sal'ry they're paying
I'd go and beat drum for a band.

And I'm sick of the spittoons and candy,
The peanuts, and papers, and such;
The men smelling strongly of brandy,
And the ladies of perfume—too much.

This quarrelsome quartet surpasses
The worst that e'er sang in a choir;
And we've got such a poor set of "Masses,"
Only fit to be put in the fire.

And it's just where I'd put them to-morrow;
But his rev'rence has "taste," and I can't.
For "of music," he says, "one must borrow
The *joy* that is lacking in chant."

Truth, you know, all depends upon taste,
And Goodness and Beauty likewise.
Believe what you please,
And be quite at your ease,
Though 'tis horrid or naughty—if nice.
Sing to make them "feel good," not to be understood:
Why sell diamonds when one prefers paste?

ALFRED YOUNG.

SOME MEXICAN HACIENDAS.

THE ideal system of farming is that of small freeholds, where the farmer possesses sufficient land to employ the powers of himself and his numerous family, who, far from being a burden to him, are an essential factor in his operations if prosperity is to be attained. When, as in France, you see a blue-bloused peasant attempting to work his little holding—in all about as large as a fair-sized building-lot—you see a thrall engaged in a hopeless struggle, a Sisyphus created by the Code Napoléon, a nominal landowner but actual serf of the banker or money-lender; the man's life is infinitely harder and his fare coarser and more scanty than that of the hired laborer, and the yield of his land only a third of what is attained with capital and modern appliances. On the other hand, what more dreary than the contemplation of the huge wheat farms of thirty or forty thousand acres in Dakota and California—wheat-mines, they may be more fitly styled—no children's prattle, no snug homestead, no warm fireside and abundant though simple hospitality; a mere monotonous wilderness of grain, a bald, prison-like barrack for the "hands"—not a home, this; half the workingmen being discharged on the arrival of the slack season; a pecuniary success, perhaps, for the absentee owner: and that is all.

The Mexican agricultural system, however, seems to possess the evils of both these methods and the advantages of neither. The land is held in immense tracts (instance a case in the neighborhood of the writer where the traveller has to ride for eighty miles through a single property), but from the withdrawal of wealth with the Spaniards, from devastating wars and gambling losses, the great majority of landowners are without the means of developing the resources of their estates; so that, for all practical good resulting from large portions of them, they might as well be in the moon. In Spanish days ample means to work these principalities were derived from the silver mines, and the produce of the lands in turn supported the miners; the two industries were interdependent; but peonage is the sole remnant of that golden age. Years ago, when inspecting a Mexican hacienda, amongst the assets we came on three thousand dollars debt. "Who owe these moneys?" "Oh! the work-people," replied the owner. "And what chance is there of collecting these debts?" we rejoined. "You don't want to collect them," said our friend; "leave things as they are; the law compels the debtor to remain with his employer till his liability is discharged, which it never is; by this means you insure reliable labor." Where you find a native landowner in Mexico you often find an overburdened wretch loaded with debt and ready to sell his birthright to any brother who will offer him a mess of pottage in exchange.

We lately made an interesting excursion to a fine hacienda in Northern Mexico. At an early hour we repaired to the appointed rendezvous, a servant carrying blankets, pillows, and a valise containing changes of clothing, knives and forks, and various comestibles. The first hour's delay passed pleasantly enough in discussing matters of local interest, and in anticipations of the journey; after that we speculated on the cause of our entertainer's delay. Two hours elapsed; we began to look out for his carriage, and finally, losing all patience, we returned to our home loading Mexican properties and proprietors with the reverse of blessings. As dinner was preparing, arrived an emissary with a rambling story about horses that wouldn't go and a carriage in ruinous condition, replaced by a fine team of mules and a first-rate ambulance, and urging us to hurry off without delay; this request, however, met with a flat refusal, hunger and annoyance not tending to produce amiability. But the midday meal discussed with a bottle of Bordeaux and a havannah restored confidence. We repaired to our host's town-house. Here the main party was assembled, but our Jehu had departed to water his mules; a fresh delay this, and on his return we found by his uncertain gait and convivial aspect that this worthy's potations had been different in character from those of his beasts. And now the question was, how to stow such a varied assortment of bedding, baggage, and provisions; some on the box-seat to the driver's discomfort and chagrin, more inside jamming the passengers together, and a miscellaneous array of goods corded on behind; the old Bostonian's night-cap, which insisted on protruding from his pillowcase, exciting the derision of a knot of youthful "greasers." At length, with a liberal accompaniment of yelling, hallooing, and whipcracking, we were off, pounding and bumping over the cobble-paved streets, the inside passengers being cannoned against each other in most aggravating sort, the fat baker and his vagrant portmanteau being especially an object of terror to his neighbors; the sole stable object present being a swarthy daughter of the soil, who, reclining easily in her seat and emitting cigarette smoke from her nostrils, smiled benignantly on the confusion and hubbub. In front, around, and behind us rode a guard of honor, composed of sons, cousins, brothers-in-law, and other attachés of the proprietors, caballeros all in bravery of sabre, carbine, and pistol, and formidable for attack or defence: in reality lazy, unwashen Bardolphs and ancient Pistols preferring to hang on to their relative's coat-tails to doing a stroke of work for themselves. The pitching and heaving of our laboring vehicle started the case of apples which we had provided to last us a week, and the juicy fruit bounced about ricochetting against the nasal organ of the luckless New-Englander and endangering his spectacles, he the while wishing himself safely back in the Hub of the Universe. So we distributed the luscious missiles amongst the attendant horsemen, who fell on them with the voracity of wolves.

Onwards we urged our wild career, the driver shouting, swearing, and gesticulating with arms and legs after the manner of his kind. Now a trace would break, now a strap unbuckle, and at every such contretemps the lithe, active youth who sat by the driver with a second whip would bound over the wheel, run by the team, and speedily adjust the disarranged harness. But in the open country we progressed more smoothly, passed a few ranches, rattled through a country town, and so onwards again. Across our path lay prostrate telegraph wires, and inquiry elicited that they had been erected by a former progressive State governor, who but half-completed the work; his successor, caring more for champagne than telegraphy, discontinued the undertaking; so there stand or lie the abandoned posts and wires as Providence may dictate, a monument of half-hearted measures and dissipated public funds. About dusk we reached a collection of adobe hovels at the foot of the mountains. Ere this we should have been at our destination, but we were in Mexico, where delays are the rule; so there was nothing for it but to remain where we were and wait for morning. The interior of the rest-house had variety enough: tutelary divinities decorated the walls, and sleeping infants were strewn on the floor, where the denizens of the fowl-yard disputed the possession of stray bones and other relics of ancient repasts. It was picturesque in the gloaming to watch our retainers preparing the evening meal at a fire in the road. Strips of goat, impaled on iron stakes stuck in the ground, hissed and broiled to perfection, and proved most appetizing when we subsequently tore them to pieces, cannibal fashion, with teeth and fingers, seated at a dining-table as large as a writing-desk. Throughout the trip our knives and forks, with other superfluities of civilization, reposed within our cases. We should have given dire offence by producing them, so we imitated our entertainers' manners with indifferent success, taking practical lessons in the customs of the cave-dwellers and others of our remote ancestors.

With previous experience of the ways and usages of the Mexican flea, an insect as diligent as the ant, as large as the house-fly, and as virulent as the wasp, the writer resolved to pass the night in the ambulance ensconced in his own blankets; but all in vain. The hospitable natives forced on him a choice assortment of teeming goat-skins, which it was impossible with a good grace to refuse; and as a consequence repose was banished. So wore away the weary hours, enlivened by the crowing of roosters perched overhead, the grunting of hogs beneath the carriage, and the yelpings and bayings of the colony of curs without which no Mexican hamlet is complete. A cup of chocolate (and you must come to Mexico to learn what chocolate is) and a bite of bread, and we started betimes with the usual accompaniments of shouts, barkings, and cracking of whips. And now began the exciting part of the journey, the ascent of the mountains by a steep, zigzag path cut in the hill-side. This was well enough, and a fine prospect we gained, from the summit, of the country traversed on the previous day; but when we began to descend again the case became different. Our *cochero*, who had continued his potations, made various creditable attempts at driving us over the edge to shorten the journey, but he was eventually dethroned and placed on one of the horses; and now that no neck but his own was in jeopardy general satisfaction prevailed and confidence was restored.

Here we came on the river (save the mark!), a large, broad sinuosity of boulder and pebble, along one side of which trickled "*mucho agua*"—*anglicé*, a rivulet which those possessed of powerful eyesight were able to make out unaided by their binoculars, about enough water for a frugal housewife to boil her beans and cabbage in. Well, we can't have everything; the dry, bracing climate of Mexico and the moisture and verdure of Old England together. Not being farmers, we prefer things as they are; besides, water, being scarce, has a corresponding value and is worth more than the land it fertilizes, and farm produce has a high value; it's as long as it's broad.

A friend once remarked that if Mexico had more water and different inhabitants it would be a delightful country, which elicited the rejoinder that the same remark would apply to Tartarus, a reply more epigrammatic than just. For this country grows upon one, and Humboldt is not the only foreigner who has felt its charm. Still it is a dry country, as the writer once proved, riding a day and a half between two rivers; and his patient steed, unprovided with even a flask of refreshment, must have been yet more strongly of that opinion. Why he did not burst himself by the amount he finally gulped down, or why, like Munchausen's horse, he did not empty the stream by his prolonged efforts, has always remained to me a mystery.

So for hours we wound our way through mountain wilds and desolations, seeing no sign of human habitation and little animal life of any sort or kind. But it must not be hence inferred that these lands are useless; the Yankee farmer, his view limited to hogs and corn, might have no use for them; but large flocks of goats flourish and increase in districts like these, finding in bush and thorny shrub their favorite sustenance. Their skins constitute their chief value, goat's flesh being sold in the towns for what it will fetch; a nickle for a leg is certainly not excessive; animal diet is cheaper than any other, and a great benefit this must be to the poorer folk. But the frequent spectacle of half-a-dozen kids lashed together by the forefeet and balancing each other on the back of an ass, their bodies and hind legs dangling helplessly in space, they the while performing a piteous chorus, is not one that Mr. Bergh's Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would be likely to approve; and if the goatherds were now and then suspended by their thumbs from a rafter for a few hours at a stretch it might perchance give them a practical lesson in humanity.

In these mountain wastes is found an inexhaustible quantity of lechuguilla, a small plant of the aloe family, the strong fibre of which, called ixtle, is one of the staple Mexican products—tougher than hemp, and of great value for ropemaking and the manufacture of mats and brushes. The laborer engaged in procuring this fibre betakes himself to the wilderness, stretches his blanket as a shelter on a bush or booth of rods, and, seating himself beneath it, with a common knife draws the white, strong strings from the lechuguilla leaves with which he has surrounded himself. More work can be done, however, by the aid of an inexpensive and portable machine now made in the United States; but an arroba (25 lbs) is in any case a good day's work.

Before noon we reached the hacienda, consisting of a large square of adobe buildings, with corrals, barns, stores, out-houses, and tanks for drinking-water. It was an extensive place, though decaying; but a little money spent in plaster, whitewash, and other needed repairs would do wonders. On entering the owner's house the effect was that which one experiences in chancing on some deserted military post in the Territories; but in this case the building was tenanted, absence of adornment and furniture to the contrary notwithstanding. Some of the smaller dwellings were more homelike, and in one of these we took our meals, our female companion of the journey, one of the daughters of the house, supplying our needs with ready grace, her cigarette in her mouth, and her beaming smile suffusing her features. Her brother's baby swung chandelier-like from the ceiling in its cradle, a converted oil-can case; neighbors lounged in and out by the open door to see what it was all about, and we thought that to sit on the corner of the bed, or on a candle-box, dining on tortillas and frijoles hot and hot from the kitchen, was an *al fresco* feast by no means to be despised. One rough-looking old gentleman, weatherbeaten as his habiliments, asked us into his house, and with honest pride showed us a photograph of his son, a professional man and master of six languages. And then a vast individual, stouter than the head-man of a village in Hindoostan, introduced himself to us, and did the honors of his home; like a wise man, he let others do the working—he having several dozen hands employed in collecting ixtle—giving him leisure to retain his two hundred and forty pounds of avoirdupois, and means enough to surround himself with various conveniences and mementos of civilization which one was astonished to see in parts so remote.

The one thing in thorough repair on the property was the chapel, built in 1805, and but lately restored in taste which we have not the heart to criticize. The local decorators acted up to their lights, and the best of us can do no more. "Still wedded to their old habits," remarked one of the party, "no progress here." To us it seemed inexpressibly touching that amidst all this poverty and decay means should yet be found to rightly order the house in which a Bread of higher worth than that grown in neighboring fields is dispensed to the simple population, and we wondered whether our mammoth wheat-farms in the Western States, already alluded to, have also their temples of the Most High.

> "Man, as a moral and intelligent being, cannot be made happy merely by explosions of merriment, or by a cheerfulness derived only from stacks of corn or vats full of new wine. . . . Amidst all her joyful increase Nature breathes a sadness which directs us beyond the earth for a remedy.

Like many a marble statue of Mary, ever virgin, nature says, Look above me to my Maker. And by the sadness which underlies her smile she directs us away from this shadow of death to worlds where 'their sun shall no more go down, nor their moon withdraw her shining.'"

A night's rest at the hacienda was a choice of evils. Those possessed of a lofty indifference to fleas arranged their couches on the earthen floor, but others, more squeamish, in the absence of bedsteads, sought repose stretched on narrow benches, and eclipsed the feats of the mighty Blondin, who exhibited his dexterity in balancing his body only during waking hours. The entire absence of the lavatory and its adjuncts proved embarrassing for some days, till the writer, panting for relief from his earthy envelope, surreptitiously abstracted some soap from his travelling-bag, and, adjourning to the horse-pond, cleansed his hands forthwith, to the admiration and wonderment of the unwashen natives.

Rides about the property were most interesting. Marvellous engineering skill has been displayed in the construction of the endless succession of irrigation ditches and their ramifications. The amount of land cultivated and capable of culture is bewildering, and the yield enormous, the towering corn-stalks being sometimes weighted with two or three cobs covered with, say, a thousand grains each. And when this is cut a dense carpet of grass of deepest emerald remains, on which and the cornstalks the oxen speedily fatten and attain to the true form of bovine grace; and when we remember that two good crops, wheat and corn, are yearly taken from the same ground, and that without the use of fertilizers, it may be seen that the soil cannot readily be exhausted. The implements employed are of the crudest description, the single-handled wooden plough merely scratching the ground. Owners without means to pay wages often farm on the share system, but this, too, implies capital; for the laborers being destitute of means, the landlord must provide tools, seed, and beasts. How should these places be treated? Owned by princes and worked by poorly-paid labor? acquired by companies and sold or let in moderate portions to yeomen farmers? or how? Some little time ago, we believe, a Socialistic colony was established on the Mexican Pacific coast. There is certainly more sense in this than in speechifying against the existing order in large centres of population, and trying to render the artisan dissatisfied with his lot. It will be interesting to watch the outcome of the experiment mentioned. In an able paper recently read it is pointed out that

> "the sentiment and aspiration of Socialism are distinctively Christian To be pained by the discrepancies of conditions round us; to own the enormous chasm yawning between Lazarus and Dives; to hold the brotherhood and essential equality of all the children of our Father—if this is the spirit of Socialism, so it is also the spirit of Christianity. . . . Every Christian is a bit of a Socialist, and every Socialist is a bit of a Christian. Socialism only exists in Christian countries."

But granting all this, our scheme cannot be worked out without a head, a presiding spirit of considerable administrative power, and he must be seconded by able lieutenants. Though the district is healthy, we must have our physicians, and it is to be hoped the chapel will not be converted into a materialistic lecture-hall. Can Socialism fill these conditions? We quote again from the paper just referred to:

> "No doubt the city of God itself is a place where men hunger no more, neither thirst any more. But supposing this attained in glorified workhouses and model lodging-houses, what then? As I lay down Socialistic books I sometimes seem to see men, each like the other, ticketed and labelled, and hear the boast: 'There are none but workmen here.' Give humanity any end but dying of dulness; the slow holocaust of humdrum, the stertorous martyrdom of stupidity. . . . Socialism takes no account of the spiritual nature, says nothing of sorrow or sin, of penitence or pardon. In the perfectly drained rows of model lodging-houses, where it proposes to feed the millions of the future, it makes no provision against these inherent evils of our earthly condition. It may squeeze all things flat; it cannot make all things new."

One thing is certain, these vast fertile tracts of Mexico are not for ever going to lie fallow or partially developed; as in ages long ago so now the movement of population is Westward, and the Rio Grande is fordable. The Mexican government is aware of the fact that an increased industrious population means increased production, increased revenue, and increased national prosperity. It will encourage and assist any reasonable project of the character in question. And it does seem passing strange that men should make their homes in plains which during the greater portion of the year are frozen wastes and chilly solitudes, when the garden of the Lord lies before them in Mexico, sparkling in perpetual sunshine. But the matter must be taken in hand by a capitalist, a syndicate, or a company, and the large estates let, leased, or sold in manageable portions to farmers. The only chances the poor white man now has in the country are on the railroads, and in the mines and business houses of foreigners.

One hears various stories of the treatment of strangers by

Mexican employers that are not encouraging. Thus, a proprietor engaged an American engineer to manage his saw-mill. Now, when a thing is done by a competent hand it appears simplicity itself. So the cunning Mexican carefully observed his workman's movements, and then, estimating that thirty dollars a month in wages would be more economical than a hundred, forthwith replaced the trained mechanic by a native, with this result: on the first day of the new régime the machinery was broken; no one competent to repair it could be found, and the business came to a full stop. Plenty of similar instances of short-sighted acuteness might be cited. It is better to employ than to be employed by the Mexican. One poor fellow we knew, an amiable person of some literary power, grinding in the prison-house for the Philistines: in other words, teaching English in the public schools for thirty-five dollars a month—if he could get it.

When you find a prosperous hacienda it often happens that it is the property of a native lady who has married a foreigner; the former is the capitalist, but the latter supplies the brain-power and activity without which capital is of little avail. We lately visited a property of this description in the neighborhood of a large town, and a charming place it was. There is the busy hum of the cotton factory, employing seventy or eighty hands—and the Mexicans are said to be teachable and to make very good mill operatives—hard by is the flour-mill; then there is the distillery, where mescal is made from the maguey, of which there is a considerable plantation adjacent. And something else is thought of but mere money-making: there are several gardens with broad gravel walks, flowers and fruit trees, fountains and fish-ponds stocked with golden carp. The avenue of noble trees by which the property is approached makes the visitor imagine that he is entering a baronial demesne in Europe, and a lovely little park of dark evergreens stands in the centre of the place facing the owner's residence; the houses of the work-people being ranged in a broad street on either side, clean, substantial, and orderly. The foreman is a Frenchman, and the proprietor's son, a handsome, bright young fellow, combining in his person the united graces and virtues of Gaul and Iberia, gives a general supervision to the whole, and occasionally betakes him to the neighboring mountains for a few days with rifle and hound, bearing back with him bears or deer as tokens of his prowess. These heights are heavily timbered with oak, pine, and cedar, and the woodmen who cut and remove the fuel on the backs of asses pay a toll to the owner for the privilege. Lime is also prepared for building purposes; goats and cattle browse on the rich herbage; and a little cultivation is undertaken. Looking on the broad expanse of rich, black soil, with a sufficiency of water to give it a high productiveness, we mentally construct an idyllic picture. Wild grasses have given place to crops of grain, the substantial farmer has replaced the sandal-shod goat-herd, and where the howl of the coyote was heard the prattle of children's voices enlivens the smiling homestead.

C. E. Hodson.

POSTSCRIPT.

In the foregoing paper, intended as it is for general readers, we have studiously avoided the wearisome statistics of the emigration agent. But for the benefit of any would-be Mexican emigrant who may chance to see it we here add a few facts.

The Mexican government is acting in an enlightened spirit, and, as its own population does not increase and is moreover poor, welcomes *bonâ fide*, industrious emigrants whencesoever they may come, and offers them all assistance and protection. It is found more economical for this work to be left to private companies than for the government to undertake it. In some cases, in consideration of surveying unimproved lands, the company receives from government a portion of it, say a third. A great deal of attention is now attracted to colonization in the territory of Lower California. Lorenzo Castro, in his *Republic of Mexico*, gives this district twenty-two thousand inhabitants and eight thousand square leagues. He describes it as

> "a chain of mountains bathed by the sea. . . . The country is broken, its plains barren, and the landscape disagreeable and unpleasant to the eye. The climate is temperate in its northern portion and extremely warm in the south. . . . Natural productions are but few, for the want of streams, the scarcity of rains, and the barrenness of the soil."

For our own part we would rather buy a hacienda with buildings, irrigation ditches, and cultivated land than undertake the wearisome task of reducing a desert; and if a property were purchased with judgment, this course might prove the more profitable one. Large haciendas may be had at half-a-dollar an acre or less. Mexican husbandry is unscientific; the plough is a simple wooden affair with an iron point to scratch the soil, and is drawn by a yoke of oxen. Possibly, Mexican methods are best for Mexico. Irrigation ditches are skilfully constructed, and no people understand the whole matter better than these; but perhaps they are too generous with the water. Wheat is sown in October and reaped in the spring, the fields being irrigated monthly. After this corn and pumpkins are planted, which are irrigated three times and gathered about September. Prices vary very much, but two dollars and a half a bushel for wheat and seventy-five cents for corn is a good average at present. Wheat-straw, cured in the milk, is used instead of hay, and costs sometimes fourteen dollars a ton; corn-stalks are also chopped up and fed to work animals.

No doubt the cultivation of cotton would pay very well, as there are a number of mills to supply. The best cotton comes from the Laguna district, with Villa Lerdo, at the junction of the Mexican Central and the Mexican National Railroads, as its distributing centre; much cotton is imported from the United States. No doubt fodder crops—alfalfa, johnson grass, timothy, millet, luzerne, and so on—would pay well on lands with convenient railroad facilities. As these are being increased prices are being equalized, the old mode of transportation by lumbering ox-cart or on the backs of asses being tedious and costly. Some persons assert that the railroads bring rain with them; in Coahuila there certainly appears to be enough for anybody. This State will probably attract emigrants to it, being so near the American frontier, having plenty of water, good soil, railway facilities, and a choice of climates. It is hard to imagine where so perfect a climate may be found as that about the capital of this State; certainly in no part of the United States with which we are acquainted, and we have lived in most sections. There is a winter, though neither long nor severe, and one does not perspire in the summer, except, of course, from exercise; it is a country formed for the white man to work in. Fruits and vegetables of the temperate zone flourish and it is a garden of roses. At Parras there are many vineyards, and it is famous for its wines and brandies; this industry is peculiarly adapted to this district. The art of making good butter and cheese is unknown, and one pays seventy-five cents per pound for Goshen butter or the sour, unsavoury produce of the country; a well-conducted dairy would meet a want.

The simplest and most promising industry of the country is the produce of ixtle already referred to. The hands who gather it are paid about half-a-dollar for an arroba, which sells on the spot at double the money, and at Tampico for half as much again. The trade in hides and goat-skins is considerable, and when systematic farming and stall-feeding is adopted, a good class of beef will be produced, to be shipped by rail to the capital of the Republic, and other large centres of population. Those wishing for information on Mexican land laws, titles, etc., may consult Castro's book already referred to, and he himself having had some forty years' experience in the subject, must be a good authority on Mexican titles. The same remarks apply to the postmaster of San Antonio, Texas (where, too, Mr. Castro resides), but his official duties, added to the care of some eight millions of money which, to the gratification of himself and his friends, has lately fallen to his lot, may disincline him to other business. On titles to properties bankers at the leading cities might be properly consulted, and Mr. Seixas, an American gentleman long resident in Mexico, and now at Saltillo, has many valuable properties placed in his hands for sale.

C. E. H.

CHURCH MUSIC: ITS ORIGIN AND DIFFERENT FORMS.

Ecclesiastical chant forms an important part of the Liturgy of the church, and greatly promotes devotion and piety if composed and executed according to the spirit of religion.

> "The church," says St. Basil, "in order to excite in our souls tender sentiments of piety, combines with her teaching an agreeable melody, that, though unable to understand the words pronounced, our hearts may be lured to a willing captivity in the soft bondage of its delicious sweetness."

St. Augustine thus recalls the memories of what he had heard in the church of Milan :

> "The hymns and songs, O my God! and the sweet chant of thy church stirred and penetrated my being. These voices streamed upon my ears and caused truth to flow into my heart; from its springs the emotions welled up and lastly tears poured forth, and I rejoiced in them."

Nothing, however, is known of the music which the early Christians sang in their churches, and whatever may be advanced as to the origin of early church music rests on speculation rather than on fact. Not one piece of music, either of the

Hebrews before Christ or of the Christians before the era of St. Gregory the Great, is now in existence. Even the Gregorian chant, which was sung from the day of the great saint until the day of Guido of Arezzo, four hundred years later, though some fragments exist, is quite unintelligible. The signs which expressed the value of the notes were learned in the musical schools by means of tradition, and when Guido changed the method of teaching they were no longer used, and their meaning became lost.

The Greeks attained to a higher degree of civilization than the Egyptians, yet the latter were more advanced in music. The old Greek instruments, found in ruins and preserved in museums, are not furnished with a neck, and each string is capable of producing but one tone; whilst some Egyptian instruments have been found furnished with a neck and dividing marks, so that by the pressure of the fingers, shortening or lengthening the strings on the neck, a deeper or higher tone could be produced. The Hebrews were for four hundred years in captivity in Egypt, and it is by no means unreasonable to suppose that there they became acquainted with this more advanced music, and that in the Promised Land they used the same general style of music, the same or similar musical instruments. "Praise him with sound of trumpet, praise him with psaltery and harp. Praise him with timbrel, praise him with strings and organs. Praise him on high-sounding cymbals" (Psalm cl. 3-5). Their music, if it corresponded to the poetry of their psalms, hymns, and canticles, must have been beautiful. The Lord sang a canticle after the Last Supper, "and when they had said a hymn, they went forth to the Mount of Olives" (Mark xiv. 26). Said, in this place, means sung, "for a hymn is sung," says St. Augustine, commenting on this passage. Some conclude from old Hebrew rituals that this was the hymn which the Hebrews sang in thanksgiving after the eating of the Paschal Lamb, which commenced with Psalm cxii., *In exitu Israel de Ægypto*, and finished with Psalm cxviii., *Beati immaculati in via.*

The early Christians sang in their churches, St. Paul admonishing, Eph. v. 19: "Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual canticles, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord." The first converts to Christianity came from among the Jews, many Christian rites and ceremonies found their origin in the Jewish rites and ceremonies, and may we not conclude that the music also of the early church was borrowed from the synagogue? But who can tell its nature, its melody and composition? As the church spread among different nationalities, her rites were modified by the temper, habits, and costumes of these different peoples, and her music also was modified and altered according to the pre-existing national musical taste. There was then no Congregation of Rites to prescribe universal and exact ceremonies and vestments and chant for the universal church, and each nation, whilst keeping to the unity of faith, suited itself to its own predilection and national tradition. The various Eastern rites, the Slavonian, Bulgarian, Ambrosian, Spanish, Lyonnese, the Sarum rite in England, etc., bear testimony to this diversity. As with the ceremonies of each national church, so also with its chants and canticles. The Jews sang some psalms alternately, in two choirs; not so the faithful in the Western Church until the time of St. Ambrose (who died 397), who was the first, at Milan, to establish this custom, according to what he had already heard in the Oriental churches, and it was from Milan that antiphonal singing spread to all the churches in the West. He is said to have first introduced in the West the custom of singing hymns, and most of the hymns which occur in the daily or ferial office are ascribed to St. Ambrose. Prudentius and Hilary, contemporaries of Ambrose, composed also many of the hymns of the Roman Breviary. The Gloria in the days of St. Gregory was recited by the bishops on Sundays and feast days, and by the priests only on Easter, and the Credo was not said at all in the Roman Church: as Mabillon remarks: "It needed not to make a profession of faith, because it had never been affected by any heresy."

To understand the gradual development of music we should first call attention to the great difficulty with which pupils had in early times to contend in order to learn the value and pitch of each note. The notation of music among the ancients was very inaccurate and intricate. They knew neither bars, nor clefs, nor keys. The Greeks used all the letters of the alphabet, each letter indicating a certain note, and when notes went above or below them, in height or depth, the same alphabet was used, but inverted or contorted. Pope Gregory (who died 604), a great lover of music, improved on the Greek method by using only seven letters, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*; the first seven were made by capital letters, the next by ordinary letters, the third seven by doubling the letters, etc., and in the reformation of church music he based himself principally upon the Ambrosian chant. John the Deacon, who lived towards the end of the ninth century, thus writes in his life of Saint Gregory:

> "He built two dwellings, one at the Church of St. Peter, the other at the Lateran patriarchal house, where unto this day are still preserved the couch on which he reposed when modulating, his strap (flagellum) with which he threatened the boys, and also the authentic Antiphonary."

. From the Roman schools, which existed for over three hundred years, singers were sent to England, Germany, and France, but many of the churches, especially in France, fell back to their old chants, which, if more barbarous, were better suited to the popular musical taste and comprehension. Abuses crept in, and already in the life of St. Leo II., who died 683, we read that he reformed the Gregorian chant and composed several hymns for the divine office. The middle ages, with their migration of nations, and great civil disturbances, were not a suitable time for the improvement and advance of arts. Guido of Arezzo, in the beginning of the eleventh century, invented the bars and clefs; he discarded the letters of the alphabet, and substituted the first syllables of the beginning and middle of the three first lines of the hymn in honor of St. John the Baptist:

UT queant laxis REsonare fibris
MIra gestorum FAmuli tuorum,
SOLve polluti LAbii reatum
Sancte Joannes.

He made use of two movable clefs, of G and F, as we now call them, which, placed on any bar, indicated the beginning of his notation. This so facilitated the teaching of music that, whereas before it required three years to acquire the art of solmization, it now required but as many weeks.

As a matter of interest to musicians we here add a few remarks. The ancient nations had a predilection for the sombre and grand modulation of music, and commenced the scale with the minor key of A. Guido changed it to the major UT or C. St. Gregory adopted seven notes, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, the same as now commonly used; Guido used only six, from UT (*c*) to LA (*a*). This was undoubtedly a retrogressive movement, and later on the seventh was again added and called SI. The sign ♭, mol or flat, which lowers the note a half-tone, was known already at the time of Guido, and was used to soften the fourth when ascending, to be replaced by the sign ♮, natural, when descending the scale; but the sign ♯, dur or sharp, which elevates a note half a tone, was invented about two hundred and fifty years after Guido's death. In the old Gregorian system sharps are unknown and the newer editions have also discarded them. Counterpoint and harmony were invented after the great disturbances of the middle ages, when music, cut loose of its narrow swaddling clothes, began to be cultivated in earnest and made rapid strides in advance.

Gregorian chant thus belongs to the infant days of musical art; we admire it for its simplicity and a certain solemnity, which the flavor of antiquity has imparted to it. Some of its compositions, especially the Requiem Mass and some of the hymns, many of which date from a far later period than St. Gregory—the thirteenth and fourteenth century—are truly grand, impressive, and majestic; but the greatest portion of the Gregorian chant lacks harmony and melody. Owing to the innumerable variations in the older manuscript copies, even the best experts find it impossible to tell which manuscripts come nearest to the early Gregorian chant.

Gregorian chant was sung in cloister and monastery, but it was not much relished by the people in the parochial churches, particularly in those which had but few clergy; * and the music substituted to please the people soon degenerated into songs, worldly, light, and frivolous, which evoked the bulls of popes and the decrees of councils to check this crying abuse.

It is said that the Council of Trent intended to pass some severe canons against the music then in vogue, but just at that time Palestrina composed his church music, which, though entirely unlike the Gregorian, was received with such favor as to prevent a strict legislation on the part of the council. But, notwithstanding these endeavors, the Gregorian was not successful in keeping its ground to the exclusion of other music. At the present day very few churches confine themselves to this chant alone. Nor is it intended by the church that it should be so. All the basilicas in Rome have their own figured music, of a rather florid style, not printed but in manuscript, for fear they might lose the exclusive ownership.

In 1882 there were in Rome but three churches, and two of these collegiate churches, which confined themselves to the Gregorian chant. And why should they? The rigid architectural style of earlier ages was superseded by the florid Gothic style of the thirteenth and fourteenth century, and why should not the rigid and uncultivated style of early music be developed by

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* A law passed in the year 520 prescribed that the principal church of Rome should have sixty priests, one hundred deacons, ninety subdeacons, one hundred and ten readers, twenty chanters. Clerics were required to learn music; what a grand and tremendous choir, then, of three hundred and eighty trained voices! These, supported by a powerful organ, would undoubtedly satisfy the musical taste of any congregation, and would soon teach them to join in.

man's genius and be made subservient to God's service? Why not adopt the grand chords, the harmonious melodies of later composers wherewith to praise the Lord and to chant of his glory and power? If they breathe religion, if they are the outpourings of devotion, why not dedicate them to Him who granted genius to the composers?

Tollatur abusus, maneat usus. This seems to be the guiding rule of the church in this matter, as we will now see by its decrees. The Council of Trent, *De Sacrificio Missæ*, commands the ordinaries of dioceses "to banish from the churches that kind of music which, whether for organ or for chant, contains anything lascivious or impure." The Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, No. 361, repeats the same injunction, and in No. 380 recommends the teaching of the rudiments of Gregorian chant in parochial schools, so that the people may sing at Vespers and other similar services. Mark, no mention is made of the people singing at Mass. The Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, held 1884, speaks in the same manner, and specifies in No. 117 that profane melodies be not used, but only such as are grave, pious, and truly ecclesiastical. It forbids music that mutilates the words of the Liturgy or repeats them by too frequent iteration, or transposes them in such a manner as to change their meaning either entirely or partially.

The same council refused to entertain a motion made by a few bishops, to give the council's recommendation to the so-called Cæcilian music. Neither the Council of Trent nor the Council of Baltimore, approved by Rome, desired to enforce, not even to recommend, any particular kind of figured music; they only specified what kind of music should not be tolerated in the churches. The Gregorian chant stands in high favor with the church and is decidedly her property; it is the only music to which she has deigned to give her full approval, because it contains nothing that can ever be censured in the least: it is grave, not lascivious, impure, or profane; it does not mutilate, transpose, or repeat the words of the Liturgy. Still, in view of the fact that all Roman basilicas execute their own figured music, that it is sung in the solemn Papal celebrations at Rome, that in principle it is neither condemned nor disapproved by popes or councils, we may conclude that the ordinaries of dioceses need not be more Roman than Rome itself. It is their duty to be vigilant, to banish from choirs all music frivolous, sensuous, worldly; music that does violence to the Liturgy of divine service; and should abuse run so high that nothing but an heroic and extreme measure could check it, it might then be deemed the bishop's duty to banish all figured music, and to tolerate nothing but what the church has approved—the Gregorian chant.

F. JANSSENS.

PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.

FAIR Arlington, mute camp of warriors' tombs,
Thy fame is perfect now! For in thy breast
Is laid the Nation's Mars. Break not his rest,
Save when the funeral volley hoarsely booms
Across some new-made grave within thy glooms.
God grant him peace! He loved sweet Peace the best,
E'en when, like scourging whirlwind of the West,
He swept the valleys, arm'd with War's dread dooms.

He warred to strangle War. The horrid game
Of blood begun, he knew it must be played
Unto the bitter end; and Mercy bade
Him play it fast. So, where his riders came
They rode like Ruin's angels, battle-mad;
And War made way for Peace, as he had prayed.

CHARLES ALPHONS WINGERTER.

Wheeling, W. Va.

JOHN VAN ALSTYNE'S FACTORY.

XXXIII.

CORDS OF ADAM.

"I will draw them with the cords of Adam."—Osee xi. 4.

THE day, which had been clear as well as cold until several hours past noon, was fast growing gray and blustery when Zipporah let herself out of the front door. The air was heavy, either with the promise of unshed snow—which would not be so bad a thing to be caught in, thought the girl—or, possibly, with the sharp, disagreeable needles of sleet and hail. But she was in the mood to be venturesome in any case. She was thoroughly dissatisfied with herself and with things in general, for reasons into which she did not care to look too curiously.

Although she was no longer the Zipporah who had stood on Shirley's corner, innocently quarrelling with her maidenly impulses, and essaying to put them down with the strong hand of common sense, yet she had not even now given up her fight to the extent of squarely admitting to herself that she had one on her hands. The last two months should have done a good deal towards enlightening her had she been less nervously bent on blindness. But she was like one who has been half-asleep behind jealously drawn curtains, not anxious to admit the day with its call to action and decision. To such idlers it happens now and again to oversleep themselves entirely, and to find, when they are ready to welcome the light, that thick darkness has once more settled down upon them.

Some dim notion that a catastrophe of this kind had befallen her had been besieging the girl's mind for the last fortnight, and to-day nothing prevented its triumphant entrance but the sheer, blind courage that will not admit itself beaten even in extremity, and which sometimes carries the day at last by virtue of its apparently insensate resistance in the face of long odds. There had been many times when she and Paul Murray had drawn so perilously near each other that the barrier between them, fully defined as to its nature to his apprehension only, had been more than once in danger of yielding altogether. Both of them had felt it, but in their different fashions—he entirely conscious, she averting her eyes and flying, as she had done again to-day. Perhaps it was only the veil of reserve which nearly hid the girl's heart from her own view in guarding it so jealously from his, which had finally allowed her lover to persuade himself that he alone would be the sufferer from their knowledge of each other, and that he might absolve himself from any explanation. Possibly he was afraid to trust himself to make one, since it was only when he was away from her that he was able to be quite so sure that she was scathless. At all events, after yielding again and again to a temptation which on each occasion he assured himself that he would master in the end, he had at last grown certain that it was mastering him, and must be dealt with by the strong hand, and at once, if it were to be dealt with successfully at all. But as frequent meetings could not well be avoided under the existing circumstances, it was his manner only that had changed, and that in ways so undefinable that the girl, while she was quick to feel the difference, was more than puzzled to account to herself for the sense of depression and of ill omen that had begun to cloud her remembrance of their recent meetings.

She had run away from danger many times, and knew it, but that was instinctive and inevitable. She was an Atalanta whom no golden apples would ever cause to stop or turn her face. If she were caught it would be by a pursuer who legitimately outstripped her in the running. More than once the beating of her heart had warned her that her strength was failing and that the end was near. What would the end be like? That there was a scruple in his way she knew, but its strength she underestimated, measuring it by that of her own feminine pride, whose gauge she had of late taken more exactly. Would he give way, so that they might meet on equal terms? Why not? But was she quite sure that she wished to see him yield? Would she not, at least, be willing to make concessions if she could bring him to the point of bending first? Spite of her criticism of the Doña Blanca, it was in her also to say, "Return to the desert—don't give in for me." They are not the weakest women in whom that sentiment is developed the most strongly. The girl was built on honestly natural lines, and the supernatural lay as yet entirely beyond her. Perhaps she had reached her first real appreciation of what it might mean to him this very day.

Something, at all events, had quickened in her. The sense of failure and disappointment which had dimly troubled her for the last fortnight had grown more palpable in these days when Paul Murray had absented himself altogether from the house, for a reason of which she knew nothing, not having been in the room when the doctor advised him to keep himself for the present out of John Van Alstyne's sight. Of all possible endings to her flight, that of the cessation of pursuit had never once occurred to her until now. What was in Paul Murray's heart had been more than once too evident in his eyes for her to misread it, and if she averted her own it was only because that was her nature. Half-denying it to herself, she had yet instinctively credited him with knowing how things were going with her, at least as fully as she knew with regard to him. And that he was a man of honor and of conscience she knew as she knew his eyes were blue and his hands strong. Two weeks ago nothing could have made her believe that her little romance could end as she now perceived that it was ending.

She had said nothing as yet to any one but John Van Alstyne himself of her determination to remain in the village for the present, though she had this very morning written the letter which should notify her parents of her intention and the reason for it. She had been entirely honest both in her reason and her statement of it. It was for the old man's sake alone that she had resolved to stay at her self-appointed post of duty. Yet doubtless there had lain at the bottom of her reticence to her pupils, when she had closed the school on the previous Friday noon, some unavowed hope that what he would naturally take to mean her impending departure would restore matters to their old footing between her and Paul Murray. But as he continued to stay away, and, even now when he had come, had not put a single question which suggested that he had given her movements a passing consideration, the horrible dread that he might suppose she stayed on his account seized and worried her as one beast worries another. Even the unavowed hope whose existence she would have calmly denied to herself a few days earlier now showed itself unblushingly, and mocked at her until shame drove her from the ground where charity had entrenched her, and she resolved to tear up her letter, to take back her promise to John Van Alstyne, and to go home the very next day. Altogether, she had a "bad quarter of an hour" of it as she was slowly walking toward the bridge that blustery Sunday afternoon, the wind, and presently the hail, cutting her face with what she may have felt to be a salutary castigation. At all events, she made no effort to shield herself against it. It was only when the down-pour changed into a driving, icy rain which threatened both to drench and to freeze her that she turned back toward the house. She had been absent perhaps an hour, and as she was going up the steps of the piazza

Paul Murray opened the front door. He had an umbrella in his hand, and what Zip recognized as her own water-proof hung across his arm. He had thought of her, then.

"I was just coming to look for you," he said, holding the door wide open; "I should have started when the rain began, but it was impossible for me to leave Mr. Van Alstyne just then. Are you very wet?"

"No," said the girl; "only cold and damp. I was on the bridge when it began to pour so, and my dress is water-proof."

Paul looked at her critically from head to foot. "You'd better go and change it," he advised. "It poured with a vengeance when it did begin, and you look something more than damp."

He had closed the door, but was standing with his hand upon the knob. Zipporah turned away without a word and went toward the stairs. His voice arrested her as she set her foot upon the lower step.

"There is an excellent fire in the library," he suggested; "I closed the door as I passed it, thinking you might want to go in there to warm yourself."

"Thank you," said Zip, who had turned half-round to listen, "but there is a fire in my own room also."

She began her ascent again, but again his voice followed her; he came toward the stairs, laid his hand on the lower banister, and looked up at her where she stood, a trifle above him.

"School is over," he remarked. The girl nodded.

"You are going back home, I suppose?" he went on in a tentative sort of way. Zip inclined her head again.

"This week?"

"To-morrow," said she, swallowing something in her throat and not looking at him.

"Mr. Van Alstyne will miss his kind nurse sadly, I'm afraid," said Paul. "The squire knows that you are going, I suppose?"

"Not yet," she answered, coloring.

"No? Oughtn't you to have told him?"

Getting no reply, and seeking her eyes in vain, he began again:

"I have business in Riverside to-morrow. Perhaps you can be ready to go up in the noon train, when I do?"

"No," faltered Zip. "I have—I must wait and see Squire Cadwallader. I—I forgot about him."

She lifted her eyes, and for a minute they looked at each other in the half-light coming through the transom window.

"Come back into the library, won't you?" he said in a tone grown unfamiliar to her ear of late, and which gave her a little, quick shiver. "Not now—when you have changed your dress. I have something to say to you. You won't be long, will you?"

But Zip was long enough. There was lead in her feet, apparently, and numbness in her fingers, if all the useless efforts she made to be quick about her toilette might be put in evidence. When she did get down-stairs again the library door stood ajar, the glimmer of the fire showing through the opening. Paul Murray was standing beside the hearth, his arm resting on the mantel-piece, his eyes plunged into the glowing coals. Her step was light; perhaps he did not hear it. She came inside the door and stood still, feeling conscious of nothing so vivid as the impulse to flee upstairs again and hide herself. He looked round at her, smiling gravely, and then came and closed the door behind her.

"There is a draught," he said, as if the action needed explanation. "Go over and put yourself in the arm-chair by the fire. You look cold."

The girl did as she was bidden, and Paul sat down opposite her and looked into the fire again. A coal fell out of the grate and tinkled on the fender. A sinister face shaped itself in one of the dark hollows that broke the glowing mass above, and looked out at Zipporah, who could not turn her eyes away from it.

"I had something to say to you," Paul began at last, rising and beginning to pace up and down in front of the hearth, "but I don't know how to say it."

He stopped, but if he expected any assistance he was disappointed. He sat down again and leaned forward, his elbows on his knees.

"Suppose," he said, "that Aben Hamet had known himself thoroughly at the outset, and had reason to believe that he knew Blanca likewise—don't you think he ought to have gone back to the desert at once, without putting her and himself to the pain of obliging her to tell him to do so?"

"I don't know," faltered Zip at last, breaking the long pause that followed this diplomatic essay in criticism.

"I think he ought," said Paul, "but probably he couldn't. I think I ought," he went on in a way that a strange listener might have found irrelevant, but which was plain enough to her to whom it was addressed; "but I, too, have let the occasion slip when it was possible. I wish I might ask you not to go home to-morrow, or to go only to come back again, and to be my wife. But how can I? God knows, there is nothing in this world that I want so much as you. You forgive me for telling you so?"

"I thank you," said the girl, so low that he barely caught the words. Then she covered her face with her hands.

"I have been a fool, and worse," Paul went on with his self-accusation. "I knew as well, or nearly so, the first night I ever saw you, that it would come to this—so far as I am concerned—as I know it now. What I could not have known, or guessed"—a little tremble in his voice here—"was that what was so dangerous, and so sweet, to me, might perhaps become so to you. I knew what I was about, God forgive me! for my own part, but how were you to know? And how could I tell you? I should have kept out of the way."

Then there was silence, which, after a time that to both of them seemed long, the man broke again:

"You forgive me? And you understand me?"

"I have nothing to forgive," she answered.

"But you don't understand me? How shall I explain and not seem to wilfully offend you? We differ in religion. I make no pretence at being a pious man. I am only an average, ordinary, every-day Christian. But that I am, to the core of my mind as well as of my heart. I don't mean that I could not ask for and receive a dispensation which would save my conscience while permitting me to marry you, remaining in your present belief. But there is another obstacle. I promised my mother, just before she died, that I would never do a thing like that. And almost my only virtue is that I don't know how to break my word."

The girl sighed, but she said nothing. The situation could not well have been more embarrassing for her.

"There is only one way," Paul began again. "For me, no change is possible. But what you said up-stairs this afternoon gives me courage to ask whether one is not possible to you?"

"How should it be? I also have been taught to believe I am a Christian—or will be, some day. I can hardly say as much about myself at present. But how can you expect me to hold the things taught me by my parents more lightly than you do?"

"Well, if the case were as simple as that, I couldn't expect it. Yet, even if my faith were as narrowly traditional as that would make it, I am bound to say that I think it would carry its own warranty with it to me, as it does, and I suppose must do, to millions in all ages. The test of experience, if it is a narrow one, is a final one, also. We each eat our own loaf. You say you cannot call yourself a Christian. Why not?"

"I have never joined any church. I have never been baptized. But, of course, I shall some day."

"Why not mine?" said Paul, with a smile more persuasive, and more usual, than any expression that had thus far crossed either face.

"I haven't any," responded Zip, a little glimmer coming into her eyes also. "But if I had, and you should enter it, what would your people say?"

"I thought we agreed this afternoon that to adhere to a religion because our parents did so—or because it was our own, *simply* for that reason—was not an admirable thing to do. Don't you see that unless one religion is absolutely true, none is of any vital importance? What do you believe, anyway?"

"I believe the Bible, I suppose," said Zip.

"So do I," said Paul. "We are on common ground so far, at any rate. What do you believe about it? Do you believe, to take the chief thing at once, that our Lord Jesus Christ is God?"

"Why, of course."

"Well, then, how do you avoid the conclusion that the only church which even pretends to trace its history back to him must be that which he founded?"

"But I have been told always that it became corrupt, and that the Protestant churches came into existence to reform Christianity, and to bring it back to what he taught."

"And it never occurred to you that of two contradictories both cannot be true? Don't you see that you cannot at the same time believe that God founded a church which he promised should never fail, and yet assert that as a matter of fact it did fail? Admit the failure of the church, and you have denied the Divinity of its founder. You see that?"

"I think so," said Zip. "My brother Tom wrote me something like it in a letter I got yesterday."

Then she blushed, seeing Paul's amused smile.

"Did you consult him?" he said. "You were interested in the question, then?"

Zip caught her breath. "Yes, I was," she admitted. "But Tom denies both."

"You mean he denies the Divinity of our Lord? Well, he is logical. It is really all or nothing, as we agreed once before today. But you and I, we stand on the same ground at bottom, don't we? You can't have faith, I suppose, seeing you have not even baptism. But be honest, dear. You *want* to believe, I see you do. And that is the first step, I've heard say."

It was the old Paul Murray who had somehow got nearer to her during this speech. The laugh was in his eyes again, and his hand found hers. She let it lie still a minute, but then she drew it away.

"Yes," she said, blushing, "I do. But I must be honest with myself, and with you, too. As yet, I truly don't see my way clearly. And though I do want to, for your sake, and for mine too, still I don't think it would ever have occurred to me to consider the matter at all except for you. And how can I be sure that is a good motive? Besides, there are my father and mother. Do you know how terrible it would seem to them? Who is to persuade me what I ought to do?"

"Not I," said Paul, rising to his feet again. "You and I are both too far gone to be sure of our own motives. I don't want to persuade you. But, for your own sake, I do want you to consider the matter fairly and study Christianity to the bottom. Your mind is too clear for it to be even moderately safe for you to stop short of that. And when you have arrived at a decision? You will let me know?"

"Yes," said the girl, rising also.

"And you can't be ready to go up to town with me to-morrow?" he asked, as they turned toward the door. "I know a good priest in Riverside—a convert, too—to whom I would be glad to introduce you."

"No," said Zip, in a momentary forgetfulness. "I'm not going home just at present. I have written to tell them so. How can I leave Mr. Van Alstyne when he needs me so much? I promised him."

Paul threw back his head and laughed. The girl turned scarlet.

"I thought you told me you were going home to-morrow," he said, catching her hand again and turning her to face the fire. "I'm afraid you haven't any conscience about fibs. Or have you just changed your mind? What made you?"

"I won't tell you," she said in a little heat, yet not quite able to keep back a smile. Then she pulled away her hand and ran out of the room.

XXXIV.

GETTING OUT OF THE WOODS.

Altogether, Paul Murray felt happier than he had ever done in his life before. It seemed to him that he had got on to a watch-tower whence, far on the horizon line, he beheld all his ships coming in, well-laden and prosperous.

The afternoon had been a notable one to him in more ways than that just recounted. He had come up to the house in a state of serious and apparently well-founded depression. The year was drawing to a close, and if things continued much longer as they stood at present with Mr. Van Alstyne, his own hands would be tied completely. During the last week one of those periodical crises in the business world had taken place which disturb trade through all its centres, and to all appearance it was likely to be of long standing. At the Corners one of the mills was to begin running on half-time the present week, and was like enough to close entirely by the end of it. But that was a mere item, one of the straws which show how the wind is blowing.

In John Van Alstyne's factory such a wind, in ordinary times, would have blown up "nothing but a shower." This time it looked as if the veritable deluge had set it. Somehow or other, the projects which had shaped themselves between Seth Lamson and Mr. Hadleigh had slipped into the stream of current rumor, and were now common property throughout the neighborhood. John Van Alstyne had sunk into complete imbecility, though he was fast regaining physical strength and might live on for years. His factory could no longer be kept running on the existing basis, nor, indeed, on any other, for who was to authorize the necessary access to his capital? His cousin being on hand, it was competent for him to make application to have the old man adjudged in lunacy, and his business wound up and converted into cash by the ordinary processes of law; steps to that effect had either been already taken or would speedily be so. Such was the gossip which was now on all tongues, and who was to dispute it? Things looked black enough for the hands. To lose such employment as many of them had now had for years was bad enough at the best, but to face the prospect of having none at all to replace it for an indefinite period, and at the hardest time of the year, was worse still. But that was the outlook. Paul Murray, when appealed to for confirmation or for contradiction of the reports flying about, could say absolutely nothing. He was a fixture at his present post until the year was ended, and could keep the works running till then. After that he would be powerless.

Unless, indeed, he had suddenly thought to himself when left alone with John Van Alstyne on this Sunday afternoon, the impossible should happen, and his powers should be renewed at the source from which they had originally flowed. He had never been sanguine in his hopes for the old man's recovery. It would mean, should it happen, so very much to him that a certain native modesty had, perhaps, more than anything else to do with his incredulity about it. Why should the skies fall to let *him* catch a singing, far-flying lark?

But to-day the expression of John Van Alstyne's face, the keen intelligence in his eyes, even the word or two which found their way across his lips, had begotten an involuntary belief and hope within the young man's mind. The caution Squire Cadwallader had given him passed out of his memory altogether, and he acted on his own initiative. Taking a leaf from Zipporah's book—with the half-conscious imitativeness which belongs to the feeling he had for her, perhaps—he sat down before the old man and gave him a rapid summary of the state of his affairs. Naturally, he omitted all reference to the rumors which have been described, but he put the situation clearly in all other respects. Most of it Mr. Van Alstyne could not but have divined already. It was plain enough to Paul Murray that his statement was closely followed and fully apprehended. But, after all, what could be done about it? That the old man's tongue was still bound was but too evident. Only detached words, or fragments of them, would issue from it.

But, while Paul was still facing that difficult problem, one of these fragments, reiterated for the third or fourth time, arrested his attention, chiefly because it was at last accompanied by a significant movement of John Van Alstyne's right hand.

"Paper?" suggested Paul, rising. "Do you want to try to write?"

Plainly, that was exactly what the old man had in mind. Without much confidence in the success of such an experiment, since he was aware of the failure of those made at Squire Cadwallader's suggestion a month earlier, Paul brought a pad of scribbling paper which he found lying on the table, took a pencil from his pocket, and put both in a convenient position at Mr. Van Alstyne's hand. Evidently the invalid had his own doubts also. He made an apparently aimless mark or two, perhaps to test his own power to carry out his volition, for while Paul Murray turned away his face to conceal the sense of overwhelming failure which he felt these meaningless lines had written there too plainly, John Van Alstyne went on to make his signature, as clear, as characteristically bold as he had ever executed it.

He looked up when he had finished it, but Paul's head was still averted. Before he raised it again, John Van Alstyne had at last opened the gate of communication between himself and his kind. One of the rarer phenomena of aphasia had taken place, and while the portals of his speech were still barred, his will and his intelligence had regained complete possession of his organs of voluntary motion.

Nevertheless, his instructions were given very briefly. He asked for his check-book, and he demanded to see his lawyer with the least possible delay. And then, looking out of the window near which they were sitting, it was he who, with a touch of the old kindness which, perhaps, showed more than anything else how completely he was his own man again, had suggested to Paul that Zipporah was out in the storm and ought to be looked after. And then Paul had found her, and, however their affair might terminate, it too had sought the issue of open speech and complete mutual understanding, and so had left memories behind it which silence, however well comprehended, would have been too barren to produce. No wonder Paul Murray felt light of heart. It was too well ballasted that day with gratitude to God to be otherwise than buoyant.

He called the hands together the next morning, and, without referring in any manner to the current gossip, announced to them that Mr. Van Alstyne had so far recovered that it was certain that the works would be kept running, and the state of affairs sketched out by him just before his seizure realized to the letter. Possibly the assurance was a trifle premature, like all things which depend upon contingencies, however near they seem to their actualization, but Paul Murray, though neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, was for that once in the true prophetic vein. Prudent as he ordinarily was, he could not refrain from leaving behind him something of the gladness he carried with him when he went up to Riverside to execute John Van Alstyne's errand to his legal adviser.

Judge Mount heard him through in silence. Then, turning to his desk, he drew out of it a document which he threw across the table on either side of which they were sitting. Paul took it up and looked at the endorsement on the back of the folio. It was the application to the Supreme Court of the State of New York of Francis Van Alstyne-Hadleigh, acting for himself and other heirs, for a commission in the nature of a writ *de lunatico inquirendo* against John Van Alstyne, of the village of Milton Centre, county of ——. It contained his petition, which Paul did not trouble himself to read, followed by the affidavits of Sarah Porter Van Alstyne, Seth Lamson, Alfred Morrell Sawyer, and Eben Lant. It was on the last name only that Paul Murray paused.

"Lant?" he said, looking across the table at Judge Mount, who was smoothing his goatee while regarding Paul over the top of his glasses. "What on earth does Lant know about Mr. Van Alstyne's mental condition?"

"Been a sort of body-servant to him lately, hasn't he? That's what his affidavit indicates."

Paul looked at the date of Lant's testimony. It had been sworn to before a notary in Milton Corners the previous Monday. "He made up his valuable mind with considerable rapidity," he said. "He must have been at Mr. Van Alstyne's house just about a week when this was signed, and I am greatly in error if his opportunities for seeing him have exceeded a half an hour daily. Most of his free time is spent in boozing about the village. He is at the house at all only because his wife and children were taken in there as a sort of charity, and he has been allowed to make himself useful in little ways in order to save what remnant of self-respect he has left. As for Mr. Lamson, I am aware that he has called once or twice lately, in company with Dr. Sawyer, and that he was present when Mr. Van Alstyne had his stroke. But as for Mr. Hadleigh, I am not sure that he saw him at all, after the very first."

"You think the witnesses not competent, is that it?"

"I wouldn't say that, exactly," returned Paul. "It is their haste rather than their incompetency—except, perhaps, in the case of Eben Lant—which strikes me. I must own that I think such a conclusion might have been honestly drawn by any one who saw Mr. Van Alstyne but seldom. Even now, as I tell you, if you judged solely by his attempts at speaking, you might infer that his mind was crippled in some permanent manner. But the note I brought you from him puts that supposition altogether aside, it seems to me."

"Yes, yes; I incline to that belief myself," assented the lawyer. "This application was submitted to me for decision on Friday last, and I meant to run down to the village this week in any case, in order to try and form some independent judgment of my own. I knew that Dr. Cadwallader had entertained an opinion of his case diametrically opposed to that sworn to here by his colleague. Still, I thought it not improbable that he also might have changed his views."

"Not in the least," said Paul. "I notice Dr. Sawyer's affidavit was sworn to last Tuesday, in Montpelier. I heard he had gone up home for a visit a week or more ago. I'd like to lay something heavy that he didn't consult the squire as to the propriety of making this statement, although I don't doubt its perfect honesty as coming from him. In fact, I know no good reason why I should doubt it in the case of any of these witnesses. I am bound to say, though, that very different testimony would have been borne by all those who have been in constant attendance on Mr. Van Alstyne. Then you will go back with me this afternoon?"

"I think I can manage it," returned Judge Mount, looking at his watch. "I have rather an important interview on my hands, though, between this and train time. However—yes, I will go without fail. I have never quite forgiven myself for my delay last fall, necessary as it seemed. It is rather curious, considering all things, that I should happen to be the court to whom this application is submitted. I was never more surprised by an apparently small coincidence in my life."

"There has been a rumor flying about for the last week as to what was under way," said Paul. "All of Mr. Van Alstyne's employees had got hold of it, and I was puzzled to guess how, until Lant's name here explained it."

"You didn't mention it to Mr. Van Alstyne, of course?"

"Naturally, I didn't. He is by no means out of danger, as Squire Cadwallader told me this very morning. His mind is perfectly sound, but a recurring stroke, which may or may not occur, might easily be fatal. That is why he has been kept in ignorance of many things. I incline for my own part, at least since my experience of yesterday, to think we have been more reticent than was really advisable. He has plainly been fretting over it. Still, I don't know what good it would have done to talk more. He couldn't have accomplished anything until now. He wants to go down to the factory at once, or at least as soon as he gets through his business with you. We have kept him away thus far, though he has been out frequently in the carriage."

"It was a frightful position for him if he has been conscious all the time, as I see you believe," said the lawyer, rising to accompany Paul Murray to the door of his office. "You haven't any remaining doubt on that head?"

"No; he wrote as much to me this morning. I did doubt it, I confess, though Squire Cadwallader has always been of that opinion. The doctor was as pleased as a child with a new toy when I told him what had happened before I came away today."

Judge Mount laughed. "Yes," he said, "there's nothing in the world like having made a lucky guess for putting a man in a good humor with himself. If the doctor wasn't all abroad when I was down there, I'm as blind as a bat. I know it struck me that he was whistling to keep his courage up. Well, I'll meet you at the depot without fail, Mr. Murray. By the way, you kept, I hope, Mr. Van Alstyne's communication to you concerning his mental condition throughout this period? He signed it?"

"Well, no, I didn't. I left it on the pad on which it was written, for the doctor to see. Why?"

"Because it might easily be an important document in case Mr. Van Alstyne's death should soon occur. His will would be tolerably certain to be contested in that event, and his condition closely inquired into with retrospective reference to such testimony as I have in my desk there. Well, let us hope there may not be another slip between the cup and the lip for him."

So that affair got itself satisfactorily settled, and by the end of the week the news that Mr. Van Alstyne was driving daily to the mill and taking active interest in what was going on there had reached nearly all who were concerned in knowing it. He was practically dumb, but he signed all necessary papers, and otherwise put more strain upon himself than Squire Cadwallader was satisfied with.

"'The night cometh wherein no man can work,'" John Van Alstyne wrote once when the squire was expostulating with him concerning his activity. And with that the squire was obliged to be contented. More than once he had it on the tip of his tongue to try what additional force he might lend to his remonstrances by laying plainly before the old man the nature of the misunderstanding he had fomented, together with the results which had ensued upon it. He would have liked to caution him, too, that his hesitating and apparently purposeless speech—though those who were most about him had now begun to attach the old man's own meaning to his words, so that in calling for what he wanted he no longer was obliged to resort to writing—might easily be used as a lever in upsetting the conditions of his testament, should his natural heirs find them unsatisfactory. But he refrained, not liking to seem to take it for granted that they would be so. What ground, for that matter, had he for such a

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supposition? That a will had been signed he knew, having been one of the witnesses to it, but heirs-at-law must be grasping indeed who could not be well satisfied with such a generous slice as might easily have been cut off from John Van Alstyne's immense fortune, while leaving its bulk almost unimpaired. Despite Mr. Hadleigh's application, the blame of which, in some of his self-upbraiding moods, the squire laid mostly at his own door, he hoped that the young man might be a heavy beneficiary by Mr. Van Alstyne's death when it should occur. The squire was indulging in that sort of vicarious generosity with which most of us would be glad to pay our debts to those whom we think we have injured.

XXXV.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

Meantime, Zipporah, after a brief storm of epistles which raged for two or three days between the village and Riverside, and which ended in the most abrupt and unexpected descent of Mrs. Colton upon the Van Alstyne mansion late on the last day of the week which had opened so auspiciously, had been left there after all in peace, to her own most unfeigned surprise. The little tempest in a teapot had had some not unamusing features. Zip's first letter, giving her views of the situation, and what she thought the law of kindness required at her hands, reached her mother in the afternoon of the day when Paul Murray went up to interview the lawyer. There had been no diplomacy at all in the composition of it. It had struck the girl as such an obviously necessary thing to do, seeing that the old man's only natural friends had departed, leaving him to the care of servants and of strangers, that she simply announced her intention at the same time that she recorded her refusal to continue teaching throughout the winter. To do Mrs. Colton justice, had the matter seemed to her quite as simple as her daughter's statement represented it, she would have been quick to commend her resolution. But while she was yet pondering over it, her son's wife came in, brimming over with teasing information.

"Zip isn't coming home this winter, is she?" she began. "She isn't going to teach school, either."

"What makes you say that, Fanny?" asked Mrs. Colton, looking up from the letter which lay open on her lap.

"That's a letter from her, isn't it?" Fanny went on. "I suppose she tells you."

"Did she write to you, too?" asked Mrs. Colton in considerable surprise.

"Not she," returned Fanny. "She doesn't waste valuable time in that way. She is deep in the study of theology, I understand. I suppose that is what she is going to devote her serious attention to, now that she has given up the school."

"What *do* you mean, Fanny?" said Mrs. Colton severely. "Who has been telling you anything about her intentions? She writes to say that as Mrs. Van Alstyne has gone away for the winter, and as there is nobody but the servants to look after the sick old gentleman, she would like to stay for the present, as he seems to need her and be glad to have her there. I don't see that there is anything that need prevent. She says it seems to her a thing laid on her to do, and I don't know but what she is right."

Mrs. Colton had been reared among Friends, and had carried from them, when she "married out of meeting," not a little of their respect for inward "leadings." Moreover, Mattie's account of what had seemed to her the true state of matters with regard to Zip had entirely eased her mind of its apprehensions about Paul Murray. Mattie's visit, occurring during the week of preparation for the birthday celebration, when Paul's manner was at its stiffest with her sister, who on her part was apparently much occupied with Mr. Hadleigh, had resulted, so far as her mother was concerned, in no very great access of light, though it had put to rest the fears awakened by Brother Meeker.

"I shouldn't at all wonder if it *was* laid on her," said Fanny, mocking. "I thought so when I heard about it this afternoon. It just struck me what a neat little sum in addition it made along with a letter from Tom that Nat got this morning."

Mrs. Colton took off her spectacles and put them in their case and rose as if to leave the room. It was not merely her little ruse when her daughter-in-law grew too vexatious, but her safest device for keeping the temper which Fanny enjoyed seeing her on the point of losing.

"Going upstairs to answer Zip, Mother Colton? Oh! that isn't necessary. Your desk is here, and I'm going. Give her my love, won't you? And tell her I entirely approve of Mr. Murray, and that I think her investigations of his religion are a most excellent way of spending her time. I walked all the way down High Street with him this afternoon, and got my information from him about her movements. Say I think he is quite worth the trouble she seems to be taking for him. Tom wrote Nat that he had been carrying on a lively controversial correspondence with her lately on that subject."

Mrs. Colton turned back and faced her daughter-in-law with the most rigid and uncompromising of her expressions.

"Mr. Murray said that to you?"

"Mr. Murray said what to me? That Zip was studying his religion? Did I say so? Didn't I tell you Tom wrote it to Nat? As for Mr. Murray, we talked about lots of things. He is a most interesting person—full of information. I wonder Zip didn't apply at once to headquarters instead of going round by way of Tom. *I* would."

Then Fanny took her departure, having out of sheer kittenish love of mischief worked an entire change in Mrs. Colton's views concerning the propriety and prudence of acceding to her daughter's proposition. It had been hardly a request on the girl's part. That sense of independence in their filial relations which is of quick growth in so many young Americans had been in her one of the results which followed her involuntary exile from home the previous summer. Although she had speedily more than reconciled herself to the new order of things, the little pang of mingled pride and wounded feeling with which she had first received her father's determination on that head had, to her mind, cut, or at all events greatly weakened, that thread of complete subordination which had, until then, been whole in all its strands. Her father had by no means intended to throw her altogether on her own resources. But his experiment, which had never secured the approbation of his wife, had been accepted by the girl as her sufficient warranty for relying on them should she so elect. Still, her letter expressly asked for approval of her present course, and would probably have received it but for what had just taken place between her mother and her brother's wife.

Her mother's response, therefore, which was peremptory in its refusal, though it contained no allusion to the cause which made it so, struck the girl strangely.

"Needed at home?" she said to herself. "Why am I needed any more than I have been for the last three months? Father expressly said he thought I would decide to keep the school all winter. Mother can't really understand how matters stand here."

But this time her reiterated statement of her reasons ended with some brief words which showed well enough that she considered herself entirely competent to decide the question for herself. It was that which, after some prolonged consultation with her husband, who inclined this time to be of one mind with his daughter, suddenly resolved Mrs. Colton to go down and "spy out the land" for herself. She knew her daughter well enough, or thought she did, to be sure that her presence and her spoken wishes would carry their old weight with her.

LEWIS R. DORSAY.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

FREDERICK THICKSTUN is a name we do not remember to have noticed before, even in the list of contributors to the current periodicals. If *A Mexican Girl* (Boston: Ticknor & Co.) is his first effort at novel-writing, he cannot have wasted much of the time devoted to preliminary training. Though he comes into the arena unheralded, he is fully equipped for action, and carries off the prizes with unmistakable ease. His book not only shows direct observation, which is not uncommon, but direct transcription, which is. We are accustomed to hard straining toward it on all sides. What is known as "realism in art" is one of the results which those of us who try to keep abreast of current literature are at once most familiar with and most fatigued by. Realism is not a bad thing in itself; it is distinctly good, one would say, if only as a contribution to psychology, to know just how things strike minds capable of receiving and of passing on impressions. But one has a choice even among impressions. The chief of those one gets from the majority of the artists, so busy in recording them, is of the operator himself, with his head under the photographer's black cloth. The plate he produces is apt to be blurred. It shows, indeed, what he thought it advisable to look at, but in such a way that one takes at once, and instinctively, to surmising why he turned his lenses in this direction rather than in that. Yes, we say, this must be Jones's pig-sty and that Smith's dung-heap, and this looks like a section of a wheat-field with nothing more enlivening than a scarecrow in it. Why didn't the man slant the glass up and get that cliff with the sun on it, or show us Ruth, yonder, with a clean apron on, gleaning after the reapers? They belong equally to the landscape, besides being agreeable to the eye and not repellent to the other senses.

Mr. Thickstun, although he shows nice discrimination in the choice of his point of view and thoroughly good workmanship in the reproduction of his subject, is by no means a mere photographer. Still, his skill in that line is what strikes his reader first, since it is what comes first before his notice. Fine points of psychology were not what interested Mr. Thickstun in his observation of Captain Jack Hawley, the superintendent of the "petered-out quicksilver mine" at New Ripa, California. The nature of his mental operations was clear enough to him, the proof lying not merely in the extremely good page or two in which they are described, but in those others where Captain Jack, being left to speak for himself, produces on the reader the precise effect indicated in advance by the author. To give such indications is often a disastrous policy for novelists to adopt; but Mr. Thickstun evidently knew his man well enough to venture on it without even a suspicion that he was skating on dangerous ground. And yet he had the courage to say things like this about him:

> "Whatever was of interest to Captain Jack immediately assumed, from his point of view, an axial relation to all mundane affairs. And as his speculations concerned only the visible and tangible, and as the visible and tangible in New Ripa always bore a well-defined relationship to the mine superintendent, it is evident that his friends were frequently called upon to regard his personal concerns as the pivot on which a dependent universe balanced falteringly. He was never without his opinion, neither was he backward about expressing it; yet he was so sincere, so unconsciously transparent in his healthy, hearty egoism that he could hardly be regarded as offensive. . . . His talk was superabundant, but his lively interest in his own remarks was likely to prove contagious, even to people who were brought constantly under his influence. . . . To materialize on paper the nice inflexions of his numerous languages would be as hopeless a task as to clutch and hold the images of a dissolving view; but, through whatever language or dialect he uttered his feelings, *he left the impression that his words were a part of himself—had been wrenched from some portion of his insides and flung down before your face and eyes, to be contemplated in spite of any pangs of conventional squeamishness.* . . . Captain Jack's irreverence was in reality of the sort that is very commonly associated in the West with the simplest, most childlike veneration for holy things. His belief in the power and grandeur of God was orthodox in the extreme, yet he was for ever associating the Creator's name with belittling objects. Ideas and their opposites came to him simultaneously; he was always himself and his antipode. . . . The result was often an intellectual monstrosity whose existence another man would have concealed; but Captain Jack no

> more thought of hiding an idea because of a possible blemish than he thought of hiding his nose because there happened to be a little white mole on it."

That is a sufficiently difficult programme, seeing that Captain Jack does nothing more important to the conduct of the story than talk consistently up to it. The strength of the book lies in its delineation of the men in it, spite of its title. Panchita is a mere animal, useful only to bring about and accentuate that inward struggle by which Roslin, the schoolmaster, begins to round out and complete his knowledge of himself. And her animalism, to Mr. Thickstun's praise be it spoken, is indicated without one offensive touch. Roslin is a triumph of psychological portraiture. He has begun life in poverty. He has no brilliant qualities, and such education as he has gained he has worked hard for.

> "He studied hard, but learned slowly; he even displayed less quickness of intellect than he actually possessed. But he mastered what he undertook, and was sometimes conscious of certain solid qualities of brain, as well as of muscle, which his more versatile companions seemed inclined to admire. Quick-witted boys were a never-ending source of surprise to him."

There is a brief period in Roslin's youth when, having learned "at least the dictionary definition of an ideal," he, too, unimaginative as he is, becomes a dreamer. His visions soar no higher, indeed, than that earthy philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, whom he secretly worships as "the greatest man that ever lived." He longs to immortalize himself, to do something heroic; he is sad because he was born too late for the war. But that mood soon passes. He weighs himself conscientiously in the scales of comparison held out by the world, and is honest enough to read the verdict without impatience. He settles down to teaching as his life-work, is successful in it so far as his pupils go, but at last awakes to the fact that in the place where he is he cannot earn money enough to meet his actual wants. So he goes to California. If you had watched him, sitting in a public place for an hour or so, says Mr. Thickstun, "you would have known him for such as he has been described.

> "You would not rank him below the average man in intellect; but if you studied him closely, you would conclude that his knowledge of himself, though conscientiously accurate as far as it went, was quite elementary; that he had never rightly comprehended those qualities of soul and body which most men, studying them earliest, comprehend best. He had

never received nor given largely. The world had never touched him effectually. His whole air was settled and serene. You would ask yourself, as you looked at him, How will it be when passion beats its way into that calm retreat, overturning with tempests, deafening with thunders, and scorching with lightnings?"

Roslin's apprenticeship begins on the first evening of his arrival, when Panchita's voice, thrown purposely into the moonlight to allure him, pierces him with a sense of somewhat altogether new and strange. He meets her, and feels that "sympathy of sense rather than of mind, that wonderful physical attraction of souls which, disembodied, would repel." He knows nothing to her discredit, but though he doubts her instinctively, he doubts still more "the justice of his judgment of her. *A man of large conscience and small experience is never sure of his relations to people.*" There is searching analysis in the pages which describe Roslin's struggle with himself. His love is honest; why, then, does he know it to degrade him? Why is it he feels that all his old ideals of unselfish devotion to his kind, which should render back to God at least one little corner of his universe redeemed and purified, must give way if Panchita becomes his wife? What friendship could he have with her, "whom he knew to be in some way unworthy, whose very beauty was the outward stamp of some secret inward fault."

Nevertheless, the thought of parting with her does not occur to him. To gain her he will come down from the loftier plane on which he had hoped to walk for ever. "He had lived his active good, it was now time to try the passive. He had figured in life as a positive quantity; henceforward it must be as a negative, or at best as zero." One grows strangely interested in him. It is Good and Evil balancing, without picturesque or brilliant accompaniments to distract attention from the simple equation. Captain Jack's little story of Panchita's antecedents, told intentionally, comes as a relief. You have been in safe hands. Mr. Thickstun knew his man too well to let him turn his back on positive knowledge, or degrade himself utterly below the lowest ideal of a "pure-minded man, who is not strong enough to be something more than that only."

We have given unusual space to this novel—it is so seldom that one deserves it! Dr. Stafford is as real as Roslin or Captain Jack, and even Warner barely less so. As for their delineator, he should have a future before him. His work is stronger than that of Howe, the author of *The Story of a Country Town*, not only because it is more objective, but because it is much healthier. One feels that he has by no means exhausted himself, that he has not been autobiographic save in that sense in which one's own experience must always help hold the candle by which we study other lives.

An Iceland Fisherman (New York: W. S. Gottsberger) is translated, by Clara Cadiot, from the French of Pierre Loti, whose *Lands of Exile* was briefly noticed in the July CATHOLIC WORLD. It is a beautiful story, exquisitely told—so exquisitely that even a translation as awkwardly made in some respects as this one is, cannot avoid retaining much of the peculiar charm of the original. To say that is to say, also, that the art of Pierre Loti is not merely a matter of technique, admirable as his technique is. His work will not always permit a critic to recommend it who thinks mere literary art, or art of any kind, to be distinctly not an end in itself. But the *Iceland Fisherman*, taken as a whole, and in spite of a slight blemish or two of the kind which is popularly known as French, is a delightful piece of imaginative literature. It is simply that. It has no ethical purpose whatever. But the central characters, Yann Gaos and his sweetheart, his "first wife," Mademoiselle Gaud, though unusually well conceived and delicately drawn, are entirely natural and agreeable types. Temperamental pride, as distinguished from that which is occupied in, and bred from, the pleased contemplation of self as other, and presumably better, than one's neighbors, is painted with extremely fine touches in Yann, who so long torments his own heart, and that of the girl who loves him, through sheer, instinctive obstinacy. Gaud herself is most charming and pathetic. And yet, when the sea, Yann's first betrothed, claims him after their brief six days of wedded happiness, the reader bears it no resentment. It is to the sea the fisherman belongs, for he too is of the number of the blind, elemental forces.

The book is poetic—a romance rather than a novel, and it addresses the imagination in a singularly articulate voice.

Maiwa's Revenge (New York: Harper & Brothers) is interesting, well written, and particularly adapted to the entertainment of boys. Allan Quatermain is again Mr. Haggard's hero, and so absorbed does the reader become in the old gentleman's after-dinner account of the "three bull elephants" who fell at his hand, slain by three successive shots, that he almost omits to notice that the story is half-finished before Maiwa, her wrongs and her revenge, come into sight at all. But she is just sufficiently picturesque when she does come, and she wins the applause of the right-minded when dread of her well-hurled assegai shunts her husband into his own lion-trap, whose iron teeth "sprang up like living teeth and fastened in him." That should be accounted an achievement for a novelist, even when he is writing of heathen Zulus. For one, to quote Allan Quatermain, "though I trust I am a Christian, I cannot say that I felt sorry for him."

Mrs. Lynn Linton's latest novel, *Through the Long Nights* (New York: Harper & Brothers), is long, and, after a fashion, entertaining. Mrs. Linton, though she has not the charm and the purity of tone which honorably distinguish Mrs. Oliphant, has a good deal of her staying power. Year in and year out her novels trickle into the stream of current literature, where, if they do nobody but their author any marked good, they can also produce nothing much which is actively evil. Not that their writer is over-careful of the moralities. But she is, or we mistake her, entirely guiltless of any intention either to corrupt the pure or to sneer too obviously at the conventionally correct. The trade of novel-writing is evidently a hard one for good women.

Good men, or even moderately prudent men, seem, somehow, to find it not so difficult. Mr. James Payn, for example, who once seriously recommended respectable British parents to consider it as a profession which might well share their consideration with law and medicine, the army and the navy, as a possible and even desirable issue for the aspirations of their sons toward a remunerative career, himself keeps on working at it as faithfully, and as harmlessly, to say the least about it, as he might have done as a doctor. *The Mystery of Mirbridge* (New York: Harper & Brothers) is really a very skilful piece of mechanism. It is entertaining, too, and quite innocuous. Is it, perhaps, because the male steersman knows better where the shoals and quicksands lie that, when he is guiltless of evil intent, he avoids them so much more skilfully, as a general rule?

The September *Lippincott*—the magazine, publishing an entire fiction in each number, may be considered as a monthly novel with minor appendices—brings Amélie Rives once more very prominently before the public. Like that which contained "The Quick or the Dead?" this is pre-eminently a Rives number. For some reason, which, if it be not glaringly obvious must be almost impenetrably recondite, this young lady, whose own blast upon her trumpet is ear-piercing by itself, does not appear of late without an escort, so to say, of inferior trumpeters. Or are they meant to do duty as expounders and apologists? Mr. Edgar Fawcett plays chorus to the tragedy with an essay entitled

"A few more Words about Miss Rives," which opens with the remark that "In literature, as in life, the candor of innocence is sometimes mistaken for that of intentional impurity." He thinks, having given "The Quick or the Dead?" a second perusal, that he can see some reasons why people were actually so much offended by it, as well as others going to show why they need not have been so. One of them, which seems intended to do double duty and solve both doubts, is to the effect that while Miss Rives intended to make Barbara a very emotional person, and succeeded, she failed to make her sufficiently intellectual to establish an equilibrium. Hence, much slopping over. If we had Miss Rives' ear we should incline to bid her beware of this particular variety of apologetics. There is something that seems almost invidious about it, isn't there? Then comes the editor, devoting two or three pages of Book-Talk to the task of showing, chiefly by means of the example of dead and gone geniuses whose fame owes little to the opinions of their own generation of reviewers, that "if a man believes in Miss Rives, he need not be disturbed in any way by contemporary criticism."

Herod and Mariamne, which is based upon the narrative of Josephus, shows, in point of fact, a force of conception and a vigor of expression very unusual in a woman inexperienced and young. Unusual, but not unprecedented. Emily Brontë displayed as much strength of diction and of feeling, combined with a far higher and more spiritual idea of love, in *Wuthering Heights*. Cruel, hardly human as Heathcote is, where his passion for Cathy is concerned he rises to heights impossible to Herod. Miss Laurence Alma-Tadema, too, a girl in her teens at the time, gave equally strong evidence in *Love's Martyr*, published three or four years ago, that she knew, as Mr. Fawcett puts it, "how to steep a love-story in realism, acted on by some peculiar force of her time, without stopping to consider what dangers must surround any such literary exploit, unless a good deal of discriminative caution be made to accompany it." The greatest danger, one inclines to believe, is retroactive in its effects. "This sword's hilt is the sharpest" in the case of these young persons who appear to wield it with such expertness, but who must, after all, bleed their own veins dry while awkwardly hacking at alien flesh.

Still, Mariamne, though near akin to Barbara, is an improvement on her. As was said once of the nuns of Port Royal, she is pure as an angel and proud as a devil. Cruel, too, like her predecessor; as ready to order a slave to the scourging or to humiliate an enemy of her own sex as Barbara was to lash a dog. There is undoubtedly verisimilitude in that combination. What other sort of honest woman could be the willing mate of a monster of bestiality and cruelty such as the Herod of Miss Rives' tragedy, even for a day? What Herods become actually they are potentially; as the tiger's cub is none the less a tiger because its coat has not yet grown mangy with man-eating.

Yet, on the whole, Miss Rives shows more promise in this tragedy than in what has gone before it. If her soul, to use the words once addressed to George Sand by Mrs. Browning, shall ever begin to "moan defiance among the lions of her tumultuous senses," she has enough imagination, combined with a certainly unusual facility of expression, to do good, and possibly enduring, work. As yet there are not many signs of it. Mentally and spiritually she is still painfully out of equipoise.

Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne's latest poem, *The Armada*, may be found in the August *Fortnightly*, where it occupies twenty-odd pages. It is the grimmer and more grisly of the two deities who preside over his temple of art to whom the poet this time offers incense. It is the praise of hatred—*Laus Odii*—which he celebrates: hatred of God, hatred of the Christian church and her priesthood; even hatred of Ireland is dragged into his verse in defiance of all principles of art, since Ireland had no necessary connection with the theme he undertook. But, when all is said and done, Mr. Swinburne is not that thing beloved of Dr. Johnson, "a good hater." He shrieks too much in falsetto; he foams too impotently at the mouth. So the sea, which he worships, lifts its waves just so far and no farther with each recurring tide, and overshoots the mark assigned it with nothing more effective than wind-blown spume. Mr. Swinburne overshoots his own aim in like manner, and nobody but him is likely to fail to see it.

When England went out to repel the Spanish invader, as she was bound to do by every natural right, the admiral who chased the foe out of her waters was the Catholic Howard of Effingham, who, like his opponents, had priests on board his vessel, and Mass said daily. When the "kernes of murderous Ireland," as Mr. Swinburne puts it, "raged down as a ravening flood to slay . . . their brethren whom shipwreck spares," it was the lord-deputy of England who incited the slaughter, legalized and took part in it. So, too, just as this poem must have been passing through the printer's hands, English middle-class Dissenters and English Churchmen were hanging on the lips of a Roman Cardinal, pleading the cause of human freedom, and middle-class English Liberalism was all arrayed on the side of "Catholic Ireland, murderous Ireland," to protest before the world that the England of their forefathers and of to-day, though not indeed the phantom England of the Swinburnian fancy, has been uniformly on the side of "greed and fraud," and that the cup of her iniquities at last is over-full. In the face of independent testimony of that order, how oddly sarcastic sounds this apostrophe to her:

"Truth is in thee, and none may win thee to lie, forsaking the face of truth:
Freedom lives by the grace she gives thee, born again from thy deathless youth:
Faith should fail, and the world turn pale, wert thou the prey of the serpent's tooth.
Greed and fraud, unabashed, unawed, may strive to sting at thy heel in vain."

Taken at its worst, and the best in that direction is bad enough, the venom of hatred which is slavered throughout this poem is still almost innocuous. Mr. Swinburne is as futile in spite as he is in homage to the other object of his melodious aspirations, the Venus rising from the sea which always affords him his happiest inspirations. One feels tempted to say that from the "Lord God of the priests of Rome," whom the poet also addresses as "God the Devil, God the Liar, God the Accurst," down to the last poor victim being Balfoured out of England's way in an Irish prison, not one being, Creator or creature, need be actively offended by him. His venom harms no one so seriously as him who, for his sins, is condemned to the bootless satisfaction of spitting it out in sounding words. He should stick to the sea. She alone repays his love by bringing his fancies serenely and harmoniously to the birth. Nothing could be better or more admirably descriptive than these lines, for instance:

"For the sepulchres hollowed and shaped of the wind in the swerve of the seas,
The graves that gape for their pasture, and laugh, thrilled through by the breeze,
The sweet, soft, merciless waters, await and are fain of these.

"As the hiss of a Python heaving in menace of doom to be,
They hear through the clear night round them, whose hours are as clouds that flee,
The whisper of tempest sleeping, *the heave and the hiss of the sea.*"

There is a fine, Swinburnian ring, indeed, in all these verses, but so, too, is there now and again the familiar piling up of words which are sound only, so far as conveying ideas or creating tangible images is concerned. The poem, in fact, having a definite aim, surpasses, by so much, a great deal of Mr. Swinburne's later verse.

Mr. Edgar Saltus has just published another novel, *Eden* (Chicago, New York, and San Francisco: Belford, Clarke & Co.) It is open to fewer objections on the score of morality than its predecessors, but it is hardly less unpleasant in its manner and its general effect. Mr. Saltus seems to us to have hit himself off very neatly, though, we suppose, inadvertently, in the description of "Alphabet Jones, the novelist," which he puts into the mouth of Mrs. Manhattan. "Personally he is as inoffensive as a glass of lemonade, but I can't bear his books. *He uses words I don't understand, and tells of things I don't want to.*"

Eden is married, for love, to a man old enough to be her father. She suspects him of an intrigue with a lady who turns out to be his daughter by a wife previously divorced, of whose existence he has never thought it worth while to inform Eden. On her own side, she is rather inclined to flirt with her husband's secretary, who turns out to be his son. She runs away to her father when, as she supposes, her husband betrays her, and tells him she cannot live longer with a man whose honor is not as unstained as that of her father himself.

> "'Tell me,' she asked, her sultry eyes flashing with vistas of victory—'Tell me how my mother would have acted had such an indignity been put on her. Tell me,' she repeated, 'and through your knowledge of her, so will I act. Yes,' she added, and then paused, amazed at the expression of her father's face. It was as though some unseen force had stabbed him from behind. The mouth twitched in the contraction of sudden pain, the nostrils quivered, and he bowed his head; then, his eyes lowered and turned from her, he answered in a voice that trembled just a little, and yet was perfectly distinct:
>
> "'It was such a thing as this that marred your mother's life; let it not mar your own.'"

Here is one of the bright sayings he puts into the mouth of Mrs. Manhattan: "It is my opinion, an opinion, I believe, which is shared by many good people, that a woman who marries a second time, does not deserve to have lost her first husband." Here is another, repeated by her to Eden, from the lips of an "elderly man at her side," at the opera: "He has been minister abroad, you know. He says," she added, "*that you are the most appetizing thing he has seen.*"

And thus he describes Eden at the dinner-table:

> "When the meal was served she ate it in solitude, but the solitude was not irksome to her; it was populous with recovered dreams. Among the dishes that were brought her was one of terrapin, which she partook of with an art of her own; and subsequently, in a manner which it must have been a pleasure to behold, she nibbled at a peach—peaches and terrapin representing, as every one knows, the two articles of food which are the most difficult to eat with grace."

When Eden gets into a rage with her husband, "Don't speak to me!" she cries; "and if anywhere within the purlieus (!) of your being there is a spark of shame, leave me." And presently, after a considerable more tall talk on either side, she makes a movement to leave the room.

> "But this Usselex prevented. He planted himself very firmly before her. *His attitude was as arrestive as an obelisk, and uncircuitable as a labyrinth.*"

A mere, ordinary writer, not master, as his friends say Mr. Saltus is, of a style beyond all praise—which is about what we think of him ourselves—would doubtless have said that as she could neither get around him nor go through him, she was obliged to stay just where she was. But how cheap and common that would sound beside Mr. Saltus' arrestive obelisk and uncircuitable labyrinth! Really, a man might write thus who had climbed up into literature from the counter of a retail dry-goods store, and got his knowledge of society from the flashily dressed women to whom he has sold cheap ribbons, cotton-backed, by the half-yard, his morality from an anæmic imagination, and his command of language from incessant studies in books on synonyms!

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

STORY OF A CONVERSION.

Born in Philadelphia, and in a section of it which was intensely "Native American," among my earliest recollections are scenes of the riots of 1844, I being then a boy of ten years. I grew up among the prejudices born of such events, and early learned to look upon a "foreigner" with suspicion, and upon a "Roman Catholic foreigner" as one who lived in this country by tolerance, not by any just right.

My father died when I had hardly emerged from infancy, and so I know little of his religious notions save by tradition. My good mother was a sincere Baptist of the "Hard-shell" school, and I was early taught that Sunday was a day for gloomy silence and cold dinners. On Sunday mornings, at 9 o'clock, I was sent, with my sisters, to the Sunday-school of the Spruce Street Baptist Church, and on emerging therefrom, about half-past ten, I was duly led, by my pious and watchful mother, into the church, there to listen to sermons extending over an hour. The only recollection of these I now have is that of being unwillingly kept awake by chewing cloves, which my mother carried in her pocket, I suspect, for the benefit of my older sisters as well as of myself. Occasionally I escaped this ordeal by playing "hookey" amidst the tomb-stones of the adjoining grave-yard, to me a far pleasanter place than the church, with its blank walls and elevated pulpit. In the afternoon we again attended Sunday-school; but to this I did not object, for what with the singing; the striving for, and occasionally winning, a prize for memorizing Scriptural verses; the "library books" to be taken out, and the chance to talk to my boy companions, I needed no cloves to keep me awake. Certainly Protestants contrive to make their Sunday-schools pleasurable and attractive, if not spiritually profitable, to children, and this is, I believe, one of the chief methods by which the sects are recruited.

My mother was little given to talking about religion, except to the minister when he occasionally visited our house, and I do not recollect that I was taught at home more of it than to say the Our Father and to sing infantile hymns of the "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," order. Of my Sunday-school training I retained only the Ten Commandments and the notion that I must not "hit the other fellow when he was down"—in other words, that I must do to others as I would have them do to me. Of the "library books," of which I read a great many, I only remember that boys who went fishing on the Sabbath were generally drowned, and that the Catholics had been guilty of numberless cruel persecutions of innocent Protestants, who, so far as I then learned, never retaliated. Here also I first learned of the iniquities of the Inquisition, for which, of course, the Catholic Church was to be held responsible. However, to this moral ballast, so to speak, I owe it that during the many years I lived without religion I was enabled to keep fairly before the wind of my neighbors' good opinion, and even occasionally to do some little good to my kind.

At about the age of fifteen I went to reside on a farm on the borders of Maryland, a few miles from Dover, Del., where I remained about four years. The people I now came in contact with were nearly all Methodists, and here for the first time I witnessed what is called a "shouting" Methodist revival. At first this sort of religious service excited curiosity, then astonishment and emotion at its excessive fervor; and indeed—helped on, no doubt, by the example of youthful companions, and being of a sympathetic if not religious temperament—on several occasions I was brought to the verge of "getting religion." The next day, however, freed from the spell of the eloquent "exhorter," I would fall back to my normal condition. I was, perhaps, abetted in this weakness also by those about me, for I observed a calm worldliness about those who had "shouted" loudest the night before which greatly helped me to throw off the spell. If I were asked to name the chief excitant of these "revivals," I should reply that, while undoubtedly some of the speakers were really eloquent and capable of exciting intense emotion in their auditors, the very life and spirit of the meetings was the extraordinarily fervent congregational singing. One need only to attend a Southern Methodist camp-meeting, and watch the effect of the singing, to appreciate the force of some of Father Young's arguments in favor of congregational singing in the Catholic Church. Indeed, while sermons made little impression on me in those days—perhaps because I had no real bent toward religion, or it may be because of the fine-spun theories of which the sermons were generally woven—I even yet recall the pleasure with which I mingled my voice with those of others in giving fervent utterance to the hymns of Watts and Wesley. Of the supernatural side of religion, at this time, I knew little or nothing, though I possessed, in a misty way, a belief in the Holy Trinity, that Jesus Christ died to save sinners, and that belief in this was sufficient for salvation; but that church-going was an essential to my eternal welfare was no part of my creed. And this attitude I believe to be that of thousands of decent-living Protestants, especially in our large cities.

About the age of nineteen I returned to Philadelphia, and began to learn the printer's trade. Being self-willed, my gentle mother's exhortations and example had little effect upon me, and I seldom entered a church, and when I did so was indifferent as to its denomination. Soon after reaching my majority I married a young lady who had been reared in the Episcopal faith, but who, like myself, was rather indifferent to religion. We seldom attended any church, spending our Sundays quietly at home in reading, or else seeking recreation in out-door excursions. Indeed, I think we were fair samples of the average Protestant, looking upon religion as a mere matter of good morals, not something to be cherished and lived up to as of the most vital concern. Our religion was, practically, summed up in the desire to pay our debts and live decent, inoffensive lives, and to this end church-going did not appear to us a *sine quâ non.* Holding such notions, it may seem illogical, but nevertheless when our children were old enough we faithfully sent them to Sunday-school. One ground, perhaps, for our notion about church-going was, that we observed that the daily lives and actions of punctilious church-goers, among our acquaintance, were not much different from our own. In other words, that their religion was mainly a Sunday affair, and did not materially affect their dealings with their neighbors. The following incident may illustrate my meaning; yet I by no means wish to be understood as implying that this is an average sample of Protestant church-goers, though I have known a good many such. Sitting with a friend one Sunday evening, on the piazza of a house near a country church, there came to our ears the loud tones of a voice in fervent prayer or exhortation; gradually the sounds increased in loudness till they became stentorian. Turning to me, my friend, something of a wag, dryly remarked, "He's topping-off." Inquiry elicited the information that the voice proceeded from a farmer who had the reputation of partly filling his market-baskets with small, scrubby potatoes, and "topping-off" with big ones.

In 1860 I came to New York to fill a position on a newly established daily paper. In this occupation I remained about five years, and as I slept in daytime in order that I might work at night, I did not during those years enter a church save once. And that exception occurred in this wise: Going to my home in Brooklyn, between the hours of four and five in the morning, in passing through Court Street I observed a crowd of people hurrying into a church. As this was a daily occurrence, and as inclement weather seemed not to diminish the number, I was curious to know what drew them. Asking a car-driver, one morning, I was told: "It's first Mass they're going to, sir." Soon after, on a cold, sleety morning—such a morning as would cause most people to shrink from venturing out—I noticed a crowd larger than usual struggling along into the church. Acting on the impulse of the moment, I sprang from the car on which I was riding, resolved to see for myself what attractions there were in a "first Mass." Passing up the steps with the people, in a few moments I stood for the first time within the walls of a Catholic church. The service soon began, and for a while I watched the priest. Understanding almost nothing of what was passing before me, I turned my attention to the people. The first thing about them that impressed me was their self-abandoned, devout attitudes. Then for some time I sat curiously watching a poor old woman passing through her fingers what I took to be a black cord, and I also noticed that she occasionally kissed some part of it and passed her hand down and across her breast. While speculating as to what all this meant, I suddenly heard the tinkling of a bell. Straightway down upon their knees fell all the people, with bowed heads. This sight and the sudden movement—or was it the Divine Presence?—sent a thrill of awe through me, and involuntarily I bowed my head, though ignorant of what was transpiring. Soon after the service ended, and as I passed out with the crowd I was struck with the fact that it was composed mostly of those who were evidently working-people. For a while I thought much of what I had seen and felt, and especially I wondered what there was in the Catholic religion that could draw people from their comfortable beds and homes at such uncanny hours; but gradually the matter passed from my mind. This was due partly, perhaps, that up to this time I had not numbered among my friends an intelligent Catholic, nor, though all my life a diligent reader of miscellaneous literature, had I read a Catholic book. Occasionally I had seen a Catholic paper, or read an extract from one in a secular journal, but the over-vigorous and often offensive polemics, and, as then seemed to me, unwarrantable claim to possessing the only *true* religion, disgusted and repelled me.

But I had now reached the turning point in my life. As I look back to this period I recognize the hand of God directing for my good events which I then deemed great misfortunes. In 1865, owing to broken health, I quitted the night work and became "reader" in a book-printing office. Here I read many Catholic books while they were passing through the press, especially those published by the Catholic Publication Society, then recently established by the Very Rev. I. T. Hecker—a work, by the by, which should win him the lasting gratitude of American Catholics, for through this instrumentality our Catholic literature has been lifted up and greatly enriched. I also read THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

I was now brought into mental contact with minds capable of enlightening me as to the real history of the Catholic Church, and also of setting clearly before my mind the beauties, truth, and consistency of the Catholic religion. Gradually my mind opened to and absorbed these facts: 1st, that the Catholic Church, being the only church of Christendom for sixteen hundred years, must be the one founded by Jesus Christ, and the one whose doctrines were promulgated by the apostles; 2d, that I found in the Apostles' Creed whatever sound doctrines I had learned of in Protestant churches, and that, consequently, they must have been derived from the Catholic Church; 3d, that the history of the Catholic Church was identical with that of modern civilization, which was moulded by her; 4th, that heroic charity had always marked her religious orders, as is splendidly illustrated by the lives of such saints as St. Francis and St. Vincent de Paul, who especially excited my veneration; 5th, that if abuses had at times crept into the church they were due to human weakness or the meddling of laymen, but in no way invalidated the Divine infallibility of her doctrines; 6th, that she had been, in the days of her greatest power, the benefactor and protector of the poor and the humble. This latter point especially impressed and won me, and this impression has been deepened by subsequent reading upon the middle ages, the monastic orders, and the guilds. Indeed, I am fixed in the belief that the Catholic Church can and will solve the social problems now everywhere pressing for solution, and I rejoice exceedingly that the best and highest Catholic minds are now earnestly striving to this end.

It was, however, no easy task to reconcile my mind to accept the facts so plainly presented by Catholic writers, for they completely overturned all my previous notions and refuted what I had heretofore held as the truth. If I were to accept as true what I was now learning, what was to become of my cherished beliefs as to the Inquisition and its horrors; the St. Bartholomew massacre; Bloody Mary; the poor Covenanters and Huguenots; the malevolent Jesuits, who were stealthily striving to establish here, upon the ruins of our republic, a despotism similar to those upheld by them in Europe, and a host of other grievances that I had been taught to lay at the church's door? I struggled hard against admitting the truth of what I had now learned, arguing that Catholic writers colored or suppressed the facts to suit their purposes, but the evidences accumulated—some even being furnished by Protestants (about this time I read Cobbett)—as I went along, and in the end I was obliged to succumb. Perhaps nothing did so much to reconcile me to this as the constant reading of the always temperate and fair-minded pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. Indeed, I do not hesitate to say that, under Providence, I largely owe my conversion to the teachings of that magazine, for I have never cared to read purely theological or didactic writings. So far as I can now recall, the first book which gave me a taste of the true flavor of the Catholic *spirit* was *Constance Sherwood.*

Thus far it was the historical or human side of the church which most interested me. Her supernatural side had not as yet much attracted my attention. What religious ideas I had thus far imbibed had been received unconsciously, and perhaps not fully assimilated. And so for some years I drifted along, making no practical application to myself of the precious knowledge I was acquiring. But the seed was not falling upon altogether barren soil, as the sequel proved.

At this period there fell upon me long-continued afflictions and sorrows—such sorrows as cause the soul, however blindly, to reach out beyond its earthly tenement for consolation. In the midst of my troubles I began seriously to ask myself, "For what was I created?" "Is this life the beginning and end of my career?" "If there be another and a better life, should I not strive to attain it?" I determined to do so. This resolution once formed, I begun to weigh the claims of the different forms of religion of which I knew anything. Study of a catechism, with frequent reference to a Bible for verification, proved to me that the claims of the church to be Divinely founded were substantiated, as were her doctrines, by Scripture as well as tradition. I soon reached the conclusion that if any religion was true it *must* be the Catholic religion. I resolved to seek admission to the Catholic Church. Then I began to find stumbling-blocks: first the confessional; then the "worship"—as I still ignorantly viewed it—of the saints (so astounded was I when I first came upon the teaching of the Church relative to the Mother of God that I turned to a Protestant Bible to ascertain if it were the same personage whom I had known simply as "Mary, the mother of Jesus," for I had never heard mention in a Protestant pulpit of the Immaculate Conception); then I had a lingering doubt about the Real Presence, but especially I was haunted with the fear that I could not really "get religion," as I did not feel any overwhelming religious emotion. Fortunately, during these latter years I had made acquaintance and gained the friendship of some intelligent Catholics, and at this crisis I had the wise counsel of a well-informed and experienced Catholic gentleman (a publisher), who introduced me to a Lazarist father then giving a mission in Brooklyn, whose advice and explanations were extremely helpful. I attended the mission, and was much benefited therefrom. I was, however, astonished at the character of the preaching—its practical and direct simplicity, not to say bluntness, "a spade being called a spade." I had said nothing to the priest about my doubts as to "getting religion," and this still troubled me. Again I consulted my friend, and he introduced me to the present Bishop of Peoria, who quickly convinced me that the Catholic religion was an intellectual, not simply an emotional, religion, and that it required no spiritual convulsions to fit me to become a Catholic—a view which has since been more fully developed to my mind by reading the writings of the Very Rev. I. T. Hecker, who has also made clear to me that there is no dissonance between Catholicity and republican institutions. Since then, too, I have learned that the Catholic religion, while not emotional in the sense in which I had looked at it, is yet adapted to every cast of soul; that however fervent of spirit one may be, his soul can here find ample food; that if he be fired by heroic charity, he can here find wide fields for its exercise; that if he be curious to explore the deeps of metaphysics and ethics, he will here find them almost soundless. And I have also learned that to live up to the letter and the spirit of the Catholic religion is no easy task.

Nothing now prevented me from following the bent of my inclinations, and soon afterwards I received baptism and was admitted to the church. As the years roll by I am more and more satisfied of the wisdom of my choice, and more and more I rejoice and thank God for the peace and happiness I have found. God has blessed me far beyond my deserts. May he grant me the grace of perseverance and a happy death!

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS IN INDIA.

In the *Nineteenth Century* for July Sir William Wilson Hunter, a candid Protestant, presents a view of the progress of Christian missions in India which affords encouragement and consolation to those who hope for the spread of Christianity among the peoples of that vast and wonderful region. The writer's well-known reputation for scholarship, accuracy of observation, freedom from sectarian rancor, and discernment of good wherever found, entitle his statements to great consideration. His judgments have not been formed simply by viewing the field from afar in a peaceful English home, reading the reports of missionaries, and hearing the superficial accounts of travellers, but he has lived for a quarter of a century in India, and labored in an honorable service, though not as a missionary himself, but, as he styles it, as "a plain secular person." He gives precise, positive information which seems not to be exaggeration of the favorable nor depreciation of the adverse view. His article, we regret to say, deals almost wholly with Protestant missions. We should be glad if so fair-minded and just an observer and courteous a critic had seen more of Catholic missions and would tell about them. We have studied to some extent the work of Protestant missions, but have never found them set forth in so favorable a light as in this article.

The difficulties attending their inception at home and abroad are described. A century ago Protestant Christendom was in a state of absolute apathy concerning the condition of the heathen. This had to be overcome by the pioneers, and hostile prejudices had to be encountered in the field itself, for European governments and trading companies had despoiled and enslaved the Hindus. The missionaries have finally succeeded in awakening, to some extent, the political conscience of England, and have brought about the abolition of abuses that were worse than pagan, and have obtained for the natives secure protection against the rapacity of the whites.

Let us compare this field with others. Mr. Hunter's estimate of the results of Protestant missions in the entire heathen world is as follows:

"In 1795 there were two half-starved missionaries. At present there are 6,000 missionaries with 30,000 auxiliaries engaged in active work." The whole number of converts made since then he estimates as 3,000,000. He considers the number of Protestant church communicants in Christendom as 30,000,000. According to these figures a good percentage of the Protestant Christians of the world have been made such by missionaries. India has been the largest missionary field: it has to-day 138,000 Protestant communicants.

While exhibiting the utmost impartiality toward the different sects engaged in this work, Mr. Hunter calls particular attention to the successful methods adopted by the Oxford Brotherhood, who belong to the High-Church party in the Church of England.

> "They are," he says, "men of birth and scholarship living in common a life of apostolic simplicity and self-sacrifice. . . . Among the Hindus, for the past twenty four hundred years, every preacher who would appeal to the popular heart must fulfil two conditions and conform to a certain type—he must cut himself off from the world by a solemn act, like the Great Renunciation of Buddha; and he must come forth from his solitary self-communings with a simple message to his fellow-men. Our missionaries do not seem to Indian thinkers to possess either of the initial qualifications necessary for any great awakening of the people.
>
> "Many years ago, when I lived in an Indian district, and looked out on the world with keen young eyes, I noted down certain personal observations which I may venture to reproduce here. The missionaries enjoyed the popular esteem accorded in India to men of letters and teachers of youth. They were even more highly regarded as the guides who had opened up the paths of Western knowledge, and who were still the pioneers of education among the backward races. The mission printing-presses might almost be said to have created Bengali as a language of literary prose; and they had developed ruder tongues, like Santali or Assamese, into written vehicles of thought. But whatever might be the self-sacrifices of our missionaries, or the internal conflicts which they passed through, their lives did not appear in the light of a Great Renunciation. 'To the natives,' I wrote, 'the missionary seems to be a charitable Englishman

> who keeps an excellent cheap school, speaks the language well, preaches a European form of their old incarnations, and drives out his wife and little ones in a pony-carriage. This friendly neighbor, this affectionate husband, this good man, is of an estimable type, of a type which has done much to raise the English character in the eyes of the natives, but it is not the traditional type to which the popular preacher in India must conform.' "

The writer has thus acknowledged a glorious principle as old as the church, and we are happy to applaud his appreciation of it.

The prospects for future conversions are not discouraging, he thinks; but "the process must be slow and difficult," and the converts will probably come chiefly

> "from the low castes and the so-called aboriginal peoples. . . . There are fifty millions of human beings in India sitting on the outskirts of Hinduism or beyond its pale, who, within the next fifty years, will incorporate themselves in one or other of the higher faiths. . . . I myself do not expect that any Englishman or any European will in our days individually bring about a great Christian awakening in India. But I think it within reasonable probability that some native of India will spring up whose life and preaching may lead to an accession on a great scale to the Christian church. If such a man arises he will set in motion a mighty movement, whose consequences it is impossible to foresee. And I believe that if ever he comes, he will be produced by influences and surroundings of which the Oxford Brotherhood in Calcutta is at present the forerunner and prototype."

He gives also indirect testimony of the great results which Catholic missionaries have attained and may hope to attain. He says that Protestants

> "must purge their cause of bigotry and cant. Of bigotry, such as the injustice which some pious people in England do to the Roman Catholic clergy in India; to that great church which is quietly, and with small worldly means, educating, disciplining, and consoling a Christian population three times more numerous than all the Protestant converts in India put together."

We do not ignore the good which Protestant missionaries have and are accomplishing in India, but the article under consideration shows that the Catholic Church is the greatest and most successful instrument for propagating Christianity in India, and that this superiority is to be attributed solely to its unparalleled spiritual influence upon mankind. The Oxford Brotherhood have repudiated the Reformation doctrines and methods and have adopted Catholic teaching and practices, and the results are in their favor as compared with other Protestant missionaries. Mr. Hunter's conclusion, though he has not expressed it in so many words, is undoubtedly that the hope of the conversion of India lies chiefly in the Catholic Church. If some native of India does rise up to lead great multitudes to Christianity, as Mr. Hunter thinks probable, he will not be merely the kindly neighbor who keeps a cheap school and drives out with his wife in a pony-carriage. He will be one who will follow with giant strides in the footsteps of St. Francis Xavier. The true typical missionary hero would be easily recognized; a man of God cannot be disguised. If St. Paul were in Calcutta the whole city would find out his character and doctrine within a month; they would hear his cry, "I am crucified to the world and the world to me."

To wrest a people from the dominion of Satan and bring their proud hearts and sensual bodies under the dominion of the spirit of God would be a difficult work for a comfortable, well-fed, and well-paid apostle to attempt. Evidently it will be useless to expect such an apostle as the writer describes as necessary unless the Catholic Church gives him. Moreover, it is not a pious fancy for Mr. Hunter, who is no enthusiast, to suppose a means fitly adapted to the end. Christianity from its very cradle has been propagated on a large scale only by such instruments. The apostles of nations, says Alban Butler, are, next to the twelve apostles, the greatest wonder in the church of God.

But does not the favorable showing which Protestantism makes in India present a formidable obstacle to the success of Catholicism? it may be asked. On the contrary, it may prove a help. Arianism was propagated among heathen nations more extensively than Protestantism has ever been, but this only prepared the way for a more complete triumph of Catholicism.

And it must be borne in mind that Protestant missions have succeeded in later times by un-Protestant methods. Nothing could be more untrue than the claim that their missionary converts have for their rule of faith the Bible and the Bible only. They have been taught Christianity by men claiming, at least implicitly, to have authority from above. A large proportion of them have been trained in missionary schools from early childhood. The Protestant missionary appears among the heathen with not one whit less of authority, so far as the heathen can perceive, than the Catholic, and he is looked up to as the official exponent of a religion and a civilization gifted with supreme right to spread everywhere their beneficent institutions. Furthermore, it was only after the era of Bible distributing had been supplemented and in great part supplanted by that of authoritative teaching that any appreciable progress was made. And at this day, the Protestant missionary who appeals most confidently to his vocation to preach Christ (not simply to deliver the Bible that Christ may preach himself) is the one who behaves most like a genuine apostle of Christ and makes most converts.

Judging from the past, says Mr. Mallock, it would not be strange if Catholicism reconquered Christendom. Islam is most to be dreaded; its past triumphs have been great, but it swept away only churches that had fallen from Catholic unity. The Catholic Church hurled it back from Europe, and even bore its own victorious Christian banners to Jerusalem. The triumph of false religions over mankind, where the circumstances are favorable, is the most natural thing in the world. The inclinations and passions of man will come to a compromise with righteousness quite readily, but they will not submit to be crucified without a struggle. When we consider what the Catholic faith requires of men, it seems to us a wonder that it has held so great a sway as it has in the world. Truly, the mercy and goodness of God toward the nations is marvellous.

H. H. Wyman.

The Editor of The Catholic World:

Sir: A mysterious writer in your August number—mysterious in more than one sense—criticises several sentences from the article, "Our Drinks and Our Drunkards," published in the June number. He well deserves the hint you give him in the head-line: "Please be More Accurate!"

The good-natured and learned critic inadvertently omitted one sentence that is of equal importance with the three sentences he quoted. To be accurate, let me quote four sentences from page 348:

> "From corn, rye, and wheat we get the alcohols which, in the form we drink them, are known as whiskeys. These alcohols are not the same as the alcohol of brandy. They are amylic alcohols. Amylic alcohols are hurtful. They may be made less hurtful by means of successive distillations, but even distillation will not give them the quality of the alcohol of wine."

In these four sentences I have tried to convey to the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD *a fact* which it can do them no harm to remember, a fact of which, I hope, no special pleader for whiskey will make them lose sight. This fact is not "that the alcohol of whiskey is amylic (or amyl) alcohol," but that the alcohol of whiskey is an amylic alcohol. "We have only to consult any organic chemistry to find that" the *technical* compound-word "amylic (or amyl) alcohol" has no plural. "Amyl alcohol is not a wholesome thing," says my instructor, "and it may well be admitted that three ounces will kill a man." But do not fear whiskey on this account. *Please think well of whiskey!* Try six ounces of it! A fine argument, indeed!

You can imagine a man used to the text-book or the laboratory mentally dividing his glass of whiskey into compartments, wherein he fictitiously stores in exact proportions common alcohol, "amylic (or amyl) alcohol," and those other constituents of whiskey which every reader fully appreciates now that he has learned all about them from Richter (Smith's translation). When this skilful analyst, having performed many delicate mental operations, swallows the whiskey, will he be any better off than you or I? No. He takes it as a whole. If his mental analysis has been "checked" in the laboratory, well and good. His eyes are open as well as his mouth. But forty quotations will make the whiskey neither better nor worse than it is. If the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, leaving Richter to the lecturer and his chemistry class, will take up Dr. Francis E. Englehardt's Report to the State Board of Health, 1882—which was not in my hands when writing "Our Drinks and Our Drunkards"—they will learn something practical about the liquors we actually drink. The learned doctor analyzed twenty-five samples of whiskey. In twenty of these he found appreciable quantities of the poisonous "amylic (or amyl) alcohol," and traces of the same poison in the other five samples. Whether our favorite whiskey contains thirty or sixty per cent. of common alcohol, we shall do no injustice to the alcohols of corn, rye, wheat, rice, oats, the beet-root, or the potato—nor shall we injure ourselves—by qualifying them as amylic alcohols. Where, on page 348, I venture to say that three ounces of amylic alcohol will kill a man I use the term "amylic alcohol" in its technical sense. If in the four sentences I have already quoted I have not made clear the sense in which I use the adjective "amylic," then indeed I am rightly chargeable with a want of clearness, but not with a want of accuracy. I fear my statement is too accurate to suit some people. Certainly I have not said that three ounces of whiskey will kill a man. Nor shall I say this, unless I know the man and the whiskey.

Pardon me if I now quote the critic's fifth paragraph:

> "Later on we find it stated (page 349) that the 'brandies,' as well as other liquors, 'which three-fourths of the people drink are made from these poisonous alcohols'; though previously the writer made a distinction, but not a very well founded one, for they may be formed to some extent in the fermentation of grape sugar as well as in that of maltose."

May I be allowed to join the author of this lucid paragraph-sentence in the honest criticism of his own work, expressed in the last and tersest paragraph of his note?

> "Loose writing of this sort should be avoided. It does as much harm as good to the cause of temperance."

And may I add—it can do no good to the cause of whiskey, good or bad, and it does positive harm to a cause which some men still have at heart—the cause of the mother-tongue? Respectfully, J. A. M.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIFE OF LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON. From the French of Mrs. Augustus Craven. By Henry James Coleridge, S.J. London: Bentley & Son.

Mrs. Craven's French biography of Lady Fullerton we have not seen, but it surely must be a delightful book. Father Coleridge was sure to make the English translation as nearly equal as possible to the original. It is, indeed, a charming volume, aside from any comparison with the French *Life,* which we are unable to make. Nor is it a mere literal translation, but, while in the main a reproduction of the original, it is in some respects modified by expansion and retrenchment, with a view to making it better adapted to an English-reading public.

The subject of the memoir is a remarkably interesting person in two respects. First, as an author of great merit, and again as a distinguished convert to the Catholic Church, eminent for her great piety and for her numerous and excellent works of charity. Lady Georgiana Fullerton was the daughter of Lord Granville, long British Minister at Paris, and the granddaughter of the Marquis of Stafford and the Duke of Devonshire. Her husband was Mr. Fullerton, who became a Catholic a considerable time before his wife, and in the sequel was equally generous and zealous in promoting the good works to which both devoted their efforts and their wealth during a long course of years.

Lady Georgiana's career as a novelist was brilliant and successful. The most noteworthy of her novels are *Ellen Middleton, Grantley Manor, Constance Sherwood,* and *Mrs. Gerald's Niece.* Those who have not read them will find their perusal not disappointing, even if they credit our assurance that they are far above the common mark.

The biography of Lady Fullerton is full of an uncommon interest, enhanced by the delightful style of its authors. To a certain class of readers it will be especially attractive because of the high social and intellectual position of the subject of the memoir, and of the many other persons who are introduced into the narrative as connected by blood or friendship with her life and taking parts in the events of its history. If such readers are attracted by the humility, the self-denial, the intense sympathy with the poor and suffering, and the other Christian virtues which shone out so brightly in the life of Lady Georgiana Fullerton, the perusal of her biography may be very useful to them as well as entertaining.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE HON. AND RIGHT REV. ALEXANDER MACDONELL, first Catholic Bishop of Upper Canada, and (incidentally) of other old residents of the province. By W. J. Macdonell. Toronto: Williamson & Co.

A brief and extremely interesting account of the life and character of a strong man in soul and body has recently been printed. Alexander Macdonell, first Bishop of Kingston, Upper Canada, died nearly fifty years ago, his gigantic frame worn out with years and labors spent in the apostolic ministry. He was a true missionary; there being indeed not very much difference between the heroic men who lived and died evangelizing the savages of British America and those who, like Bishop Macdonell, quickly followed in their footsteps in the wilderness, the pastors of the pioneer settlers.

The subject of this sketch was born in 1762 on the borders of Loch Ness, Invernesshire, was educated at the Scottish Colleges of Paris and Valladolid, and ordained priest in 1787; and from the very first to the very last of his ministry was the faithful shepherd of the little clan Macdonell of Glengarry. Father Macdonell's first great success in life was saving his people from starvation. The lairds would not allow them to live by the land, and his gracious majesty George III., or the government which called itself by his name, would not allow them to escape starvation by water—that is to say, the clansmen were dispossessed of their holdings in the mountains by brutal landlords who converted their estates into sheep-walks, and then were prevented by cruel anti-emigration acts from going to the colonies; the object being to force them into the army. This amiable purpose Father Macdonell defeated with infinite difficulty by moving his bare-legged gillies and their families in a body to Glasgow and procuring them employment in factories. But this only postponed the crisis. By 1795 the wars of the French Revolution had so interfered with business that the Highlanders were thrown out of work. Now they must enlist or starve; and if they enlisted, the author of this memoir says that they would be "compelled, according to the then universal practice, to declare themselves Protestants." To escape this misery Father Macdonell and his relatives resorted to that curious thing called "Catholic loyalty to the king." A deputation was sent to London, their address was most graciously received by the king, and the first Glengarry Fencible Regiment was enrolled, the first Catholic corps raised as such since the Reformation, and Father Macdonell, in spite of the laws to the contrary, was gazetted chaplain. After spending a few years in the Island of Guernsey, the Fencibles were sent into Ireland to help put down the Rebellion of '98. The chaplain was, from the account before us, the ruling spirit of the regiment, commanded as it was by a kinsman and a Catholic, and he used his power for good. The Protestant yeomanry and some portions of the regular troops had carried on a most savage warfare against the people whether combatants or not, and showed a particular spite against the poor little chapels of the mountain districts of Wexford and Wicklow, many of them being found turned into stables for the horses of the soldiery. These Father Macdonell "caused to be cleansed, and restored to their original sacred purpose, performed divine service in them himself, and invited the clergy and congregations to attend, most of whom had been driven into the mountains and bogs to escape the cruelty of the yeomanry, etc." The poor people came back with joy to their homes and altars.

The regiment was disbanded after the peace of 1802, and again that eternal problem of the poor Scotch and Irish these many generations back, how to keep alive under English rule, confronted the clan. Father Macdonell journeyed to London to obtain a grant of land in Upper Canada with a view to emigration. He was offered instead a grant of eighty acres and four slaves per man if he would lead his people to the Island of Trinidad in the West Indies, and "for himself and a few special friends such salaries as would make them independent." The reason for this generosity was the total lack of British colonists in that quarter of the colonies, and the difficulty of obtaining settlers on account of the deadly fevers incident to the climate. He preferred the unbroken wilderness and the healthful snows of the far north, and by dint of earnest solicitation got a royal patent for a grant of land to every officer and soldier he should take with him.

Somebody has said that to be under British laws administered by British landlords is to be between the devil and the deep sea. When a man has got the British government on his side he may be secure so far as the deep sea is concerned, but he has yet to look out for the devil. "The Highland proprietors took alarm," says Mr. Macdonell, "and endeavored by various means to prevent their people from emigrating. The regulations of the Emigration Act were rigidly enforced, and many of the poor men, after selling their effects and repairing with their families to the place of embarkation, were not permitted to emigrate. Such effect did the fears and threats of the Highland lairds produce upon the ministry, that even Lord Hobart, Colonial Secretary of State, urged Father Macdonell to conduct his emigrants to Upper Canada by way of the United States, that the odium of directly assisting emigration from the Highlands might be avoided, there being at the time a provincial law which granted two hundred acres of land to every loyal subject entering Upper Canada from the United States with the intention to settle in the Province." This advice was declined, and regardless of opposition, and almost smuggling his people away, he settled them in a wilderness remote enough from British law to leave them free to live. They had to fight Orangemen in their new home, and they were annoyed in various ways by meddling officials and bad neighbors. But all this they could bear. They had their era of privation and toil in the woods of Canada, but every tenant was his own landlord and every subject a citizen, and so they in course of time prospered greatly. That these poor Highlanders had escaped with their lives from the Egyptian house of bondage, even after having been cruelly battered by the enemies of their race and their religion, was owing almost wholly to the tender, priestly love of Alexander Macdonell, and to his unflinching determination to place the sea between them and their landlords and lawlords.

For more than thirty years, as priest and bishop, he served them; and besides them very many other little scattered pioneer communities of Scottish, Irish, and French Catholics. He travelled incessantly through a vast tract of country, mostly without roads or bridges, often a-foot and carrying his vestments, altar furniture, and personal effects on his back, later on using common country wagons or going on horseback, sometimes in Indian bark canoes. His soul was fired with love of God and of his kind; he celebrated Mass, preached the word of God, heard confessions and administered the other sacraments; the knowledge of the precious graces his ministrations would give to his poor, struggling people would not allow him to rest. Like every other pioneer priest, he was also the father of his people; and his advice was sought by all, and ever given with prudence as well as affection upon affairs of every kind. By his zeal, judgment, patience, and good sense the social standing and the material prosperity of the early Catholic settlers, whatever their race, were wonderfully improved.

On the last day of the year 1820 he was consecrated bishop *in partibus* and became vicar-apostolic of Upper Canada, embracing the present dioceses of Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, London, Ottawa, Pembroke, and Peterborough. From this time till his death he was of infinite help to the whole Canadian Church by his dealings with the English and Canadian governments in its behalf. It is well known that it was for many years the policy of Great Britain to control the Catholic religion in Canada, with a view to making it practically a "church by law established." That this abominable union of incongruities failed of consummation was due in great part to the vigor and tact of Bishop Macdonell's resistance.

It is nearly half a century since the weary limbs and brave heart of this noble apostle of the Gael in exile were laid at rest. But the effects of his labors abide. Not only in Canada, but in many places in the States are the Macdonells and Macdonalds to be found, intelligent, prosperous, and soundly Catholic men and women. The writer of this notice remembers serving at a mission in a busy little Western city whose population was made up of representatives from the great nations of Europe absorbed into a community of the most energetic type of the pure New England stock. On asking the pastor who was the gentleman who acted as volunteer usher during the services, the answer was: "His name is Macdonell, and he is one of the Macdonells of Glengarry. He is a first-rate Catholic, an excellent lawyer, and is mayor of the city."

An Exposition of the Gospels: Consisting of an Analysis of each Chapter and of a Commentary, Critical, Exegetical, Doctrinal, and Moral. By His Grace the Most Rev. John MacEvilly, D.D., Archbishop of Tuam. Two volumes. Matthew, Mark, and Luke. Third edition, revised and corrected. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

An Exposition of the Epistles of St. Paul and of the Catholic Epistles. By His Grace the Most Rev. John MacEvilly, Archbishop of Tuam. Two volumes. Third edition, enlarged. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

The reader might ask, What is the good of such books as these to a layman? In answer to that question we ask another: What do you mean by a layman? Do you mean that if he be intelligent he is sure to be totally given to worldly ambition or money-getting? If simple, that his soul is daubed with the mire of his barnyard as well as his boots? If so, then a layman has no use for such books, or any other books. But if a layman means to be a man and a Christian, and does not permit himself to be cut off from the delightful and profitable study of the word of God, these volumes are of infinite use to him. The assumption that a Christian, because he is a layman, has no practical use for a plain commentary on the Gospel, is not true, and is extremely unjust to the average lot of the Christian. It is equivalent to saying that the baptized and communicating Catholic is not much because he is not ordained. Until men rid themselves of the pernicious error that the priesthood is a caste, monopolizing the whole intelligent side of religion, our Catholicity will lack a trait of genuineness. Our progress towards the divine ideal involved in the complete acceptation of Christianity will be clogged and halting, unless it take on an element of individuality. The response to the ruling of the Holy Spirit in the individual soul must be largely mechanical if devoid of spontaneity. This is an error which cannot but be fruitful of a progeny of near-sighted Christians—Christians within whose range of mental vision the great and wide purposes of the faith they hold are at best but vague; Christians who, in fact, "cannot see beyond their nose."

In the words of our Divine Lord, "*we* adore that which we *know*" (St. John iv. 22), and the first and vital condition of our worship is knowledge. Of all men, the Christian has wisdom for his birthright. And the Scriptures of the New Testament contain the original documents of that birthright. There is no reading so profitable, in the long run so entertaining, as that which tells the story of the life and teaching of Jesus Christ. Any conception of the layman's vocation which leaves out of view the frequent use of Scripture is, to say the least, defective. Hence Archbishop MacEvilly, as he says in his preface, wrote these commentaries in the vernacular, "to furnish the intelligent laity and the reading portion of the Catholic community with a thoroughly Catholic exposition, in their own language, of one of the most important portions of the Holy Scriptures, and to serve as a practical reply to the clumsy calumnies so often refuted of those who charge the Catholic Church with interdicting for her own purposes the reading of the Sacred Scriptures, even when such reading is hedged round with the proper safeguards." The archbishop further says, "The character of the age on which we have fallen influenced me in publishing a commentary on the Gospels at the present time," and he goes on to show that the errors of our day are more fundamental than in the age which immediately preceded this. Hence he asks:

> "Was it ever more necessary at any period in the history of Christianity than it is at the present day to place before the world in as clear a light as possible an exposition, in accordance with the unerring teachings of the Catholic Church, of the fundamental principles of faith and morals with which the Son of God came down to enlighten a world which he found sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death?"

This is the third edition of this really great work, a fact very encouraging, and one that proves its merit and its timeliness. The plan adopted is to collate the comments of the Fathers and Doctors of the church, adding the author's own. The scope is critical, explanatory, and doctrinal, interspersed with moral reflections. The work is full of learning; the style is direct; the language easily understood by any intelligent person. There is no parade of erudition, though the author is fully equipped for his work.

THREE INTRODUCTORY LECTURES ON THE SCIENCE OF THOUGHT, delivered at the Royal Institution, London, during the month of March, 1887. By F. Max Müller. With an appendix which contains a correspondence on "Thought without Words," between F. Max Müller and Francis Galton, the Duke of Argyle, George J. Romaine, and others. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.

In these three lectures we have an instance of the tendency of a specialist to exaggerate the importance of his own particular line of study and research. Prof. Max Müller is certainly a great philologist, but we think he is out of his element when he enters the domain of psychology, notwithstanding that the two subjects are so closely allied.

His thesis is that language and thought are identical, because inseparable. We cannot think without words, he asserts; therefore thought is language and language is thought. By thought he means the formation of concepts, which is nothing but addition and subtraction. Now, the concept cannot be formed or expressed without a sign, which is the word spoken, written, or merely thought. Hence the word and the concept are the same, and language and thought are identical. Such is his argument; and we think that every candid reader will give to this presentation of the case the verdict of "not proven." Even were we to admit that language and thought are inseparable, there is a wide difference between inseparability and identity. As the Duke of Argyle well says in his thoughtful and suggestive letter: "Language is a product of thought; an expression of it; a vehicle for the communication of it; a channel for the conveyance of it; and an embodiment which is essential to its growth and continuity." This is correlation, not identity. Max Müller has fallen into an error similar to that of those specialists who, engrossed in the study of man's bodily frame, lose sight of his spiritual nature, and because the brain is the organ or instrument of thought, boldly proclaim that thought is but a secretion of the brain. In both cases the inference is altogether unwarranted.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mention of books in this place does not preclude extended notice in subsequent numbers.

LOURDES: Its Inhabitants, Its Pilgrims, and Its Miracles. With an account of the Apparitions at the Grotto, and a Sketch of Bernadette's subsequent History. By Richard F. Clarke, S J. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

A CATHOLIC CONVENTION OF ONE VERSUS THE CINCINNATI PRESBYTERIAN CONVENTION. By Rev. Abram J. Ryan. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS. By Thomas Charles Edwards, D.D., Principal of the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

STUDIES IN CRITICISM. By Florence Trail. New York: Worthington Co.

FATHER VAHEY'S CONTROVERSIAL LETTERS. Rev. J. W. Vahey, Ridgeway, Wis. Milwaukee, Wis.: Hoffmann Bros.

THE WATER LILY: An Oriental Fairy Tale. By Frank Waters. Ottawa: J. Durie & Son.

THE PRACTICE OF HUMILITY. By His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. Translated from the Italian by Rev. J. F. X. O'Connor, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

ST. PETER'S CHAINS; or, Rome and the Italian Revolution. A series of Sonnets by Aubrey de Vere, LL.D. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

PADDY BLAKE'S SOJOURN AMONG THE SOUPERS, and other Poems. Second edition. By the Author of Verses on Doctrinal and Devotional Subjects. Dublin: James Duffy & Sons.

AUTHORITY; or, a Plain Reason for joining the Church of Rome. By Luke Rivington, M.A., Magdalen College, Oxford. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.; New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

ESSAYS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS. By his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, late Archbishop of Westminster. With a biographical introduction by the Rev. Jeremiah Murphy, Queenstown. London: Thomas Baker. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

CATHOLIC BIOGRAPHIES. Vol. I. St. Patrick, St. George, St. Bede, St. Ignatius Loyola, Blessed Thomas More, Queen Mary, Father Arrowsmith, Dom Bosco, St. Columba. London: The Catholic Truth Society. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

CATHOLIC BIOGRAPHIES. Vol. II. Venerable Philip Howard, Blessed John Fisher, Miss Catherine Boys, The English Martyrs, Blessed Edmund Campion, Venerable John Ogilvie, St. Alphonsus Liguori, St. Francis de Sales. London: The Catholic Truth Society. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

CATHOLIC BIOGRAPHIES. Vol. III. Leo XIII., St. Peter Claver, St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, St. John Berchmans, St. Thomas of Canterbury, St. Teresa, St. Augustine, St. Benedict. London: The Catholic Truth Society. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

THE ENGLISH MARTYRS under Henry VIII. and Elizabeth (1535–1583). London: The Catholic Truth Society. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

Publications of the Catholic Truth Society Seven vols. London: The Catholic Truth Society. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

MEXICO PICTURESQUE, POLITICAL, PROGRESSIVE. By Mary Elizabeth Blake and Margaret F. Sullivan. Boston: Lee & Shepard; New York: Charles T. Dillingham.

THE

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THE LIBERTY OF CATHOLICS IN SCIENTIFIC MATTERS.

PROBABLY no Catholic scientist has contributed more to point out the weak points of Darwinism, and to correct the false opinion of many that the theory of evolution in any and every form means the elimination of the Creator and Ruler of the universe, than Dr. St. George Mivart. He, indeed, "deserves the gratitude of English-speaking Catholics for his writings on these subjects," * and it is to be hoped that he may long continue to labor in his chosen sphere of scientific investigation. Yet like other intellectually great men before him, who on some point or other were in advance of their age, Dr. Mivart has had to face, and probably will have still to face, hostile criticism.† Perhaps he has advanced some rather too bold and untenable opinions; yet as long as a higher authority will not decide on the mooted points, his views deserve at least the careful consideration of reflecting Catholics. Dr. Mivart is not in the habit of publishing his views hastily. Besides, he seems to be in correspondence with some of the most far-seeing Catholic thinkers of England.‡

For these reasons it might be rather rash for Catholic writers to declare that he has transgressed the limits of that scientific liberty to which every Catholic thinker is entitled. Yet the discussions he has started have no doubt made the following question a timely subject for inquiry: What are the proper limits of the liberty of Catholics in matters of science?

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* *Dublin Review*, January, 1888, p. 189.

† Cf. *Dublin Review*, October, 1887, pp. 401–19, and January, 1888, pp. 188–9. *The Lyceum*, Dublin, September, 1887, pp. 1–5, and November, 1887, pp. 69–71.

‡ Cf. *The Forum*, New York, March, 1887, p. 10.

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I.

A Catholic scientist must always bear in mind that no fact of science can ever really contradict any truth of divine revelation. God, being the Author of both nature and revelation, cannot teach contradictory propositions. Hence scientific truths can never be contrary to truths of revelation, but they may, and generally are, outside of the domain of divinely revealed doctrines. Intelligent Catholics of all ages were well aware that God never intended to teach mankind all possible knowledge by his supernatural revelation, but that he has left to human investigation the vast realm of the visible universe. Hence the church has always respected scientific liberty within its proper sphere, and never considered it her mission to interfere in purely scientific questions. Whenever she has officially taken notice of scientific discussions, it was only when, and so far as, these seemed to intrude on her doctrines, a domain which every Catholic scientist is bound to respect. On this point Pius IX.* has declared that all Catholic teachers and writers are obliged to firmly hold not only what has been defined by express decrees of general councils or of Roman pontiffs, but also those things "which are taught as divinely revealed by the ordinary *magisterium* of the entire church scattered over the globe, and therefore held by Catholic theologians with universal and constant consent to belong to faith."

II.

Now, just hereby, some may think, the scientific liberty of Catholics is cramped, for how can a Catholic scientist impartially investigate and decide on scientific views which some respectable Catholic theologians may denounce as incompatible with Catholic doctrine? No doubt in such cases Catholic scientists ought to have a proper regard for the opinion of the theologians and proceed cautiously before declaring such views settled facts of science. But this will not prevent them from treating the same, so long as no unquestionable final results are attained, as mere hypotheses or provisional assumptions, in accordance with which various facts can be explained. Catholic scientists have all desirable liberty to search for facts supporting such hypotheses, to compare and classify such facts, and to draw such generalizations or conclusions from them as they may undoubtedly imply. By doing so, Catholic scientists may gradually either find out that the respective hypotheses are untenable—that is, conflicting with facts ascertained with certainty—or they may establish the truth of such hypotheses so firmly that no theologian of any consequence will care to call the same any more in question.

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* In the Apostolic Letter to the Archbishop of Munich, Freisingen, December 21, 1863.

A simple illustration of how Catholic scientists may consistently go on within the proper sphere of their investigations, in spite of theological opinions to the contrary, is afforded us by Columbus.* When he broached his intention of seeking a new world beyond the wide Atlantic, "he was in danger of being convicted not merely of error, but of heterodoxy," for believing in the possibility of antipodes. He "was assailed with citations from the Bible and the Testament: the book of Genesis, the Psalms of David, the prophets, the epistles, and the gospels. To these were added the expositions of various saints and reverend commentators: St. Chrysostom and St. Augustine, St. Jerome and St. Gregory, St. Basil and St. Ambrose, and Lactantius Firmianus." Without questioning the authority of the Bible and the Fathers, within their proper spheres, Columbus made the necessary preparations for the voyage, and discovered America. After this, theologians generally were no longer inclined to dispute the existence of inhabitable land on the other side of the ocean.

There is nothing on the part of the church to prevent Catholic scientists generally from following this example of Columbus. If, instead of raising theological quarrels, they will remain within the proper spheres of their investigations, they will be in no danger of ever getting into collision with the ecclesiastical authorities. In a letter on a meeting of Catholic scientists, addressed to Mgr. Mauritius d'Hulst, May 20, 1887, His Holiness Leo XIII. especially inculcated that in matters concerning theology every scientist should act as a naturalist, or historian, or mathematician, or critic, and never assume the character of a theologian (" . . . in rebus ipsis quæ habeant cum intima Theologia cognationem, sic unusquisque agat physicum, sic historicum, vel mathematicum, vel criticum, ut numquam sibi sumat eam quæ propria est theologi personam "). If this advice were generally followed, there would be no occasion for controversies between Catholic scientists and Catholic theologians. Had Galilei quietly pursued such a course, instead of arousing bitter theological disputes by his indiscreet zeal,* the ecclesiastical authorities at Rome would undoubtedly not have meddled with his scientific investigations. How far Rome was from intending to interfere with reasonable scientific liberty even in Galilei's case, is plainly shown by the fact—which is generally overlooked—that the Copernican system was then only forbidden to be taught as an established theory, but not as a hypothesis to account for some then known astronomical facts. Hence also the correction of the works of Copernicus, which was officially ordered, March 15, 1616, merely consisted in changing the sentences which taught the Copernican system as an established doctrine into sentences proposing the same as a hypothesis. Had Galilei quietly started from this hypothetical assumption, had he gradually removed the objections which were advanced against it at the time even by prominent scientists, and had he finally proved conclusively the truth of the system, the theologians would, no doubt, have gradually ceased to combat it. If Catholic scientists would always pursue the line of conduct indicated by Leo XIII., in the above-mentioned letter to Mgr. D'Hulst, they would certainly avoid raising useless and often harmful controversies with theologians.

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* See Washington Irving: *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, vol. i. chap. iii.

III.

But, on the other hand, theologians ought to be very circumspect before denouncing any widely held or respectably held scientific view as heretical, or inconsistent with Catholic doctrine. It is not the part of theology to instruct mankind on matters of natural science. Even the authority of the Fathers, the venerable ancient teachers of the church, as an eminent modern theologian† truly observes, "extends only to matters of faith and morals, and truths essentially connected with them. Consequently, purely scientific views of the Fathers have no greater weight than the scientific principles on which they rest. . . . For sufficient reasons we may deviate from them, no matter how unanimously they may have been held by the Fathers." What we are obliged to hold *fidei divinæ actu* is, as Pius IX. has declared,‡ that which has been defined by the general councils and the Roman pontiffs, and which is taught by the ordinary teaching authority of the entire church (ordinario totius Ecclesiæ per orbem dispersæ magisterio) as being divinely revealed ; and which is *therefore* with universal and constant consent taught by Catholic theologians to belong to faith ("*ideoque* universali et constanti consensu a Catholicis theologis ad fidem pertinere retinentur"). The "therefore"—"ideoque"—it seems, has often been overlooked by some theologians. It is to be remembered that infallibility has been promised to the ordinary teaching authority of the church, the bishops united with the successor of St. Peter, and to the latter alone if speaking *ex cathedra,* but not to the theologians as a class of learned divines, no matter how eminent they may personally be, or how unanimous on any particular point. Their unanimous consent on any point will only then be a guarantee that the respective doctrine is to be held as divinely revealed, if this consent is founded on the infallible authority of the ordinary *magisterium* of the church.

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* See Dr. Joseph Aschbach : *Allgemeines Kirchen-Lexicon*, *sub* Galilei.

† Dr. J. B. Heinrich : *Dogmatische Theologie*, Mainz, 1873, vol. i. p. 810.

‡ Litteræ "Tuas libenter," addressed to the Archbishop of Munich, Freisingen, Dec. 21, 1863.

Now, as to the great scientific questions which have been raised in recent times, there is no reason for assuming that the ordinary *magisterium* of the church has ever given them any serious attention. And inasmuch as such views as that the sun moves around the earth were superseded by the progress of scientific discovery, so we may expect the same with regard to other views. That the world was created in six ordinary days, that the deluge at the time of Noe covered the entire earth, are not doctrines of the church, but merely opinions. Such views can be and have been given up in consequence of indisputable proofs establishing their contradictories. Perhaps some other views at present widely held among theologians and educated men generally will gradually be given up, and that even before this century closes. But this does not affect the infallible teaching authority of the church, nor any one of her dogmas of faith, but only some theological *views* and *opinions* which have been built up on more or less unsafe foundations.

IV.

From all this we see that Catholics do enjoy all reasonable scientific liberty which may be desired, and that all talk of the church being an obstacle to the progress of modern science is without foundation. Of course the ecclesiastical authorities do not favor useless, and often even harmful, controversies between Catholic theologians and Catholic scientists. Yet this does not impede the progress of true science, but only tends to make the representatives both of theology and of science work within their proper spheres with greater circumspection. True, solid science can only gain thereby, and mankind will be afflicted with fewer wild and false theories.

In order to work harmoniously together for the best interests of both science and religion, our theological and scientific writers ought to be capable of viewing all sides of the religio-scientific questions which they intend to discuss. This they are unable to do if they are "mere specialists, entirely deficient in that general cultivation which alone enables a man to see his own subject in true perspective and proportion, and to teach that subject in the most effective way." Hence Catholic scientists ought to be well informed on all points of theology, with which their own peculiar lines of investigation are likely to come in contact; nor is this so difficult a matter as one would suppose. But, on the other hand, every theologian who intends to publicly pass a judgment on any scientific view, ought to be fully acquainted with the real or apparent foundations of such view and its exact bearing on Catholic doctrine.

If anywhere, it is in our United States that the representatives of religion ought to be abreast of the age, if not in advance of it in scientific matters. For in all our public universities and higher schools the various branches of modern science and the latest scientific theories or views are carefully taught. Hence, too, the wisdom of establishing the Catholic University of Washington, in which our brightest minds will be fully equipped with both scientific and religious learning. Hence the Fathers of the last Plenary Council of Baltimore have wisely decreed (No. 149 and 167) that the study of the various branches of natural science shall for the future be carefully cultivated in our ecclesiastical seminaries. They have thereby effectually proved that the Catholic Church is neither hostile nor indifferent to the progress of modern scientific truths.

JOHN GMEINER.

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WILLIAM O'BRIEN, M.P.

It is a fortunate thing for a nation, and especially for a nation whose national temperament is so artistically impressionable as the Irish, when its leaders are heroic leaders, set apart from other men by qualities loftier and stronger than fall to the lot of common humanity. This heroic quality was to be expected, perhaps, in the men who have led all Irish national movements before the present one, movements which often partook of the character of a gallant forlorn hope, calling for special qualities of devotion, self-sacrifice, and heroic enthusiasm in its adherents, but that the movement of to-day, born with the elements of success in its practicality, should be led by men not less in heroic qualities than their predecessors, is, I think, a matter for comment and congratulation. The Parnellite movement has none of the glamour and glitter of a military revolution, but no heaven-sent soldier of them all makes a more impressive figure than that consummate statesman, Mr. Parnell, cool and keen, with his genius for silence or speech—oftener silence—his gift for opportunities, a sphinx to his enemies, a great mind, not always to be read, but always to be trusted, to his friends and his followers. Not Dante eating his bitter bread at Can Grande's table was a stranger or more distinguished figure than is John Dillon in his prison-cell to-day, gloomy as Dante's self, weighed upon by that sense of responsibility for the race which burdens here and there the shoulders of an exceptionally gifted nature, almost repellent in the coldness of the clear face and deep eyes, which look at one but to look away; in those windows of the soul one finds but little trace of the common humanity; there is almost anguish in their solemnity, while there is also exaltation—the rapt and distant look of one who sees not Thabor but Gethsemani. More lovable than either in his warm humanity is William O'Brien, a tall man with shoulders slightly bowed from delicacy, or from much bending over a desk; with a long, colorless, worn face, which is no mask to hide the fervent nature; deep-set, short-sighted eyes needing strong glasses to eke them out—eyes which have more crow's-feet about them than belong properly to the man's thirty-six years; a low but ample forehead with the fair, brown hair pushed away from it, with ideality and imagination large above the temples, heavy brows, and a large, slightly hooked nose—these, with a somewhat ragged beard and an eloquent and kindly mouth, make the facial characteristics of the man who is to-day the best-loved man of the Irish people. But no mere cataloguing of looks and features can give any idea of the genial manner, helped out by the richest of Irish brogues; a chance meeting with him leaves one with the sense of some new pleasantness come into one's day—that is, if one is fortunate enough to be a friend; he has other sides to his nature, and can be also the terrible enemy, or the keen man of business, as the occasion requires.

Mr. O'Brien was born at Mallow on October 2, 1852. The American who joins his transatlantic steamer at Queenstown will have a charming glimpse from Mallow station of the town, lying in its valley of the Blackwater—sleepy enough, as I saw it; a very Sleepy Hollow—and looking little like the mother-town of so fiery a son. It is cool amid its green trees, with around it the softly-swelling, gray-blue hills, and its green valley checkered in lines of silver, with many a rivulet flowing down from the higher lands. He was born of a patriot stock, and alas! a stock bearing in its veins the fatal germ of consumption. In his childhood the house was full of merry boys and girls; at the beginning of his political career no one was left to watch with and hope for him but his mother, and even she stricken with blindness; she was not long spared, and now no mortal could stand more lonelily alone than this young leader, beloved of millions. He was never robust, though God gave his angels guard over him because he was destined for great things in the future of this faithful land. At school—Cloyne Diocesan College—he left leaping and hurling to his brothers, while he carried off the intellectual honors of the school. In '67, the year of the Fenian rising, his elder brother was out with Captain Mackey, one of the most daring of the Fenian leaders, taking part in wild raids on police-barracks, and coming unscathed through danger only to be arrested and imprisoned after the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. This was the first blow to the hitherto happy and prosperous family. Afterwards there is an almost unbroken record of disaster and death. The father's death was followed rapidly by the deaths of two brothers and a sister—the three lay dying at the one time—and when the house was well-nigh empty and desolate it fell to the lot of the lad yet in his teens to provide for those still left. A sketch of Captain Mackey, contributed to the Cork *Daily Herald*, was the means of securing for him a position on that paper, where he remained till 1876. Then he came to Dublin with his mother, and joined the reporting staff of the

Freeman's Journal, doing the ordinary short-hand work of a reporter. The late Mr. E. Dwyer Gray, with that fine quality of discrimination and selection which marked him, was quick to appreciate the new-comer, and at a time when William O'Brien's health, always precarious, had ebbed to a very low point indeed, he in all probability saved his life by sending him to Egypt for some time, perhaps the greatest among the great services rendered by this most brilliant of editors to his country. Here in his new leisure the young journalist had time to pen those charming letters from Egypt which, appearing in the *Freeman*, first drew attention to a style picturesque, fervid, and full of color and life, with an incisiveness as of the journalist, but with an added literary quality distinct and distinguished, which not all the rush of newspaper and political life has been able to kill out of his work. He returned from the East greatly better in health. Soon after came those letters from the distressed districts of Ireland which in 1879 startled the people in Ireland, alike classes and masses, as it were from a slumber. Scarcely ever before were there such newspaper letters, unless it might be those of another Irishman, Dr. W. H. Russell, from the Crimea—impassioned, appealing, denunciatory, heart-breaking; it was as if the Prophet Ezechiel had suddenly appeared among the hardened and the light living, with the very inspired words of warning and terror on his lips. Soon there were two relief funds in full working order, the amiable Duchess of Marlborough at Dublin Castle receiving and bestowing generous alms, as well as the representatives of the people at the Dublin Mansion House. But the distress of those bitter years was the beginning of the end. The stars in their courses were fighting against a system of landlordism which rendered imperative occasional famines. The time had come when rent so long paid to the last farthing—at what cost only Heaven knows—could no longer be paid. Then the English House of Commons brought in a poor and grudging relief bill, passed it, to see it haughtily rejected by the unteachable and unforgetting House of Lords. It was time for the few strong men here to act. In the autumn of that last of three years of lean kine, 1879, the Land League was founded—how and where the history of to-day and yesterday records. We hear nothing of Mr. O'Brien at its inception, but when the day of persecution came he was quick to offer his services, to be used as the leaders should see fit. However, his frail health made those leaders pitiful; they hesitated to place him in any post of danger, seeing too clearly that in all probability it would be to him a post of death; so for a few months longer he remained hidden. The fight with Mr. Forster waxed fast and furious. In 1881, in the summer of the year, it was resolved to found a newspaper as the organ of the new revolution. Mr. O'Brien's services were again ready, and he was appointed editor of *United Ireland.* What a terrible and effectual weapon it proved in his hands we know; the unknown young journalist sprang at once into notoriety, and the very day after Mr. Parnell's arrest the newest and ablest of his lieutenants followed him to Kilmainham Jail.

Now comes one of the saddest episodes of William O'Brien's life. His mother, long weak and ailing, helpless in her blindness, was stricken with mortal illness when the last of her boys was taken from her, to an imprisonment fatally unsuited to his delicate health. She was removed to the Hospice for the Dying, that loveliest of charities which the Irish Sisters of Charity have in their tender keeping, at their spacious old house at Harold's Cross, in the outskirts of Dublin. Here her son, in charge of his jailers, was permitted to visit her once or twice; here he came, a free man at last, to her death-bed.

If you would know William O'Brien under an altogether new aspect, you must see the sweet-faced English nun in whose arms his mother died, and hear her speak of him. Upon her some of that mother's tenderness must have descended. Here for her counsel, and her blessing, and her prayers comes this terrible revolutionist on the eve of any great event in his eventful life, be it Mitchellstown, be it Canada, be it Tullamore. Perhaps he could not so well have taken in his hands his life, his fortunes, his stainless honor—yes, and the reputation of the cause he would die for—and gone down into death and danger almost into the bottomless pit, if it were not for the presence upon earth of this visible angel-guardian. What she will say of him is too sacred to be repeated, but she will give one a glimpse of the passionate fervor and devotion—one had almost said saintliness—which mark him out pre-eminently as a Christian soldier, which makes one realize what a detestable insolence and mockery that was which at his Belfast trial four years ago questioned his faith, by way of discrediting him with the unco guid Northern Orangeman. One thinks of him as wending his way up the stately old avenue, blooming with chestnut boughs, of Our Lady's Hospice. It is such a preparation as the knights of old made, with fasting and vigil, before enrolling themselves under the banner of God. No great Church of the Templars or the Knights of St. John could be holier than this ante-chamber of heaven, where those are waiting for whom the curtain shall in a moment, sooner or later, be withdrawn by angel hands, from the circle of whom every minute one arises, and, with a smile backward, passes the portal into the Presence. And who shall say that the less picturesque knights of to-day, fighting God's battles and the battles of his poor, with a knightliness continued through ages, are less in his sight than those splendid knights of old? I have shrunk myself from the sadness of seeing the wards of the Hospice, though I have been told there is no sadness, rather heavenly joy; but I know the gray, stately old house, with its large windows, through which the wide sky and the waving of green boughs may come to dying eyes. I know the lovely chapel full of light and color, pure as a large lily, where in peace rests for a while the mortal shell from which the bird has flown before being laid reverently in holy earth. It is a lovely place to come to for peace and comfort and counsel.

Mr. O'Brien has held his editorship since 1881, and has impressed his spirit strongly upon the paper. Its history was for some years a history of persecution, over the details of which one need not linger; they are too well known. For long it fought desperately, with the strength and courage of desperation, and with desperate weapons; but turning the files of it one can pick out its editor's work by its nobility, its loftiness, even when it is violent. He is an underpaid editor by his own will, refusing to accept any but the barest stipend for his splendid services; this is but a single instance of his selflessness. During what Mr. T. M. Healy has called "Lord Spencer's three-years' agony in Ireland," Mr. O'Brien waged with him an unrelenting duel. To-day, when the Red Earl, with unexampled splendor of generosity, is Mr. Gladstone's right-hand man in the struggle for Home Rule, O'Brien's not less generous heart must be sorely wrung by the remembrance; only one feels the more detestation for the hideous system which made two such men foes, two as brave and as generous as were that Godfrey who fought for the Holy Sepulchre and the great Saladin. Not that there need remain any bitterness. Again and again, in his place in Parliament and on the public platform, and to-day, when his comrades are engaged in wresting from the grave and the prison the secret of brave John Mandeville's death, Mr. O'Brien has made his recantation. During those years of his editorship *United Ireland* and its editor have faced many perils: in Mr. Forster's strong régime of 1881, when the paper was suppressed after a gallant struggle, its entire staff being either imprisoned or obliged to fly the country; again, in Earl Spencer's "White Terror" of the three years following Lord Frederick Cavendish's murder, when prosecution followed prosecution; even within the present Tory régime, when a *coup d'état* was planned and all but executed, being stopped at the last moment by a newly cropped-up, legal difficulty. The files of the paper for those years are very interesting; it is a lurid page of Irish history, and it could have found no fitter chronicler than O'Brien. The story is told in tense, nervous, brilliant English which flashes before one vividly the days of the Terror. Nor is he always at fever heat. The kindly and affectionate nature of the man is revealed here and there when he deals with his friends and colleagues; the narrative grows silken, soft, and tender when he touches upon Mr. Parnell, a great and chivalrous love of whom seems to be in many ways the guiding passion of O'Brien's life. I recall a description of his some years ago—I wish I could put my hand upon it—of a visit paid to the Irish leader's shooting-lodge in the Wicklow Mountains. That was a glimpse worth having of two little-understood men. Mr. Parnell was no longer the sphinx, immobile and mysterious; he was the grave, strong, repressed man, with strong passions and strong emotions—ay, and kindly ones, below his calm. One heard how as a child he had drunk in greedily the shameful and horrible story of the abominable cruelties and wrongs of '98—a story which had bitten itself into the soft tablet of the child's mind, to grow deeper and more ineffaceable as the child grew to manhood, with a resolve to do all within him to free his Ireland from the rule which made such things possible. One saw clearly, too, little disguised, the love of the writer for his subject, a love as tender and admiring as the love of Oliver for Roland.

Yet another side of Mr. O'Brien the writer is as he appears in his lectures, where he can be all things by turns. Within the last couple of years he has made three notable appearances on the lecture platform, each time in aid of a charity or some other public object. For the Cork Young Ireland Society he took as his subject a stirring one: "The Irish National Idea"; for the Sacred Heart House, a Dublin charity instituted to fight the old evil system of proselytism, he lectured to a huge audience on "The Lost Opportunities of the Irish Gentry"; last month the Leinster Hall was filled to overflowing to hear his lecture on the Press, in aid of that society of his brother pressmen of which he is president. Nothing in his career is a more interesting fact than the way in which those lectures were attended by a class in all political matters bitterly opposed to him. That their eloquence bore inquiry, almost conviction. into many of those hitherto unquestioning minds one cannot doubt. I have in my mind one convert of his, an artist singularly gifted and a member of a family nearly every one of whom is distinguished, who was swept away altogether out of life-long prejudices and class pride by the torrent of his fiery eloquence. One cannot but feel in reading after him that while journalism has gained a brilliant member in him, literature has lost. For a quiet and contemplative bookish life would have mellowed this fiery genius into a great and restrained power. Here is an extract from his "Irish National Idea," the rush and fervor of which took strong men off their feet:

"The Irish cause has all the passionate romance and glamour of love: it is invested with some of the sanctity of religion. No knight of chivalry ever panted for the applause of his lady with a prouder love-light in his eyes than the flashing glance with which men have welcomed their death-wound, to the fierce music of battle for Ireland. The dungeons in which unnumbered Irishmen have grown gaunt and gray with torment are illumined by a faith only less absorbing than the ethereal light of the cloister, and by visions only less entrancing. The passion of Irish patriotism is blent with whatever is ennobling and divine in our being, with all that is tenderest in our associations. It is the whispered poetry of our cradles. It is the song that is sung by every brook that goes by us, for every brook has been in its day red with the blood of heroes. It is the strange voice we hear from every grave-yard where our fathers are sleeping, for every Irish grave-yard contains the bones of saints and martyrs. When the framers of the penal laws denied us books, and drew the thick black veil over Irish history, they forgot the ruins themselves had made. They might give our flesh to the sword and our fields to the spoiler, but before they could blot out the traces of their sin, or deface the title-deeds of our heritage, they would have had to uproot to their last scrap of sculptured filigree the majestic shrines in which the old race worshipped; they would have had to demolish to their last stone the castles which lay like wounded giants to mark where the fight had been the sorest; they would have had to level the pillar-towers and seal up the sources of the holy wells; and even then they would not have stilled the voices of Ireland's past, for in a country where every green hill-side has been a battle-field the very ghosts would rise as witnesses through the penal darkness, and the voices of the night-winds would come, laden with the memories of wrongs unavenged, of a strife unfinished, and of a hope which only brightened in suffering, and which no human weapon could subdue. When it was transportation to learn the alphabet, when Irishmen were rung outside the gates of Irish cities like lepers at sundown, by the evening bell, one little treason-song, "The Blackbird," sung low round the winter fireside, had more influence in keeping alive the spirit of Irish nationality than all the enactments of the diabolic penal code could counteract. What the star that shone over Bethlehem was to the Eastern Kings, what the vision of the Holy Grail was to the Knights of the Round Table, what the Holy Sepulchre was to the dying eyes of the Crusaders fainting in the parched Syrian desert, that to the children of the Irish race is the tradition that there has been, and the faith that there will be, a golden-hearted Irish nation, a land of song, and wit, and learning, and holiness, and all the fair flowering of the human mind and soul."

This is his confession of faith, chanted in the almost over-passionate oratory of the poet and the Celt: yet the confession and profession of faith of a people old-fashioned in their strange sentimental patriotism which keeps no march with the times, which Time cannot wither or distance destroy. Is it again the fascination of the hills—"the fair hills of holy Ireland"—which are blue and gray and rosy in lines across the land? No flat country has power so to fascinate the hearts and souls of her children; the strange charm is all-powerful to the Swiss, the Welchman, the Highlander, to the dweller in Wicklow hills, or Donegal mountains, or in the massive and rugged Galtees. For the air of the hills is as free as the eagle sailing above them in the blue. I have said Mr. O'Brien is not always at fever-heat. He has a fine and delicate quality of humor which is a relief to the tense qualities which mark the man and his work.

The note of passion is, perhaps, the most marked thing in Mr. O'Brien's oratory, written or spoken. At a time when Irish peasants were being tried for their lives by hostile judges and hostile jurors, the very language of whom was a sealed book to the unhappy accused, it needed no sympathy with crime to awaken in the heart of the bystander a very agony of pity for them who were as helpless in the toils of the accusers as any dumb animal might be. I was present at one such trial. The prisoners had the joyless, gray-colored faces of the West of Ireland peasantry, as unlike the Irish Thug of the English comic prints as they were unlike the rollicking Irishman of the music-halls: a certain Spanish regularity of feature one or two of them had. The crime was altogether abominable, but the criminals—if these were the criminals—had their case prejudged; it was a heartrending thing to see them look from face to face as if they would read there their fate—only one or two could speak a word of English; the police-interpreter even, who told them their sentence, was moved to tears, and then man after man flung his arms in the air cross-wise, pouring out in their strange, fierce, western tongue their denials and their appeals to a higher power. Dublin was a shambles in those days. And if it all weighed heavily on the mind and heart of the most ordinarily humane person, think what it must have been to O'Brien! Man after man on the scaffold cried aloud before the face of God his innocence: in a time of war, and that was a time of war, there may sometimes be a mistake between innocent and guilty. O'Brien could not save them, but with all the strength that was in him he cried aloud his horror. For one such article, which I quote, he was prosecuted. He called it "Accusing Spirits."

"I am going before my God. I am as innocent as the child in the cradle."—*Myles Joyce on the gallows, December* 15, 1882.

"On my oath, I never fired a shot at John Huddy, nor Joseph Huddy, nor any other man since the day I was born. Kerrigan and his family have sworn falsely."—*Thomas Higgins on being sentenced, December* 16.

"I solemnly swear that I am as innocent of that deed as any man that ever drew breath."—*Michael Flynn on being sentenced, December* 20.

"Of the fact that, since his condemnation and previous to Saturday last, he declared that he was innocent of the murder, there is not the slightest doubt."—"*Freeman" report of Francis Hynes' execution.*

"Two of these men spoke from the very gallows, with the noose round their necks. They were unquestioning Catholics. The world's opinion was to them a feather's-weight. The rustle of the unseen was falling mysteriously on their ears. There was an old-fashioned maxim of the books: 'Better ninety-nine guilty ones should escape than that one innocent man should suffer.' The theory of the manipulator of the Crimes Act seems to be that somebody must be hanged—the right person, if possible; but at all events somebody. Mistakes will occur; but out of any given half-dozen victims, though there may be one or two who do not deserve hanging, there will be almost certainly one or two who do. Better, in any case, that a garrulous peasant should be kicked into eternity by Mr. Marwood than that the detective police should acknowledge itself baffled, and cream-faced loyalists go about in terror of their lives. It is impossible to study the trials and scaffold scenes of the last few months without putting this horrible construction upon them. If Hynes, or Walsh, or Joyce, or Higgins had had the fair trial by their peers which has been the proud privilege of the meanest churl in England since the day of Runnymede, their dying protestations need not have troubled the rest of the public. We desire to avoid exaggerated language, for we recognize the gravity of the subject and of our responsibility, but our attachment to the elementary principles of justice impels us deliberately to say that, both as to the tribunal and the evidence, the proceedings against these men bear an indelible taint of foul play. Upon their trial the ordinary detective machinery, vigilance, resource, and ingenuity to discover scraps of evidence, and the intelligence to piece them together, counted for little. Packed juries and bribed witnesses were the all-sufficient implements of justice. Anybody can govern with a state of siege, or win with loaded dice, or hang with unobstructed hanging machinery. When the art of trying a man consists in picking out of the panel his twelve worst enemies, and the production of evidence means chiefly the getting at the worst side of the veriest villain in the community, and humbly consulting his prepossessions as to the reward, and the little precautions necessary to make the bed of the informer a bed of velvet, verdicts of 'guilty' and hangings may be had in any desired quantity—but if this is moral government in the Victorian age why cut Strafford's head off for tampering with Irish juries, or strike King James' crown away for influencing English ones, or hold Torquemada accursed for doing with hot pincers what the great and good Earl Spencer does with bags of gold? What is worse about the White Terror set up in Green Street is the ghastly pretence that it is all done to save the sacred right of trial by jury in Ireland; that it is necessary to pack juries that we may have juries at all; that it is better to convict upon paid swearing than to adopt drum-head ideas of evidence. Out upon the imposture! If the trials of the last few months are trials by jury such as Englishmen bled to maintain, we solemnly declare that the sooner we have the tribunal of the three judges, or the rough-and-ready justice of the court-martials, the better for public decency, and for the accused themselves. An Alexandria telegram of last Friday tells us that "nearly five hundred prisoners have been discharged for want of evidence." In Alexandria they have the advantage of martial law. We wonder if these five hundred had been tried by packed juries of Levantine shopkeepers, with sums of five hundred pounds dangling before every needy wretch who could coin obliging evidence, how many of the five hundred would have escaped the rope and boot of the Egyptian Marwood? Again we say, the dying declarations prefixed to this article may be all false, but they may be also, some of them, or all of them, true; and the scandal—a scandal which would throw England into a blaze if the victims were Sydneys or Russells, and not mere Gaelic-speaking mountaineers—is that there is nothing in the mode of trial to satisfy the public conscience that murder may not have been avenged by murder."

Strange, bitter, terrible writing, as terrible in its deadly earnest as was ever Swift's in its fiercest jesting.

I have not touched at all upon the later events of Mr. O'Brien's eventful life, for he is in the very forefront of Irish history of to-day, which also is English history. Canada, Mitchellstown, Tullamore—none of all these need I chronicle. But through all dangers his life has been preserved. From that quixotic raid into Canada, which only a man like him—un-nineteenth-century, every inch of him—could have conceived or executed, he returned safe from Orange bullets, as later he was to emerge from Tullamore, weakened indeed in health but with his life safe, though splendidly physiqued John Mandeville is in his grave to-day. Nothing can be stranger than the way in which the feeble life in him, which in "piping times of peace" flickered like a wasted candle which the next wind's breath blows out, has become comparatively strong and steady; a strange thing in an eight years' space of fighting and persecution, of terrible anxiety and of bodily danger, of wearing excitement and incessant work, yet a true thing. May not we Irish believe fondly, as I have said, that God has given his angels charge over him, because he has done great things, because he is reserved for great things in the cause of the faithful Irish?

KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE RIVER OF REST.

To live for ever on the earth—alas!
  How sad it were, while time flows ceaseless on,
And all things else around us change and pass,
  And everything is new beneath the sun!

Behold, how soon our hopes come to their flower,
  And we have plucked the best that earth can give—
Ambition, pleasure, riches, honor, power;
  We outlive all, what little time we live.

Oh! not to linger when the battle 's done,
  When all the harvest 's gathered in, is best.
Come, grateful slumber, with the sinking sun!
  Come, blessèd Lethe, heavenward-flowing rest!

JAMES BUCKHAM.

PHYSIOLOGY OF THE SEA.

THE sea, which covers almost three-quarters of the globe, was until within a few years an unexplored region. We were ignorant of its geography and of the animals that live in it. We thought that below a certain depth there must be utter darkness. And what living thing could exist a mile from the surface, where it would have to bear the enormous pressure of nearly a ton to the square inch? But now we know that there is no zero of animal life in the ocean, even at a depth of five miles and a quarter. Nor is light entirely wanting at such a long distance from the sunshine, and animals do live even when they support a pressure of several tons to the square inch; and they die only when the pressure is removed and they are brought to the surface.

The first who devoted himself to the study of marine zoölogy was the late Professor Edward Forbes, of England. This brilliant naturalist maintained that animal life ceased at the comparatively shallow depth of eighteen hundred feet. But Forbes' deep-sea work did not extend beyond the Mediterranean, and his views were soon proved to be incorrect by the French scientists on the *Travailleur*. Our own government has taken a prominent part in solving the problems relating to the sea. As far back as 1846 the United States Coast Survey, under Professor Bache, threw not a little light on its physical geography, while Professor Baird, of the United States Fish Commission, added a great deal to our knowledge of the deep-sea fauna. In 1851–1852 Lieutenant Lee of our navy, and in 1853 Lieutenant Berryman—in the same brig, the *Dolphin*—made the first surveys of the deep Atlantic. In 1854 Midshipman Brooke, U.S.N., invented the first instrument for bringing up samples from the bottom. True, it brought up only a small quantity in a quill. But its fundamental principle, the detaching of the weight, has been retained in all succeeding instruments, which are simply modifications of his. There is no more fascinating book than Maury's *Physical Geography of the Sea*, while the very latest and most important contribution to the subject is Professor Alexander Agassiz's *Three Cruises of the United States Coast Survey Steamer Blake.*

The bed of the ocean would seem to be of great antiquity, and the animals living on the bottom must have been for numberless ages surrounded by the same conditions. During the earliest geological period the North American continent was probably shaped like a huge V, one arm of which lay mainly in British America, the other arm extended to Labrador. This ancient terrestrial fold was the nucleus of the present continent. But rising above the Palæozoic sea were several other elevated ridges, forming what are now the Alleghanies and Rocky Mountains; and it was upon the submarine plateau which extended between the narrow coast-lines of that epoch that were deposited the interesting animal remains which have been found in such abundance. We have likewise discovered many tracks and ripple marks, showing that land, at the time they were made, was not far off. In that distant age—the Silurian—there was probably a free equatorial current flowing round the globe, and Europe was an archipelago of islands.

Coming down to the Cretaceous or chalk age, we find that the shallow-water deposits of the Devonian, Carboniferous, Triassic, and Jurassic ages have joined many of the islands of Europe together. These deposits, too, have given Africa much the form it has to-day, save, perhaps, the channel through which still flowed the water of the Indian Ocean through Arabia into the Atlantic. There was likewise a wide strait parting the north of Asia from China and India, as well as an inland sea forming the Caspian and Black Seas into one. In the chalk age we also find America very much altered. A deep bay stretches from the Gulf of Mexico to the base of the Rocky Mountains. The Isthmus of Panama did not yet exist, but a number of islands have risen above the waters which covered what is now Central America, and the equatorial current has been greatly diminished. Coming down to the Tertiary epoch, we find the inland sea of western Asia greatly reduced in size. The Indian current no longer passes through the Mediterranean. South America, excepting the Pampas and the Gulf of the Amazon, looked about as it does to-day; while the coast of North America had almost got to its present outlines. Towards the close of the Tertiary age the gulf which at one time had reached as far as the Rocky Mountains and covered the peninsula of Florida had shrunk to its present dimensions, while the Gulf Stream, pent up between the submarine plateau of Yucatan and the then diminutive island of Cuba, had furrowed a channel in some places over a mile deep, bringing with it the deposits out of which the peninsulas of Yucatan and Florida were to be constructed.

In the opinion of Professor Alexander Agassiz (which is arrived at by estimating the wearing action of water) five millions of years is a safe estimate of the time which has elapsed since the beginning of the Tertiary age. It is interesting to know that of all the crinoids and trilobites which were so abundantly developed and which formed the most prominent shell-fish of the early Silurian seas, but which disappeared suddenly in the Carboniferous era, the only representative which has survived to the present time is the common horseshoe crab. The existence to-day of the very same species of shallow-water invertebrates and fishes on both sides of the Isthmus of Panama, as well as the fact that the animals of the Gulf of Mexico are much more nearly related to those of the Pacific than to those of the Atlantic, prove that the two oceans were separated at a comparatively recent epoch. At such distant points, too, as the Caribbean Sea and the Red Sea, the existence of identical fauna indicates the flow in a former age of an equatorial current which gradually swept these wanderers along the floor of the ocean. Soundings likewise indicate the former connection of the East Indian archipelago to Asia, as well as of Madagascar to Africa; while the fossil sponges found in the Jurassic beds of Bavaria and Switzerland, and which are common in the white chalk of England, speak of the time when Europe was largely under water.

Alexander Agassiz has divided the sea into three zones of depth—namely, the littoral, which begins at tide-water mark and ends at nine hundred feet; the continental, which extends to a depth of about one mile; and, lastly, the abyssal zone, which reaches to an unknown lower limit. But it is not likely that future explorations will obtain much deeper soundings than those already made in the Northwest Pacific off the coast of Japan, namely, five miles and a quarter. The average depth of the ocean is about three miles, which is more than twice as far below the shore-line as Mount Washington is above it, and the bottom temperature at this depth is very near the freezing-point of fresh water. In the Mediterranean, however, the temperature is higher, and only such deep-water species exist in this land-locked sea as can support a comparatively high temperature. In a former geological age the water of the Mediterranean must have been much colder, for we find in it fossil arctic forms identical with those found in the glacial deposits of Sweden.

A bird's-eye view of the bed of the Atlantic would show us the island of Porto Rico towering up to a great height like a mountain of the Himalayas; the Bermudas would appear like a gigantic but isolated alp, not quite so high, with several peaks; while the Azores would resemble the highest land of an extensive plateau, a thousand miles broad from east to west; and this belt of comparatively shallow water, which begins at Iceland and runs far to the southward, divides the North Atlantic into two valleys, an eastern and a western. The Gulf of Mexico, in this bird's-eye view, would take the appearance of a great depression more than two miles deep, bounded on the south by a ridge of sand extending from Yucatan to Key West, and with an opening leading to the Caribbean Sea, while the latter would assume the form of another depression not quite so deep. Here let us observe that the latest soundings made by the United States Coast Survey reveal the interesting fact that the Gulf of Mexico may be characterized as an almost tideless American Mediterranean. The slope of the continent runs for a long distance below the sea-level before it reaches the lowest point in the gulf, which, as we have said, is over two miles deep, while a curve of little more than six hundred feet below the surface stretches almost from Yucatan to the extremity of Florida. It is likewise interesting to find how many of the West India islands are separated by water very little more than three-quarters of a mile deep, and this comparatively shallow space would make Jamaica the northern end of a great promontory; while the same depth of three-quarters of a mile unites the string of islands from Martinique to the Orinoco River.

Of all the currents of the ocean none has been so closely studied, and none is of so much importance to climate, as the Gulf Stream. If it were to disappear—and only the Isthmus of Panama, twenty-seven and one-half miles broad at the narrowest part, keeps it in its track—the effect on Europe would be disastrous; an arctic temperature would follow. This benign stream is caused by the trade-winds, and the first chart of it was made by Benjamin Franklin, who learned of its existence from Nantucket whalemen.

The whole body of the Atlantic within the influence of the trade-winds may be said to be moving slowly westward, until at length having struck the coast of South America it is deflected to the north and into the Caribbean Sea, and thence into the Gulf of Mexico, where the pent-up current, rising more than three feet above the general level, forms a hill of water from which springs the Gulf Stream proper. The velocity of the stream off St. Augustine, Florida, is four miles an hour. But as it flows to the northward and eastward—assuming more and more the shape of a fan—its velocity decreases as its breadth increases, until off Newfoundland it is less than two miles an hour.

The great influence which its warm water has in carrying to a high latitude the fauna of a southern region was shown by the dredgings of the United States Fish Commission; many fish were brought up off the coast of New England that were characteristic of the West Indies. But if Franklin was the first to make known to the world the existence of the Gulf Stream, it should be said that the existence of a flow of warm surface-water from the equator toward the poles, and a compensating cold under-current returning to the equator, was maintained by Leonardo da Vinci.

Despite the fanciful pictures which some writers have drawn of the ocean bed, its desolation, at least in its deepest parts, must be extreme. Beyond the first mile it is a vast desert of slime and ooze, upon which is constantly dripping a rain of dead carcasses from the surface, which carcasses supply the nourishment for the scanty fauna inhabiting the abyssal region—in some places more than five miles from the sunshine; and the microscope reveals that the slimy matter covering this deepest ocean bed is very similar in composition to the ancient chalk of the Cretaceous period, while mixed with it here and there are minute metallic and magnetic bodies, which have been proved to be dust from meteorites. At long intervals a phosphorescent light gleams from the head of some passing fish which has strayed hither from a higher and happier zone. But it is not until we have mounted a good deal nearer the surface that the scene changes for the better. We now meet with forests of brilliantly colored sponges, while the phosphorescent animals swimming about are much more numerous; and the nearer we get to the littoral zone, more and more phosphorescent lights appear, till at length the scene becomes truly animated. When only twelve hundred feet separate us from the sunshine we come upon the first sea-weed and kelp (twelve hundred feet is the deepest limit of plant life in the water); but we must rise still another thousand feet and more, and get as near the top as one hundred and twenty feet, before we find any reef-building corals. As plants do not live in the deep sea, the deep-sea animals either prey on one another or get their food from dead organisms and plants which sink down to them. Thus Maury says: "The sea, like the snow-cloud with its flakes in a calm, is always letting fall upon its bed showers of microscopic shells." And experiment proves that a tiny shell would take about a week to fall from the surface to the deepest depths. Since sunlight does not penetrate much further than the littoral zone, there would be beyond this perpetual darkness except for phosphorescence. Many of the animals inhabiting the continental and abyssal zones have merely rudimentary eyes. But these blind creatures have very long feelers, which help them to grope their way along the bottom. Other deep-sea animals, on the contrary, have enormous eyes, and these very likely congregate around such of their number as are phosphorescent, and may perhaps follow the moving lamp-posts about wherever they go. And so bright is this light on many of the fish brought up by the dredge that during the brief space the animals survive it is not difficult to read by it.

The reason why fishes and mollusks living more than three miles under water are able to bear a pressure of several tons is that they have exceedingly loose tissues, which allow the water to flow through every interstice and thus to equalize the weight. When the pressure is removed they perish. In the *Challenger* expedition, sent out by the British government, all the sharks brought up from a depth of a little less than three-quarters of a mile were dead when they got to the surface.

In the abyssal zone nearly all the fauna belong to the class known as protozoa, the distinguishing character of which is that nourishment is absorbed through every part of their jelly-like bodies; and it is from their skeletons—some of silica, some of carbonate of lime—that the chalky mud is formed of which we have spoken. From this mud, in the early days of deep-sea study, Haeckel imagined he had derived his famous Monera—a creature presenting the phenomena of life, irritability and nutrition, without any trace of differentiation of organs. Huxley christened this marvellous being—which fitted in so well with Haeckel's godless theory of creation—"*Bathybius Haeckelii.*" But later researches have furnished overwhelming proof that Monera existed only in the German professor's imagination.

Most of the phosphorescent animals seem to prefer the littoral zone, often living near the surface, where they drift about as the wind and waves list. The "Phrosnima" has four eyes. With one pair it sees sideways and downwards, with the other pair, placed on its back, it sees upwards; and through some of these tiny creatures you may distinguish the eyes moving on the opposite side of their transparent heads. But if there are wanderers in the sea without any fixed abode, other animals apparently live and die on the spot where they were born. Many of the blind fish of the continental and abyssal zones have burrowing habits and live buried in the mud. Perhaps the most astonishing deep-sea fish discovered is the "Gastrostomus Bairdii," which gets its food by doing nothing except keep open its enormous mouth, into which the water and the food it contains pours. Its head alone protrudes above the ooze of the bottom; its fins are atrophied, and its power to move about is very small —if, indeed, it ever moves.

As deep-sea animals are seldom called on to make violent movements, they are softer and less muscular than their shallow-water allies—who feel the effects of storms, and who have more enemies to escape from—while their long, eel-like bodies and huge heads admirably fit them to burrow and root in the slime.

By an inexperienced eye some of the deep-sea fauna might be mistaken for plants. The stalked crinoids, or sea-lilies, who live in colonies and are chained to the bottom, where they sway to and fro but never quit their anchorage, are very plant-like animals. Their family may be traced back to the distant Jurassic age, and a fossil one has been found in South Germany whose stem was almost sixty feet long. Not a few of the deep-sea medusæ, or jelly-fish, wander to the surface. One, dredged up by the *Challenger* in the South Atlantic from a depth of two miles and a quarter, was remarkable for its many sense-segments and for a large muscle underneath the corona. Deep-sea worms are exceedingly numerous, and they make their home in tubes composed of their own secretions. Good specimens have been obtained at a depth of three miles and a half.

But perhaps no animals living in the sea are so interesting as the sponges, which are extremely ancient, and may be traced back even to the Silurian epoch. To quote the words of Professor Alexander Agassiz:

> "All our ordinary notions of individuality, of colonies, and of species are completely upset. It seems as if in the sponges we had a mass in which the different parts might be considered as organs capable in themselves of a certain amount of independence, yet subject to a general subordination, so that we are dealing neither with individuals nor colonies in the ordinary sense of the word."

Food is conveyed to the sponge in the constant stream of water which passes through all its flesh, while the sponge remains fastened to the bottom.

The color of the sea in some places is affected by plants. The Red Sea gets its name from a tiny sea-weed of a blood-red tint. The same weed was observed by Darwin on the west coast of South America, and Alexander Agassiz, during calm weather, saw it in the Gulf of Mexico.

In the middle of the southern portion of the North Atlantic is what is called the Sargasso Sea, which was the dread of old navigators, who, when the wind was light, could with great difficulty make their way through it. This floating prairie, composed of tough and tangled sea-weed, is about a thousand miles broad, and it, as well as the floating prairies found in the Pacific, are looked upon as the survivors of a vastly larger field of sea-weed which was swept round the globe by the equatorial current in a former geological age. In the Sargasso Sea is found that curious little fish—Antennarius—provided with uncommonly long fore-fins, which enable it to cling to the sea-weed, out of which it builds for its eggs a nest very like a bird's nest.

Before we close let us say a few words about dredging and sounding. At first rope was used. But a new era dawned for deep-sea study when, in 1872, Sir William Thomson invented a machine in which wire took the place of hemp. But he would hardly know his own invention with the great improvements made in it by Lieutenant-Commander Sigsbee, U.S.N. On the *Blake* steel wire, with Sigsbee's machine, was used for the deepest soundings; and the very moment the sinker touched bottom the wire ceased to run out and the dropping of the shot was detected on deck with unerring certainty.

The advantage of steel wire in dredging is the speed with which the dredge can be lowered and hoisted. On the *Challenger* expedition the best part of a day was spent in lifting the dredge from a depth somewhat less than two miles. On the *Blake* several hauls a day were made from a greater depth.

Although much has already been done in deep-sea work, there is still a vast field to be explored in the 140,000,000 of square miles which compose the water-hemisphere. If oceanic dredgings have not yet brought to light as many types of former geological epochs as we had expected, we may still not unreasonably hope that from the abyssal region—where conditions have remained the same for so many ages—an animal more curious than any we have yet discovered will one day be brought to the surface.

WILLIAM SETON.

A SUCCESSOR TO SCHEHEREZADE.

As long as the imaginative faculty continues to be a part of human nature Scheherezade will be a name to conjure with. No man who possesses this faculty ever leaves the delights of his childhood entirely behind him. Of these, those wondrous thousand-and-one tales of the *Arabian Nights* constitute so considerable a share that, when we have once formed a loyal devotion to the fascinating bride of Schariar, it lingers with us to the end—shared, perhaps, by other and later weavers of fairy lore. Such weavers are numerous enough, for fairy tales have not gone out of fashion; so far from it, indeed, that every year the holiday trade in books of this sort grows larger. New editions and new compilations of legends and tales and folk-lore are largely issued. That such literature will continue to fill an important place in the yearly list of new publications is highly desirable. What lover of the fairy race, the benevolent "little people," can help wishing that the Christmas day may never dawn when no happy youngster will find in his stocking a copy of the *Arabian Nights* or of Hans Andersen's *Tales*—those idyllic fairy stories that are veritable prose poems? Though Andersen has clothed his stories in all the graceful and finely-textured robes of prose poetry, it has remained for Mr. Frank Waters to prove that one of Scheherezade's successors can weave us a fairy tale from the golden threads of rhyme and rhythm.*

The *Water-Lily* is one of the rare flowers of poesy that have bloomed in that literary Sahara, Upper Canada. From the Lower Provinces we could cull a nosegay of such blossoms encrusted in smooth and classic French, like crystallized flowers from the age of the "Grand Monarque."

Whether or not it is to be regretted that anything so exquisite as this poetic fairy tale should have sprung from the midst of Canadian Philistinism, it is something to be grateful for that the Philistines have not been lacking in appreciation, during the few weeks that have ensued since its publication, of the merits of the poem. An enthusiastic recognition has been given it by the leading journals of the Dominion.

Scarcely fair is it to this new and gifted poet that his first published effort should be treated merely as a fairy tale. When connected with the first productions of modest young writers, titles should, like many other things, hardly be taken "*au pied de la lettre.*" Taking the author's word, however, in all literalness, considering his poem only as "an Oriental fairy tale," we find that the story is worthy to be a fluttering end of Scheherezade's mantle of fancy. It is tender and simple and sorrowful; an appeal to all hearts, childish or mature. What deeper chords the poem strikes, the author's own words, in the charming prose of his brief preface, can best tell: "The story hints to us not only of the strength and wonder of a mother's love, conquering all death and change, but also of that strange perversity in our nature which ever goads us on to yearn for that which is forbidden us; of the veiled destruction which so often awaits us, even as we lay our hand on the prohibited prize; of the vanity with which men or angels would oppose the rulings of the ineffable and all-wise Providence that sways through all; and of the solemn certainty—bitter or sweet, as we ourselves make it—that all is best as it stands ordered for us, and that, in over-stepping the bounds marked out for us, it may be but to fall over the brink of some blossom-hidden despair."

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* *The Water-Lily: An Oriental Fairy Tale.* By Frank Waters. Ottawa: J. Durie & Son.

The author's final excuse for his work is that his "little effort has been put forth as a feeble dam thrown adventurously out into the roaring torrent of evil—to abide or be swept away as it lodges on men's hearts or misses them and its object together."

Such a preface gives us high hope of the moral tone of the work, very scant hope of its poetical rank; for nowadays, though it is to be doubted if good poetry is any scarcer than it ever was, poets are divided into two classes—those with a purpose and those with a poem. Seldom do they encroach upon each other. Seldom, in recent poetry, are form and soul united. Giving always our high reverence to the master of Christian song, Aubrey de Vere, we have very few Catholic poets to be proud of. There are hardly any of them who can command the rippling flow of sound of even the least pretentious writers of *vers de société.* Most of these latter are satisfied with their page in the current magazines and their daintily bound volumes of collected verse. One of them, however, feeling his lack in one of those moments of discontent that even a writer of *vers de société* feels now and then, moans:

"Genius walked grand among us,
Her own to signify,
And, while I thrilled with yearning,
Smiled on me and passed by."

It is such a rare thing for a writer to realize that genius has passed him by that one is inclined to believe the realization a token of better poetry or less poetry for the future.

If Mr. Waters' future productions fulfil the promise of his first, we are justified in the belief that upon him also Genius has smiled and, lingering with him, has claimed him for her own. She has set her signet mark upon his poem. She has given him the true artist's dowry—keen senses, a just taste, and creative force. Thus the poem is perforce a beautiful one. If it be more than that, if it has fulfilled the purpose of all literature, the reading public must decide. "The purpose of all literature" is a phrase I use advisedly, keeping in mind the dictum of that sensible and burly old fellow, Dr. Johnson, that "a book should teach us either to enjoy life or endure it." That the *Water-Lily* does both, even that heterogeneous mass, the reading public, cannot deny. Of the nearly two thousand lines of the poem none is without its own special beauty. Here is his tribute to Nature:

"Nature is the go-between
Of a loving earth and heaven—
Unto her the sign is given,
And by her the token rendered:
And her service here is tendered,
That thy mind, attuned by her
To a mood the holier,
May through her be given to see
Part of that wide mystery
Of which she holds the master-key—
The Underneath, Around, Above,
The Heart of Man, the Heart of Love."

Has any one of the few Christian poets who realize that "Nature is the handmaid of God" more beautifully defined her attributes? That Mr. Waters' word-pictures are not lacking in the poet's perspective, suggestion, the following passage, taken at random from many such, proves:

"Far around the utmost rim
Of horizon, closing all,
Rose the summits dusk and dim
Of the distant mountain-wall;
Faint as half-forgotten dream
When the morning opes our eyes,
And we grope athwart the stream
Of our waking thought, to find

The ideal, dim surmise
Of some shadowy paradise
Lost 'mid the intricacies
Of our night-thoughts, vague and blind."

Wordsworth himself never painted the "floral sweets" more minutely or more exquisitely than the author of the *Water-Lily.* With a delicate line or two he shows us

"Where the feathery fern droops o'er,
Fluttering its lace-like plumes
(Broidered with the clinging spore),
In each zephyr trembling o'er,
Making pleasant lights and glooms."

In his picture,

"Purple hyacinths nodded slowly
Where the grass grew long and lush;
Poppies, drowsed with melancholy,
Bloomed into that dark-red flush
Which the opium-eater shows
When the sleepy nectar flows
Throbbingly through every vein
With a joy akin to pain."

With a few broad strokes he paints for us, in vivid flashes of color,

"Red geraniums, all aflame,
Scarlet as a maiden's shame,
With their burning fringes set
Round the taper minaret
Of the long receptacle,
Slender as a heron's bill."

He shows us

"From every stalk-held cup
Turban-tulips streaked with gold;
Maiden lilies, lifting up
Their silver chalice, chaste of mould;
Violets, roses, fold on fold,
To the atmosphere laid bare,
Till it swooned with sweetness there:—
From all there breathed a fragrance such
As the heavenly censers yield
Which the choral angels wield
When they bend before their King,
Adoring, and adoring sing."

Mr. Waters' deft wielding of the poet's tools of simile and metaphor is nowhere better displayed than when he speaks of the mountain stream, his entire description of which almost rivals Tennyson's famous "Brook," leaping from rock to rock "like a flying antelope"; or again, when he tell us,

> "It wound meandering down
> The verdant sloping of the vale,
> Like a silver scarf outblown
> On the fluttering of the gale."

In every sense of the term Mr. Waters' diction is pure. His imagery is never in the faintest degree sensuous. The wings of his fancy are never clipped by insidious earthly passion. He has a singular felicity of epithet which prompts him to picture the mother seeking her child "with quick, *fond* feet," and describes her anxious tones as

> "A silvery voice athwart the shadows,
> Like a dove wounded, fluttering fell."

He characterizes her first intimation of the loss of her child as

> "The feeling of a want unknown,
> Impalpable as are those swells
> Of fairy music zephyr-blown
> From the slim hyacinth's swinging bells."

Though dwelling at length upon the descriptive beauties of the poem, I have omitted touching upon the darker and deeper shadings of the picture—the forcible and majestic limning of the figure of the Wandering Angel; the weird power displayed in the account of the child's dream; the pathos of the blackbird's song, wherein the child's soul speaks to the mother's with such unerring though unintelligible keenness that the mother, oppressed ever after by an overmastering sadness and unrest, and ever after haunted by the song, dies while still seeking to fathom its mystery, "and in the Unknown found her child."

There is no task more thankless than to turn over the pages of a beautiful poem with an eye to brief quotation. One passage after another is marked, one's pencil poises irresolutely in the air, till, with a despairing shrug, one gives up the effort of discrimination. In regard to the *Water-Lily*, in truth the effort is almost needless, for the poem possesses one of the qualities that Poe thought requisite to a perfect poem—viz., it is not too long to be read through at one sitting. Though the claim of the *Water-Lily* be great or small to the epithet *perfect*, as abler critics shall decide, I fancy I may say with impunity that the busiest man or woman will not regret the hour or two of pleasant reading afforded by the poem. Its lessons are for daily life and all its needs; its cadences have the ease and naturalness of the music of a bird-song; "the silver mist of melancholy" (to quote from our new poet) enshrouding it will not trammel the cheerfulness of the reader, but give him an insight into those dreams of the saints and the poets that are so high above, so far removed from, the commonplace interpretations of life which we call realities.

In saying this of the *Water-Lily* I have said all, though this comprehensive all has been far more adequately and more beautifully summarized by the friend at whose request I have penned these straggling paragraphs. The letter lies before me now in which, with that fine discernment of the beautiful, that apt comprehension of the limitations of poetic expression which not every lover of poetry is blessed with, my friend directed my attention a few days since to Mr. Waters' "Oriental fairy tale." Brushing its privacy aside, I cannot refrain from quoting a few sentences of this letter for the benefit of any adherents of the modern analytical school who believe in the moral dissection of everything in earth and heaven and all else that lies between these spheres: "As for the analysis of this poem, as we use the word nowadays, I am sure you will agree with me that one might as well undertake to expose the 'true inwardness,' the *raison d'être*, of the beauty that's in a pure sunset, or in Beethoven's *Sonate Pathétique*, or in one of Chopin's Nocturnes, or in a collection of diamonds and rubies and pearls; one might as well attempt to show the *élite* of humanity the true diagnosis of 'the heart of man, the heart of love.' In a word, such a task is an utter impossibility. Still, the world is waiting to hear the sweetest songs, to inhale the most ethereal perfume, to respond to the noblest suggestion; only, so bulky and so busy is this world that it must be told, 'Here is the treasure,' and even then it is not the great, bustling majority that stop breathless to listen, but the precious minority, the 'saving remnant' of humanity."

ELWARD EU.

A FÊTE DIEU PROCESSION IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

A FINE day in June is a good gift from God. I know of no better way of sanctifying it than hearing Mass in a country village in the Province of Quebec, and taking part in the Fête Dieu procession of the Blessed Sacrament. The particular village that E—— and I chose this year in which to combine our visible expression of devotion and our invisible study of "French-Canadian life and character" was Sault-au-Récollet, seven miles from the heart of the city of Montreal, on the southern branch of the Ottawa, known as the *Rivière des Prairies.* Half an hour's drive in one of the crowded carriages of the Canadian Pacific Railway, wherein you make acquaintance (by sight only) of one or two eminent Canadian statesmen, a missionary bishop, two nuns, three young seminarians, various thrifty housewives returning with their week's supply of necessaries, a farmer or two, divers travelling agents, a man whose leg had been blown off recently in a gas explosion and who persisted in being taken home to be nursed, three priests, and, last and most lovely, a little maid of ten summers, in spotless white raiment, wreath, and veil, going out by train to receive the blessing of "*grandpère*," she having that morning made her First Communion.

"Sault-au-Récollet!" calls the conductor, and you, by means of a brave little jump, alight on the platform, which is almost two feet below the step of the carriage, and look wildly around you as the train steams slowly off to crawl through the iron suspension bridge which spans the rapids between Sault-au-Récollet and Bord-au-Plouffe. Carriages there are none—apparently; but as you gaze a spider-like vehicle, drawn by a veritable ghost of Rosinante, comes in sight and the driver declares himself bound for the village. Along with a small contingent of our fellow-passengers, E—— and I entered this chariot, called in these parts "*la diligence.*"

The road winds along the margin of the turbulent river, and the music of the ever-foaming rapids keeps time to our tuneful thoughts. Under branching elms, across cool, bubbling streams, and past picturesque cottages we are slowly driven. A turn in the road brings us to a lofty mission cross in a little enclosure by the wayside. Upon the cross are nailed the instruments of the Passion, and as we pass it our driver lifts his hat in salutation. Before this simple shrine knelt a little girl in a blue frock, her high straw hat trimmed with a band of vivid red, and her *chapelet* between her little brown fingers. Further along the road we encountered a band of children, all dressed with neatness and a picturesque effect of color; they were singing lustily, with all the power of their shrill little voices, and the burden of their song was in the interests of the morrow:

" Donnez, donnez, donnez, donnez,
Donnez, donnez un beau jour ! "

When the cross-roads were reached our driver reined up Rosinante and alighted at the door of a large brick building known as "Peloquin's Hotel," a house liberally patronized both in summer and winter by excursion parties from the city.

Admirable in all its arrangements we found this village hostelry, and it was in a very contented frame of mind that we opened our eyes on the morning of "Procession Sunday." Our awakening was at an early hour, for, determined to share all the village privileges, we had decided upon approaching the sacraments in the little chapel of the Jesuit Fathers' novitiate, situate fully a mile from Peloquin's. A well-laid "*trottoir*" extends along the roadside, so that our shoes were none the worse of the dampness of earth and grass as we slowly wended our way along the beautiful country road. Throughout the night the rain-fall had been considerable, and a cloudy sky frowning sullenly above the rapid river gave promise of bad weather and a consequent disappointment. Our walk was most enjoyable, in spite of the threatening aspect of nature—the country was so lovely in its new spring livery, and the gardens all so sweet with their brave show of lilacs and lilies. Pretty cottages extend from Peloquin's to the beautiful convent of the Sacred Heart, the well-kept grounds of which occupy a large space on the map of our route. Then the road meets the river, and the two run along in harmony for a little way until the shore widens out from us, and we pass on under the lindens and over a meadow where a brook murmurs among sweet yellow cowslips and blossoming choke-cherry trees. On we go past shrines of curious style and decoration, past primitive Canadian cottages and more stately houses in shaded grounds, past the residence St. Janvier, presented by Monsignor Vinet to the diocese of Montreal as a home for invalided priests—on until we come to "the Hill which is called Beautiful," or, in other words, to the wide gateway which divides from the outer world the Canadian novitiate of the Society of Jesus. Up the broad plane of avenue, under grand old limes and elms, past a shrine of the Blessed Mother, in the shadow of which is a parterre of flowers planted in the device of the sacred monogram, and an unpretending flight of steps leads us to the small brown door through which so many men have entered as Saul to emerge as Paul. It was a new experience this, and we trembled somewhat at our own temerity. The door was opened by a young lay brother, a pretty boy of possibly twenty years of age, whose downcast lids could not veil the beauty of his large, lustrous eyes.

We asked for an English-speaking father, and he ushered us into the poor little chapel to prepare for confession. What a poor little chapel! Poor as to space, furniture, decoration, and yet how holy! A quaint old altar, some good oil-paintings, two bits of delicate painting in needlework, old and of great value, a terrible suggestion in crude colors of St. Michael on the war-path—the picture, I was afterwards told, was painted by a native Mexican, which probably accounts for the saint having five ostrich-feathers in his hair—a side altar to the Blessed Virgin, a small harmonium, and some rows of yellow benches complete the inventory of the furniture of this nursery of saints. I am forgetting to include the confessional, of tiny proportions, tucked behind the door in such wise that the penitent is more or less shaken according as the door be more or less frequently opened during the time of his recital of transgressions.

We had time for our examen of conscience and prayer before the father entered the chapel. What a privilege it was to kneel at his feet in that sanctified spot, to have holy absolution given us, and to receive gentle words of counsel from one whose every word has a power to encourage and to heal! And then the Mass, the novices forming the chief part of the congregation, with their pious demeanor and their strange and shabby gowns. Finding ourselves the only worldlings in the chapel, we consulted the father as to the practicability of attending the Low Mass in the parish church and there receiving Holy Communion. This being possible, we did it, and hurried back to our hotel for breakfast, as the High Mass was to begin at nine o'clock.

Half-past eight saw us retracing our steps, duly fortified for the fatigue of the morning. Past us rolled neat vehicles, full beyond the original intention of the builders, for none could be left at home to-day: even the babies must come to do honor to the *Bon Dieu.* From all the quaint old homesteads come the families in Sunday raiment; along an avenue to our left came evidently an entire household, the mother of proportions seldom attained save by a daughter of Israel or a French-Canadian matron, the father thin as a rail, his shining broadcloth coat hanging in wrinkles around him, his trousers showing a strongly marked crease down the centre of each calf, and his silk hat resplendent in gloss though antique in shape. In his arms, clad in pink and blue, reposed the baby. Before us trotted two tiny boys, aged possibly four and six. They wore on their breast long white favors, tipped with golden fringe, and having some sign printed thereon. Thinking they were goodly specimens of some village Band of Hope, we stopped them to inspect their decorations; to our amusement they consisted of a large portrait of a "fatted calf," and a golden legend to the effect that Jean St. Jean was one of the guild of butchers. The youngsters had come from the city, and had probably purloined their respective fathers' ribbons, so as to be entitled to the admiration of their country cousins. The broad space of greensward in front of the church was edged by horses and carriages tied to the fence—nicely kept horses and neat carriages, telling of the prosperity of Sault-au-Récollet. There was no loitering outside to talk of current events; each parishioner with grave solemnity entered the church and took his seat. We did likewise, with this difference, that we took some one else's seat.

In some parts of the sacred edifice there was room and to spare; in others seats were at a premium. I counted nine little boys perched on the holy-water cask. In they came, the good country people, many of them in gorgeous toilets. Why the mind of the French-Canadian peasant woman runs on plush I cannot say; that it does so was evident from the number of ruby and mustard-colored plastrons of that effective material that were proudly borne up the various aisles. After the Gospel the *curé* made the announcements for the following week, beginning with a few well-chosen words on the subject of the procession of the day, in which he recommended his flock not to engage in idle conversation on the route, but to say their beads and endeavor to remain recollected. In the sanctuary were seated three old priests from St. Janvier, the vicaire of the parish, and two young Jesuits from the novitiate.

At the conclusion of the Mass we all left the church for the greensward, where an old priest, with a beautiful, delicate face, formed us into line. He never was in political life, that old gentleman, or at least he never was an organizer of political processions, for he decreed that we should walk in a double line, four abreast, two and two, which was, as every one who has ever tried to elongate a torchlight procession will know, a terrible waste of material. First went a man of important demeanor, carrying a blue mace whereon, under a golden ball, ran the legends, "Dieu et mon Droit" and "Honi soit qui mal y pense"—in what honor I know not. Next to him came a man, gorgeous in white gloves, bearing aloft the banner of the Blessed Sacrament, and then the women of the parish, the Sodalities of Les Dames de Ste. Anne, of Les Enfants de Marie, and female members of the Third Order of St. Francis; then the Guard of Honor of the Blessed Sacrament, the acolytes and the white-robed choir, the cross-bearer and the thurifer, the priests, and the canopy under which the venerable *curé* bore aloft the Holy of Holies, supported by two other white-haired clergymen, and then the men of the various sodalities. Down the broad incline in front of the church and out into the village highway poured the procession, and just when the Blessed Sacrament passed the portals of the gateway the gray clouds broke and the sun shone forth in all his splendor. Along under the willows swept the cortège, and music filled the air. The main part of the singing was done by the two young Jesuits, whose magnificent voices carried the *Pange Lingua* across the blue waves of the swift river, and echoed from the opposite banks of the fair island of Jesus. Solemn and slow was our pace and recollected our demeanor; in the hand of every man and woman hung a rosary, and the plea to our merciful Mother, *Priez pour nous, pauvres pécheurs*, arose on all sides.

The village was gay with flowers and bunting, a grand decoration was formed by flags loaned by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, small standards floated from the window of every cottage, and the ground was strewn with bright blossoms from garden and meadow. In passing the neat homes of the good people of Sault-au-Récollet we had distractions, pardonable perhaps to strangers, and took many a glimpse at the exquisitely tidy and clean interiors of these cottages. In the doorway or on the gallery of almost every one was a baby, who, too small to go to church, had been securely tied to its little chair and probably confided to the protection of St. Joseph. "Anxious?" said a French-Canadian woman to me the other day—"anxious? Yes, of course I am, but I have to work for my living; I cannot be always running after my children, so I give them to St. Joseph and tell him to take care of them, and—*voilà tout*." St. Joseph took good care of these mites, and of the aged and infirm too who, likewise propped up in their chairs, sat on the galleries and bowed their heads, encased in red or blue *toques*, as Jesus of Nazareth passed them by. In one house only did the dwellers appear too fashionable to join in the procession; they lounged on their veranda, and their devotion apparently continued only so long as the Blessed Sacrament was directly within their range of vision.

At the first repository came the sign to kneel; and even the cherished plush plastrons went down in the dust as their wearers, with a faith stronger than fashion, bent low under the Divine Benediction. Then up again and on—on past the pretty gardens, and the road to the mill and the bright river; past little shops and cottage homes to another resting place, where again the Son of Man was lifted up to the adoration of the multitude.

"Genitori, Genitoque,"

sang the young Jesuit fathers,

"Laus et jubilatio
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedictio."

And again the blessing, the flashing of the golden ostensorium, the clinking of the beads of many *chapelets*, the lowly adoration of the faithful Canadians. Then up ~~and~~ back, back towards the church, past the babies and the aged and infirm, past the homes, the doors whereof stood wide open, the better to admit the blessing of the *Bon Dieu*, and up the greensward to the church for a third and last benediction; at the close of which the people dispersed quietly and with decorum, not waiting for the usual chatter and gossip which too often mar the harmony of a Sunday morning in the country.

Our prayers finished, E—— and I set about an inspection of the old church of Our Lady of the Visitation. The *façade* is quite new, and really imposing with its tall twin towers. But enter, pass under the choir gallery, and you are at once in the last century. The interior is white; ceiling and walls both are decorated with delicate gold tracery in high relief. The pulpit—on the wall, according to the old French fashion—is also in white and gold, an exquisite bit of carving. The buttresses of the ceiling are finished with curiously wrought heads, painted in faint flesh-tints. The golden tracery in the sanctuary is very rich; the altar appears to date from the middle ages, and is probably one of those exported from France in the days when that country was interested in the propagation of religion in Canada. It is richly gilt, this altar, and well appointed. Over it hangs an old oil-painting of the Visitation, and in the side-chapels are also some ancient works of art, along with several more modern aids to devotion, the most noticeable of which is a miniature representation of the Grotto of Lourdes, executed in wood or in stucco, and all complete.

The quaint antiquity of the church interested us so much that we were bold enough to call upon *Monsieur le Curé* and ask him to enlighten us as to the probable date of its erection. *Monsieur le Curé* lives in a magnificent modern mansion of gray stone, apparently very complete in all its appointments. We found him organizing a dinner-party; the old clergymen from St. Janvier who had assisted in the procession had accepted his hospitable invitation to remain to dinner with himself and *Monsieur le Vicaire*, but the two young Jesuits were, with many thanks, declining, and, as we entered, they departed to the adjacent novitiate. *Monsieur le Curé*, a dear old man with a kind and fatherly manner, told us that his parish had had its beginning in 1696, when the Christian Indians of Ville Marie were brought from the mountain and established at Sault-au-Récollet. The cause of their removal from the "Mission of the Mountain," which was upon the actual site of the Grand Seminary, was the too great facility with which they could purchase "fire-water" from the white traders. The same danger was found to prevail at Sault-au-Récollet, so that in 1721 the Indian mission was removed and permanently established at Oka, on the Lake of the Two Mountains, where it still exists. The actual church of Sault-au-Récollet was built in 1751; the extension and façade were added of late years.

While we talked to the *curé* the odor of boiled and roast grew more and more apparent, and we bethought ourselves of the possible wrath of the cook, and hurriedly said good-by, promising to return another day for a second chapter in the history of Sault-au-Récollet.

And then back through the daisies and buttercups, through the cowslips and clover, under the blossoms and over the brooks, until our hotel is reached. In the afternoon Benediction at the convent of the Sacred Heart, and then the convenient train from Ottawa, which brings us to Montreal in ample time to allow us to attend the last English sermon of the season at the eight o'clock service in the Church of the Gésu.

A. M. POPE.

CHILDREN AS SUICIDES.

EVERY now and then we hear a complaint from large-hearted, children-loving people that there are no longer any children for them to love. They generally utter this lamentation about Christmas time, when they discover that the babies won't believe in Santa Claus and the little girls won't play with dolls; or when they have strayed recklessly into juvenile ball-rooms under the fond delusion that they will witness an old-fashioned game of romps; or—worse than all—when they have innocently asked some solemn mite of a child if she likes *The Arabian Nights*, and have been answered, with a strong implied rebuke, that she prefers Plutarch's *Lives* and Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*. It is hard not to sympathize with these crestfallen adults, whose obsolete notions of childish ignorance and simplicity have led them into such humiliating errors. They feel, probably, like the hapless old lady in *Punch* who says weakly to her small niece: "Do you hear the chou-chou, Ethel?" To which the nineteenth-century baby replies, with chilling condescension: "If you mean the locomotive, auntie, I hear it very well."

But there is another side of the question which is not so distinctly humorous, and at which the most light-hearted of us cannot afford to be amused. The crimes of children have become as palpably mature as their pleasures, and, if less numerous than they were fifty years ago, are infinitely more painful to contemplate. Thanks to compulsory school-laws and reformatory institutions, there are fewer little vagabonds roaming around our streets, pilfering meagrely from open shops and provision-stands, and becoming inured to a life of beggary and vice through sheer unconsciousness of anything cleaner or better. But, on the other hand, we can hardly open a newspaper without seeing how a thirteen-year-old lad has adroitly robbed his employer, and has started promptly for the far West on his slender stolen capital; or how a twelve-year-old girl has been enticed away from home and safety by depraved companions as young or younger than herself; or how a nine-year-old baby has killed his little brother because he failed to see "much good in a brother anyway," which was the argument actually advanced by a sardonic infantile murderer some few months ago. Or perhaps—and this really seems the most hopeless spectacle of all—we read how some miserable little boy or girl has come to the very grown-up conclusion that life is not worth living, and, with the help of a piece of rope or five cents' worth of laudanum, has braved the unknown and unfeared terrors of eternity. In fact, the paragraphs headed "A Youthful Suicide" have become such a frequent occurrence of late that we hardly stop to notice them, but pass lightly on to some more piquant narrative of vice. It is only when the thing happens at our very doors, and the paper consequently devotes a column or so to the details of one especial case, that we begin to ask ourselves whether self-destruction is or ought to be in the recognized catalogue of childish shortcomings.

Nothing could well seem more utterly trivial than the causes which provoke the greater number of these young people to take their own lives. From the little lad of seven who drowned himself because his mother would not give him any lunch, to the boy of sixteen who shot himself recently in Philadelphia over the grave of his pet dog, or the half-grown girl in Buffalo who hanged herself in the attic because her father would not permit her to go to the skating-rink, we read everywhere the same sad story of morbid emotionalism and unrestrained temper. Sometimes it is the fear of punishment which drives a foolish child to suicide, and sometimes resentment at parental discipline; in both of which cases there is apt to be much outspoken sympathy for the small sufferer, and much implied censure for the home methods which have produced such unnatural results. Yet, strange as it may seem, those hapless little waifs who are rescued occasionally from real and sickening cruelty never appear to have even thought of death as a possible way out of their troubles. They suffer on and on with a dim, pitiful resignation until some kindly hand snatches them from their misery and publishes to an indignant world the story of their wrongs. But the well-housed, well-fed, and often well-loved children who deliberately kill themselves rather than bear some merited disgrace or pay the penalty for some guilty misdemeanor, belong to a totally different class. Nervous, sensitive, self-absorbed little creatures, without the careless vitality of childhood or the gay defiance of youth, their physical cowardice is at the mercy of every exaggerated emotion. It is hard enough to make a boy truthful and generous; it is not possible to make him brave. I have before me now the account of a thirteen-year-old lad, the son of a wealthy farmer in the South, who committed suicide because his mother thought fit to punish him for some irritating childish offence. The boy, it seems, was the spoiled darling of the family, and ill-accustomed to penalties of any kind. Stung to a sense of resentment which would be comical were it not so bitter, he brooded for some time over his grievance, and, finally concluding that life was not tolerable on such terms, he proceeded to hang himself with wagon-lines in the barn, leaving a heritage of grief and unmerited self-reproach to his heart-stricken parent. Another little fellow, only seven years of age, made a similar attempt because his mother threatened to tell his father about some particular piece of naughtiness. She saw him pass the door with a coil of rope in his hand, and asked him what he was going to do with it. "Make a swing," was the unconcerned reply; and when the poor woman went to the barn a few minutes later she found the child hanging by his neck to a cross-beam, while the water-pail which he had kicked from under him was still rolling at his feet. Fortunately she was in time to cut him down, a half-strangled and wholly frightened little boy, with a purple face, a deep red ring around his neck, and an altered opinion regarding the pleasures and pangs of suffocation.

The appalling part of such an incident is the extraordinary youth of the culprit. Eight years ago an English writer on suicide announced to the startled world that, of the sixty thousand Europeans who annually took their own lives, two thousand were children. The youngest case then recorded was that of a boy of nine who drowned himself for grief at the loss of his pet canary. Since 1880 we have beaten the record many times. The number of suicides has increased enormously, and America alone can point to more than one baby of seven who has wearied of his hardly tasted existence. From twelve to sixteen, however, appears to be the age at which children are most prone to self-destruction, and, if we examine a few of the instances so persistently brought before the public, we shall see but too plainly how links are wrought in the sad continuity of crime. Just as one daring robbery or brutal murder gives birth to a dragon-brood of sins, so each miserable piece of childish folly leaves behind it the germ of another tragic development. About a year ago a Philadelphia carpenter named Niblick came home from his hard day's work to find the lifeless body of his thirteen-year-old daughter swinging from a nail in his little front parlor. The girl was motherless, and had been left in charge of the house, and of two younger children who were crouched trembling on the floor, staring helplessly at their dead sister. One of them, a boy of five, made the astonishing statement that a neighbor named McClelland and her daughter Florence, who was Annie Niblick's friend and playmate, had come in during their father's absence, and had deliberately hanged the little girl against the wall, dragging the chair from under her. The story was too absurd to gain any credence, and the child himself, on being questioned, broke down utterly and refused to repeat his words. It was shown, moreover, that Annie had been guilty of some trivial disobedience and feared her father's anger. The coroner's jury exonerated the accused, and brought in a simple verdict of "death by strangulation"; and the matter was well-nigh forgotten by the public until thirteen months afterwards, when Florence McClelland, being then just fourteen years of age, had her photograph taken as a farewell gift for her mother, swallowed five cents' worth of laudanum, and sat down quietly to die. Happily her condition was discovered before it was too late, and the prompt use of remedies brought her back to consciousness. She confessed that she had tried to kill herself because the story of Annie Niblick's death had given rise to unkind rumors in the neighborhood, and had forced her to leave her situation. The problem of living down this foolish scandal was more than her weak courage could face. It would be better, she thought, to "go and join Annie"; and, as the means of suicide are always perilously cheap and easy, only a narrow chance prevented the rapid fulfilment of her plans. As it was, the dramatic paragraphs devoted to her proceedings, the vivid newspaper accounts of her beauty—which may very safely be doubted—of her "big brown eyes and plaintive face," of the historic tin-type, "a perfect likeness, with her long brown hair falling over her shoulders," and of her charms and trials and sorrows generally, were enough to set a dozen more foolish little girls all on edge to follow her picturesque example.

A still more striking instance of the close connection which such crimes bear to one another may be found in the history of two children who, six months ago, lived next door to each other in one of the humbler suburbs of Philadelphia. The younger, Katie Kearney, was a bright little Catholic girl of twelve, and her companion, Carrie Fitzgerald, was only a few months older. Carrie had a stepmother, with whom, after the not uncommon fashion of stepchildren, she failed to agree; and one afternoon, when the friends were confiding to each other the history of all their vexations, she suggested that suicide was the easiest way out of them, in fact the way that "most people" took to get rid of the inevitable burdens of life. Katie listened, only half-convinced; but two weeks later Carrie pushed her theories into practice by hanging herself in one of the Kearneys' bed-rooms, where she was discovered and cut down in scant time to save her life. After that Mr. Kearney, not relishing his daughter's intimacy with her neighbor, moved into another street, and Katie had new, and let us hope more cheerful, companions. But the seed had been already planted in the child's soul; the image of Carrie dangling from the rope was always in her mind; the "easy way" of getting rid of troubles was too felicitous to be forgotten. Three months later she was found hanging stiff and cold by the side of her little bed. A strong piece of bag-twine was twisted around her neck and fastened to a hook in the wall; a chair lying overturned at her feet showed how her purpose had been accomplished. Whether she had in idle mood been trying to imitate her friend, with no real thought of suicide, and had missed her footing on the chair, or whether the morbid impulse of the moment had proved too powerful a temptation, none will ever know. Her home was happy, her days untroubled, and her death one of those pitiful, purposeless, ignoble tragedies that throw a blight over the broad face of ordinary commonplace life.

Now, even looking at such cases from the most tolerant and charitable standpoint, we cannot help thinking that self-destruction is not a wholesome topic for children's conversations, and that there is something distinctly unnatural in these premature speculations and experiments. But the plain fact of their unfitness does not make it any easier to close our eyes to their existence, and it may on the whole be better worth our while to inquire into the influences at work. Little boys and girls of twelve do not, as a rule, belong to that highly esoteric band of scientific pessimists who demonstrate with mathematical precision the inherent joylessness of life. They are wont not to vex their minds over abstract questions, but each one regards his own case as exceptional, and makes it the subject of his exclusive contemplation. That lack of perspective which is the result of childish short-sightedness gives a terrible prominence to the matter in hand; and when this matter is one which embraces the whole gamut of youthful suffering, when it entails sorrow and pain and fear, each real in kind if trivial in degree, then the child's soul is demoralized and his customary serenity stands him in little stead. The troubles of children seem to us so grotesquely disproportionate because, without experience and without foresight, they feel as if the whole of life were made up of the present melancholy moment. It is true the cloud soon melts away, but it is none the less black while it threatens; the ordeal is quickly over, but, for the moment at least, it is a heartbreaking affair.

Added to the unreasoning bitterness of a child's grief is the sense of impotence which makes it seem impossible for him to escape; and here we have a clue to the motives which prompt him to suicide. It is a way out of his hardships, and the only way that lies within his feeble power. He is weak, and grown-up people are strong; but in this fashion, at least, he can defy them. He is unhappy, and grown-up people are unkind; but by this one act he can turn the tables and inflict on them the pangs that he is suffering now. He is insignificant, and grown-up people think lightly of his woes; but here is a method by which he can suddenly become of the utmost importance and have the whole household excited over his fate. This is the train of thought which we descry in a morbid, self-centred child like Harriet Martineau, though, drolly enough, she is disposed even in mature age to ascribe much finer motives to her petulant discontent. It figures handsomely in her autobiography as a "devouring passion for justice," which is a strangely reverential term to invent for the not uncommon naughtiness of an ill-tempered little girl.

> "Being usually very unhappy," she writes, "I was constantly longing for heaven, and seriously and very frequently planning suicide in order to get there. I knew it was considered a crime, but I did not feel it so. I had a devouring passion for justice—justice first to my own precious self, and then to other oppressed people. Now and then I brooded over my injuries, and those of others who dared not speak; and then the temptation to suicide was very strong. No doubt there was much vindictiveness in it. I gloated over the thought that I would make somebody care about me in some sort of way at last; and, as to my reception in the other world, I felt sure that God would not be very angry with me for making haste to him when nobody else cared for me and so many people plagued me. One day I went to the kitchen to get the great carving-knife to cut my throat; but the servants were at dinner, and that put it off for the time. By degrees the design dwindled down into running away."

The incident of the carving-knife and of the servants being at dinner strikes us as rather an anti-climax to such a passionate narrative. One feels that this was not the stuff out of which real suicides are made, and that the little Harriet found too much consolation in her own self-pity and unctuous imaginings to be ever driven to the final step. Her trouble was the trouble of most unhappy children, as well as of unhappy adults—that melancholy, unconscious egotism which turns all our thoughts in upon ourselves. In her behalf must be urged the deafness which to some degree separated her from other children, and prevented her from throwing herself heartily into their projects and pastimes. The girl who proudly relates to you her baby sister's last and most inane witticism, or who tells you with glowing eyes how her brother has run a half-mile race in precisely ten seconds and three-quarters less than five other boys, may not grow into a brilliant woman, but neither will she desire to cut her own throat because nobody loves her. The man who waxes eloquent over his favorite newspaper, or his favorite Congressman, or his own particular plan for municipal reform, may be the least interesting of companions, but he is in scant danger of blowing out his brains because of the irremediable evils of life.

All this, however, is but a partial and, in some measure, a superficial way of looking at the difficulty. It is not granted to every one to be happy, or even to have wholesome, unselfish dispositions; but it is expected of every one that we make a brave struggle against our most depressing influences, a brave effort for better and brighter things. And this struggle is as distinctly within the compass of a child's ability as of a man's or woman's. In fact the radical difference between right and wrong appeals far more sharply to the infant than to the adult mind; for the young regard all ethical questions with a rigid directness unrelieved by any of those vague gradations that our more elaborate casuistry can devise. Harriet Martineau, indeed, cheated herself —or would have us think so—into the belief that God would not be angry with her for "making haste" to him; but the average child is quickly taught that suicide is akin to murder, that the finality of the act debars the sinner from the last grace of contrition, and that a brave endurance of our earthly vexations is the test, not only of human worth, but also of our spiritual advancement. The English writer whose statistics of suicide I have already quoted confesses somewhat regretfully that religion is the only effective barrier against this insidious disease. He himself is prepared to treat the matter from "a broader and more liberal basis" (!); but the fact remains, and he is prompt to recognize it, that for mankind generally there is no preventive like an honest hope of heaven, an uncompromising fear of hell:

> "Antipathy to self-killing on religious grounds constitutes the only real resistance to it that has so far been discovered; and it is precisely the diminution of this religious antipathy which explains its recent large extension. In suggesting that a wider and more general popular view might

usefully be taken of the subject as a whole, we strongly insist, at the same time, on the practical usefulness and healthy effects of the purely religious objections to suicide. They alone have controlled it in the past; they alone, so far as we can at present judge, seem capable of holding it in the future. No other regulating force appears to be available."

The children, then, whose religious instruction enables them to realize the plain fact that self-murder is a grievous sin are provided with one efficient weapon against the promptings of a morbid self-love; and if their daily occupations be of a simple, healthy order, and their reading of a cleanly, bracing sort, it is hard to understand how such a lamentable fate could befall them. Reading, indeed, has been too often held responsible for this as for countless other evils; suicide, we are facetiously told, keeps pace with the alphabet, and to Cadmus and John Faust belong, in equal shares, the blame. Now, happily or unhappily, the alphabet is one of those gifts which can never be withdrawn from mankind. If the educated German and Frenchman kill themselves, while the ignorant Italian and Spaniard live blithely on, it follows, not so much that learning itself is in fault—especially as a very moderate portion suffices for this unpleasant result—as that the generality of readers make but an indifferent use of the little that they know. It is neither possible nor desirable to keep children in ignorance of their letters; but that is no reason why "all print," to use Mr. Boffin's pregnant phrase, should be open to their inspection. One-third of the juvenile crimes committed every year may be easily traced to the influence of coarse and vicious literature. The youthful thief and rowdy finds a congenial example in the flashy, dare-devil hero of a cheap novel; the silly school-girl has her head hopelessly turned by the romantic adventures of the low-born maidens who figure in the weekly story-papers. And to these prolific sources of vice may be added others less commonly understood and less vigorously combated. Mr. Froude has drawn for us a lively picture of the reading-rooms of free libraries, and no one familiar with these institutions will be disposed to question the accuracy of his details. Knowledge is power, or so, at least, we used to be told; but the books from which such lustihood may be garnered stand in unbroken ranks, hoary with dust, while propped up at the long black tables are little boys and girls eagerly devouring the dubious folly of the hour. Nobody knows what these small, stooping, pale-faced creatures are reading, and apparently nobody cares. The same parents who keep a close watch over the contents of their own book-shelves turn their children out to browse, not on the rich pasturage of the vigorous old authors so bravely recommended by Lamb, but on whatever vapid trumpery their ignorance or their weakness may select.

Then again there is the ever-vexed and vexing subject of the daily press, that mighty giant whose huge bulk is the idol of the many and the abhorrence of the few; whose self-trumpeted virtues sound deafeningly in our ears, and whose plague-spots are exhibited with such ostentatious indifference before our startled eyes. It is not easy to judge this vast creation by the same rules that we lay down authoritatively for a Sunday-school annual or a primary text-book. The duty of seeing all things and handling all things is not compatible with great delicacy of mind or touch; the task of pleasing a given number of patrons is hardly conducive to a fantastic nicety of judgment. Rather let us be grateful for the general tone of our best newspapers, which is both clean and wholesome, and for their general integrity, which, save when party issues are at stake, is wont to deal squarely with the interests of the public. Because the press is obstinately blind to its own faults—through no lack of critics to point them out—we need not be blind to its obvious merits, the merits of manliness and decency; but neither need we yield assent to its extravagant pretensions, and grow to think it the one essential element of civilization. The man who makes it his curious boast that he reads nothing but the papers condemns himself unsolicited to an intellectual prison fare; but what shall we say to the following modest paragraph, which is copied verbatim from a Western daily, and which doubtless embodies the unspoken views of many American parents?

> "The boy or girl who is a regular newspaper reader will grow up in intelligence, and will use good language, both in speaking and writing, even with a limited education. It is news, science, literature, grammar, history, geography, and spelling combined."

This seems a powerful combination, but there are still one or two articles forgotten on the list. The boy or girl who is a "regular newspaper reader" learns something besides science, literature, grammar, history, geography, and spelling—something more promptly recognized and easily acquired than any of these valuable studies. "The story of all the malcontents as ever was hanged is very amusing," wrote little Marjorie Fleming in her diary half a century ago; and the children of to-day seem to be much of her mode of thinking. A murderer is an object of more genuine interest to them than Bismarck or the czar; a daring train robbery is far more alluring than all the wonders of the Lick Observatory. To them, moreover, belongs the imitative passion which is the accompaniment of an imperfect development; they naturally seek to do what is done by other and older people, especially if their imaginations are fired by the melodramatic flavor of the deed. We are told that wherever the Indiana White Caps have taken upon their shoulders the burden of administering justice after their own fantastic methods, the small boys band themselves together in imitation of their fathers, and any urchin who cheats too successfully at marbles, or otherwise offends against their stringent legislature, is lashed by masked comrades into a more delicate sense of propriety. So, too, the youthful thieves, murderers, and suicides model their actions after the example set them by adults more familiar with the details of crime. The German girl who saturated her clothing with benzine, and set fire to herself on the railway station at Nordhausen just as the train rolled in, had evidently studied the picturesque features of her part. The little American boy who flung himself on the track before an advancing locomotive followed some outside suggestion rather than an inward impulse. It was testified by the brakeman, who looked on powerless to save, that this child of fourteen raised his head but once, gave but one brief glance at the fearful engine that thundered near, and then, trembling, buried his face in his hands. Yet what were his boyish troubles, what could the troubles of that age be, compared to such a moment of horror and despair! The French lad of thirteen who hanged himself after making a will in which he solemnly bequeathed his body to the earth and his soul to Rousseau—" Reddite ergo quæ sunt Cæsaris Cæsari"—was but reproducing after his feeble fashion the sickly sentimentality of his surroundings.

It might perhaps be thought by sober-minded people that such juvenile records are not in themselves healthy reading for little people, and that the less they learn about such unpleasing possibilities the better; but not only are they given every facility for self-enlightenment, which it seems can hardly be avoided, but now and then especial pains are taken to help them on their way. That a mere baby, only seven years old, should deliberately drown himself because his mother—hard-worked, doubtless, and vexed, after the hasty fashion of mothers, by interruptions—refused to give him a slice of bread and butter, is, we grant, an interesting problem to the student of causes and effects, but it is not a pleasant study or example for other little boys of seven who would probably never dream of such a thing for themselves. Yet Mrs. Piatt has thought fit to celebrate this infantine tragedy in verses sedulously addressed to youthful readers, and calculated to arouse their warmest sympathies for the deed. I quote the poem entire to show how many graceful and pleasing sentiments can be woven around the suicide of a child:

> "Yes, brown and rosy, perhaps, like you,
> Was the little boy they have not found,
> Or perhaps his eyes, like yours, were blue,
> And his poor, sweet head faint golden, too—
> The little child who was drowned.
>
> "I hardly think his mother was right—
> Did she have it?—not to give him the bread;
> But he shut the door, and then—'Good-night'
> (Yes, he went alone and without any light);
> 'I'll never come home,' he said.
>
> "Poor little child! he was seven years old.
> Why, the bird's wild nest was new in the tree;
> There were roses enough for him to hold
> In his two small hands. But the river is cold
> In the summer-time, you see.
>
> "From the trouble of tears where did he go?
> Where did he go with his two bare feet?
> That life was bitter he seemed to know;
> (What manner of bread did he think to eat?)
> Did he know that death was sweet?"

The best thing that can be said for these mellifluous verses is that no child, unless he were a member of a juvenile Browning Club, would be likely to extract much meaning out of them. Life is bitter and death is sweet, but this certainty is one which does not ordinarily dawn upon our perceptions at seven. Neither is it desirable that such a speedy and logical solution of the problem should enter the infant mind. "Suicide," says a well-known writer, "is the most exclusively personal of all forms of gratification. No other act is so intensely individual or so profoundly selfish; no other act is so restively independent or so inquisitively experimental." Now, this restless and defiant independence hardly strikes us as the natural attribute of a child, and it is not good husbandry on our part to plant such seed and nourish it. In fact, the proverbially dense little girl who gained for herself an immortal place in literature by convincing Mr. Wordsworth that she knew nothing about death, and could not be made to understand it, is a refreshing type to the weary student of modern precocity. Imagine the guileless poet's frame of mind if, instead of the

> "simple child
> That lightly draws its breath,
> And feels its life in every limb,"

he had encountered the small American rustic wandering wilfully "from the trouble of tears" down to his self-sought grave! Fancy the author of "Lucy Gray" and "Alice Fell" reading Mrs. Piatt's verses, and conjuring up in his brain the exact species of child to whom such reflections are addressed! And fancy the little boy or girl who has listened alert and wide-eyed to the thrilling story of a baby's suicide, deigning to take an interest in such commonplace trivialities as Barbara Lewthwaite's pet lamb or Alice Fell's cloak of "duffel gray." Verily, the old order changes, and the new one, while dazzlingly magnificent in scope, is as yet somewhat comfortless in detail. We have ridden fast since Wordsworth's day, and *les enfans perdus* have paid the penalty of our speed. AGNES REPPLIER.

THE MARQUIS OF CASTIGLIONE.*

BORN a prince and marquis, growing up to wealth and splendor,
All the honors of this world wooing him to win and wear,
And a father's high ambition, and a mother's watching tender,
Pointing out the path to glory, softening every roughness there.

In his beautiful young manhood called to take his stately station
At the proudest court of Europe, by his future king to stand,
Think what visions must have risen upon his imagination—
Pleasure, but to smile and taste it; glory, but to lift his hand!

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* St. Aloysius Gonzaga was by birth the Marquis of Castiglione, Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, Marquis of Solferino, etc., but resigned his rank and dignities to enter the Jesuit order.

Should he pluck life's reddest roses? Drain its jewel-crusted chalice?
Crowd with joys the days and years, and then leave them, satisfied?
Should he grasp the harsher laurels? For the conflict leave the palace?
Challenging a future glory from the battle where he died?

Be the happiness still higher and the glory more enduring!
Should he write the wondrous poems that outlast a thousand lives?
That were fame well worth the winning, and a vision more alluring,
Stainless—sweet and pure and golden as the honey the bee hives!

Oh! to gather all its fulness from the life that lay before him,
And yet claim a recognition from the life that was to be;
Bind the blossoms round his brows, yet plant the future laurels o'er him;
Shine in sunlight like a dew-drop—share the sea's eternity!

That were life! But here was God; and at once the riddle ended;
For he gained all things for ever when he left them, every one;
Perfect bliss on earth with future bliss in heaven blended;
And for fame! behold his church there, and beside it in the sun,
Satin-smooth and golden-hearted, breathing sweetly all delight,
See St. Aloysius' lilies, still and stately, tall and white!

M. B. MORSE.

PAUL RINGWOOD: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER VI.—*Continued.*

I HAD never seen but two blind in my life—one whose eyes were shut, one whose eyes were fearful things to look at. My father's eyes were intelligent, bright, and handsome as they had ever been.

"It can't be," I cried; "they're not shut, they're not like old Dave's—"

"God forbid!" interrupted my father. And that was the nearest approach to a complaint I have ever heard that brave gentleman, my father, utter in the long years of his blindness. Forgetting that he did not like me to touch him, I put my arm about father's neck. Gently putting me from him, he said: "Don't be foolish."

"No, papa, I won't," I said; "but I am so sorry, I don't know what to do."

"I will tell you what you must not do," he said; "you must not let Bert know, and you must not cry and pity me."

I promised not to tell Bert, but how could I promise not to pity him when my heart was aching for him? Still, I did make such a promise, the only promise I ever made my poor father that I have not kept. I wanted to ask him if he would ever get his sight again, what had caused his blindness, but I did not dare to. Afterwards it was told me that he had lost his sight from too much reading and writing, and that there was a possibility of its being restored. It may as well be said here that my father never spoke of his blindness to me, and that it always annoyed him to have strangers speak to him of it.

"Do you think that you can read to me? lead me when I wish to walk?" my father asked.

"Yes, yes!" I cried, my heart swelling with pride that I could be of service to him.

"That will do," he said, motioning me to be still. "No doubt you will do your best," and a look of pain crossed his face. "What do you do with yourself during the day?"

I told him how I went to St. Bede's every day; of my friend, Amy Morrison, how she took walks with me. "When I come home I read till Nurse Barnes has my dinner ready, and then I read till bedtime."

"What do you read?" he questioned.

"Novels, history, travels, and poetry," I answered.

He smiled, thinking, probably, what a little creature I was. "What are you reading now?" he asked.

"I am going to read Ruskin's *Ethics of the Dust*," I answered.

"Suppose that you read it to me," said father; "but before you begin, call Nurse Barnes to me."

Nurse Barnes dropped the sheet that she was hemming, and called on her stars, when I told her that she was wanted by my father. When she had somewhat gotten over the surprise it gave her, that she should be wanted by father, she followed me to the book-room, wondering all the way what it could be he wanted her for. Not only nurse's starched muslins but her repeated curtsies announced her. Every time she curtsied, and that was whenever father spoke, something snapped. And when this something snapped, she put on an unconscious look that did not deceive me in the least. Later on she told me what it was that snapped. "Them dused whel-buns in my cossets; an' believe me or not, Master Paul, I was that ashamed I didn't know whether I was on my head or on my heels."

"Good morning, nurse; sit down," was the way my father greeted her.

Three snaps and a crackle, during which father had a wondering look in his sightless eyes.

"I'm settin' all day, leastways, to speak the truth, exceptin' when I'm about the house; and if it be about the maids, Mr. Ringwood, I say nothing, they're that careless; and I beg pardon, Mr. Ringwood, who in all these years has never found fault; I know the soup 's not what it ought to be, but cook never did an' never will know how to make clear soup; an', Mr. Ringwood, I said it a hundred times, if you only would go about the house you never could find as much dust as you'd put on a pin's head, not if you looked ever so—" Nurse stopped breathless.

My father bowed his head and said Mrs. Ringwood had always appreciated nurse's services. "I sent for you merely to say that in future Master Paul will take his meals with me. You will have our meals, if you please, nurse, served to us here, in the book-room."

Amazed as nurse was, I was more so. I take my meals with father! What could it mean? I found out after. Blind, he would be sure to commit a thousand awkwardnesses at table, and he preferred that I should be the sole witness of what I am sure he felt to be his shame. Nurse did not let her amazement express itself in words. The awe in which she stood of my father would have led her to do without question a much stranger thing than was the serving his dinner in the book-room. With much crackling of dress and snapping of whale-bones she asked: "Don't you think, Mr. Ringwood, the table set aside the window would be cheerfuller—lookin' into the garden?" Father smiled. "As you please, nurse," he said. "I shall not see the garden, though—you may as well be told, nurse, I have lost my sight."

I cannot convey in words my father's calm abstraction in saying this. He spoke of his loss as though it were an affair of no moment, of no interest to himself. Nurse stared at him, then looked appealingly to me, who crept softly to her side and whispered, "Papa's blind." When she quite understood, she threw up her wrinkled hands, exclaiming: "You poor, poor soul; God help you!" and burst into tears.

All in all, I think my father was pleased with nurse's ready appreciation—an appreciation clearer to him than for many days I was capable of making mine—of what his affliction must have cost so proud a man as he was; for he stretched out a hand, and receiving hers in his grasp, held it whilst he said: "You are very good, nurse."

Dropping her hand, he continued in his natural tone: "I won't detain you longer; we dine at the usual hour. Paul, get your book."

Nurse curtsied, but not hearing her move to go, father said: "Well?"

"If you please, Mr. Ringwood," stammered nurse, "if I could wait at table; Tiff"—a sort of butler—"is so clumsy."

"Certainly, certainly; anything you think fit," said father. "Have you the book, Paul?"

I don't know how she managed it, but nurse went out of the room, her dress not crackling once. Getting down the book, I sat beside my father, and began what was to be my pleasure for many and many a day and night. After I had read an hour or so, he told me to tell him when I was tired. In the beginning of these readings I could not continue for more than two hours at a time without saying, "Papa, may I rest now?" He would nod his head, and I would go to the garden for a while, or, in the winter, to talk with Nurse Barnes. After some months I cared no longer about resting, and would read on till father had tired of listening. A number of books I have read in this manner at a sitting, only stopping for my meals. He never talked to me about the books I read to him, and it was only by guessing that I could tell what he liked. It has been said that my father was selfish in keeping me so entirely to himself that my education was neglected. I learned much from these readings, and I am quite sure that it never occurred to me to think that my father was selfish, for was not I happy—"most times"?

CHAPTER VII.

A CHILD'S LONGING.

Bert was still ignorant of father's affliction when he returned home for the holidays. When told of it he showed a great deal of feeling; weeping, he threw himself into father's arms—arms that held him in fatherly embrace. What further passed between them I do not know, for I was told to go away and leave them alone.

For several days the readings were interrupted, Bert being the greater part of the time with father. Since father's blindness I had seen but little of Amy Morrison, but now that I was altogether free we again took our walks together. It was after one of these walks, the last I ever took with her, that I had my first quarrel with Bert.

One morning early in July Amy Morrison and I were seated on a fallen tree on the brow of a hill at the entrance of a little wood. The great heat of summer had not come to parch the fields, and the hillside was yellow with buttercups swaying in a cool west wind; the Wingo a pearly thread between its yellow banks.

We had been talking of what I was to be when I became a man, and both, of one mind, had decided that I would be a clergyman.

"Paul," said Amy, stooping to pluck a buttercup, "if you are to be a clergyman you must go to college."

"Of course," I assented; "but not now; papa needs me; I must read to him."

"You cannot go on reading always," said Amy. "You are almost eleven, and I am afraid, Paul, you are not well up in your studies." And looking at me sadly, she gently smoothed back my hair.

"I just know nothing," I candidly acknowledged. "I don't believe I'll ever know enough to be a clergyman."

"You know how to say your prayers," said Amy.

"That's not enough," I said decidedly.

"It is much," Amy declared; adding, "and you have read a great deal. You should speak to your father, Paul; tell him how anxious you are to go to school. He thinks you do not care to study; tell him the whole truth."

"Oh! I cannot do that," I exclaimed. "Were I to tell him now, he would think I am tired of him. I'm not much, but I'm all he's got."

"Has he not Bert?" Amy asked.

"Bert has to go to college; he will be here only till after vacation," I answered.

"And why must Bert have an education and not Paul?" she questioned.

"You see, Bert is very intelligent, and I am so dull," I sighed. "I am afraid to ask father; I dare not. There would be no use in it, either."

Amy put her arm about me and tried to console me with the hope of better days to come. When she had said all she could to hearten a little boy who was very hopeless, the little boy felt very thankful, and began to believe that if Amy Morrison liked him he could not be so wretched a boy after all.

Looking at her watch, Amy said that it was getting late, and that I must go home or I would be missed.

"I don't believe it," I said doggedly; "Bert is there."

Looking earnestly at me, Amy said: "Paul, ask God to save you from pride; it is a great vice, and brings no manner of happiness with it."

I reddened under her steady gaze, feeling that she read me clearly. We sauntered slowly down the hillside, across the rustic bridge, through the country lane. On the way we talked but little, and when we parted, Amy did what she had never done before; she stooped and kissed me, whispering softly, "God bless you, little Paul."

Mine is but a dreary whistle, but on that day, as I went along under the great buttonwood trees that lined the street, I think that I whistled fairly well. Standing at the garden-gate to whistle, looking out on the hills so bright and gay on that sunshiny morning, I thought of my only friend, Amy Morrison. Presently I heard my name sharply called, and, turning about, saw Bert coming down the drive, his face flushed and angry.

"Father wants you," he called out; continuing as he came up, "You're a pretty fellow! Nothing to do but to loaf about the streets, and when I come home after working hard for ten months you expect me to attend to father. If you weren't a fool I'd say you're a brute—" He stopped, choked with anger.

In my utter surprise all I could do was to gasp, "Bert!"

"Yes, Bert, and Bert," mimicked my brother, continuing in broken speech: "Do you think I've nothing to do but poke about the house all day? You're jealous 'cause father don't like you as well as me. You knew I was going to Bob Greaves' to-day, and out of spite you ran off, so's I'd have to stay at home—as if Bob'd want you. Why even mother couldn't bear you, you red-headed monkey—"

May God forgive me! I was but a child, and what a troop of injustices rose before me! I seized my brother by the throat, and, though he was the stronger, taking him by surprise, threw him to the ground. "You liar!" I screamed. "How dare you? Mother did love me; you know she did!"

Twisting himself out of my grasp, panting for breath, he sneered: "I ought to be proud to have a half-idiot for twin brother—"

Beside myself, I was screaming that I would break every bone in Bert's body, when father, led by Tiff, came between us.

It was to me my father spoke—in a low voice, coldly and clearly. "Paul, what is the meaning of this brawl? Have you lost your reason?"

I could not speak. I tried to, and the words would not shape themselves on my lips. All I could utter was, "Father!"

He stretched out his hand, and going to him I put mine in his. He dropped it and caught my arm. "My boy, Bert, is he here?"

"Here I am, father," said Bert, putting his hand on the hand that now always carried a cane.

"Again I ask you, Paul," said father, "why were you quarrelling with Bert?"

Again I tried to speak, failing as before.

Not letting go of my arm, he turned to Bert. "Since this fellow won't speak, what has he been doing to you, my boy?"

Bert! Bert! it was but a child's quarrel, but after all these years I can only cry out, How could you, my brother, be so cruel?

"He got angry because Bob Greaves has not asked him to-day; that's not my fault, father," said Bert.

I was now sullen. "That's not so, Bert," I interrupted; "I don't care a snap of my finger for Bob Greaves."

"Unfortunate boy!" said my father, "we all know you to be a monster of selfishness. Who has ever accused you of caring for any one?"

"Father," I cried—it is not too much to say that I was nigh heart-broken—"I am not like other boys, and, father, I am so unhappy."

"More's the pity that you are not as other boys. You are a most ungrateful one. What is there you can want? A good home, abundance of all you need. Do you know, you poor child, that there are millions of human beings who would think the poorest meal you ever sat down to a banquet? What do you want?"

It might be thought that my father was a gross man when he thus spoke of eating as if it were the highest good. Did one think so he would be wrong. My father instanced good eating because he thought there was no other sort of blessedness I could so well appreciate. In answer to his question of what I wanted, I stammered that I did not know.

"Pshaw!" he said; "I would not be surprised if you wanted a whipping."

He still held my arm, and in all simplicity I asked: "Will you whip me, father?"

Letting go my arm he said, still low-voiced: "Go away from me; if you are in a better humor to-morrow, come to me as usual. Bert!"

My brother took his hand, and, followed by Tiff, they went to the house. I ran down the garden path to where there was a short cut across the fields to the stream. There, on the bank, I threw myself at full length where I could see the clear, cool water rippling along, and it brought to my mind the river in the *Pilgrim's Progress.* Do not say that a child cannot long for such things, for I longed for it, longed for death. I was angry with all of the world I knew, till, hearing the bell ringing for afternoon service, I thought of Amy Morrison, and the thought heartened me. I thought I could not be so very bad if she cared for me. So I jumped up and, after I had dusted my clothes, hurried to church.

The little boys—it was a saint's day—sang very sweetly that afternoon, and in a better way they made me again wish the journey of life was over. My little brain began to dream; the altar seemed to me to be the great white throne, and I saw my mother there. Before I was conscious of anything else, I sneezed. A tear running down my nose had tickled it. A most unusual thing for me to do, to cry. Even when a baby, Nurse Barnes says that I was very quiet. After the service Amy spoke to me. "You have been crying, Paul," she said.

We went to a retired part of the graveyard, and there I told her all about it. And this was the advice and comfort that she gave me: "Go to your father to-morrow as usual. I am coming to see you very soon, Paul."

CHAPTER VIII.

AMY'S VISIT.

That night I begged Bert's pardon, but he would have none of it; nevertheless I felt better for having asked it. It was harder to go to father, for I was afraid of him. It was only after breakfast the following day that I did go. He was sitting with his face to the warm morning sun, twirling his thumbs and whistling softly. He stopped abruptly when he heard my footstep. Going up to him I said: "Papa, you are sitting in the sun; shall I move your chair?"

Without speaking he rose from his seat, and I wheeled the chair into the shadow where he would get the benefit of the cool west wind and yet be out of a draught. When I had led him to his seat he looked pleased, and I asked him hesitatingly if I should read to him.

"Do you think that you could read Flaubert's *Femme de Feu?*" he asked.

I don't suppose that my hair stood on end, but my blood crept. Read French to him! I knew that I could not, and I dared not tell him so. Like a little fool, I said that I would try. The book I was to read is a vile one, I know. Then I knew nothing about it. How many vile books I have read, and what a miracle of God's goodness that they did not corrupt me! Getting down the novel, I began, not to read, but to stammer over the words. I understood tolerably well, but could not pronounce. Father let me read one paragraph, then stopped me.

"Do as you please," he said, when I asked if I should get an English book. So I began another novel, Froude's *History of England*, the second volume of which was just published.

Bert and I became friends a few days after. As he was away from home a great deal, I saw but little of him, and my reading aloud went on as before his return from school. One morning, during a pause in the reading, Nurse Barnes came into the book-room and said, with many apologies to father, that Miss Amy Morrison would be very glad if she could see him for a few minutes.

"Miss Amy Morrison," father said, dreamily; "yes, I have heard of her. She is a friend of yours, is she not, Soldier?"

I reddened with pleasure. I could say it honestly, she was a friend of mine.

"I will be down-stairs presently, nurse," father said. Feeling his neck-tie to ascertain if it was aright, he stretched out his hand, and I knew that I was to lead him to the parlor.

Amy nodded pleasantly to me, shook hands with father, and asked him to excuse her intrusion.

Father said that he was very glad indeed to meet one who had been so good a friend to his son, and surprised me by warmly thanking Amy for the interest she took in me.

They conversed on a variety of subjects when, speaking of books, Amy said that she had heard that I read to him.

"He is both reader and guide to me; he is my constant companion," said father. My cheeks flushed with pleasure as I listened to this praise.

"You will miss him when he goes to college," said Amy.

"Do you think Paul would be benefited by being sent to college?" asked father.

By the expression of her countenance I knew a way had been opened for Amy to give utterance to what she had come to say.

"Assuredly it would do him good," she answered. "I dare say that in a few months Paul would be first in his classes."

Father laughed good-humoredly. No wonder he laughed. Amy must be joking, I thought, to suppose that I should ever be head of a class.

"I fear that you overestimate Paul's ability," he said; "he has not shone brilliantly in the past."

"I did pretty well for Mr. Wood, papa," I took heart to say, Amy encouraging me with a smile.

Taking no notice of what I said, he continued: "You see, he is absolutely incapable; beyond reading a book, Paul is fit for nothing."

How heavy he did make my heart!

"Then Paul does not go to college next year with his brother?" suggested Amy.

"I have not thought of his going," father returned.

It was plain enough, in Amy's face, that she was disheartened.

But she said bravely: "Why not give him a trial, Mr. Ringwood? I feel sure he would astonish you."

"He has done so already, though perhaps not in the manner you suppose," he said.

Overlooking father's sarcasm, Amy said: "Do not think me meddlesome if I beg you, Mr. Ringwood, to give Paul a trial."

Father bowed grandly, and said: "I am honored by the interest Miss Morrison takes in my son."

Surely after that speech Amy would have nothing further to say. But she had. "I would be an impertinent miss, indeed, did I suppose my liking for Paul honored you," she said.

My father fluttered the ends of his fingers outwardly, again bowed, and asked: "Shall we talk of something else?"

Amy was plucky enough not to let even this silence her. "That is, Mr. Ringwood, you think me a busybody?" she said, questioningly.

Father was shocked. Miss Amy a busybody! He was charmed, delighted to find that Paul was capable of exciting interest in the bosom of one so highly praised. He assured Amy that she had shaken the resolution he had taken of keeping Paul at home, begged her to continue her interest in his poor son, and entreated her to come occasionally and talk with him.

Amy listened silently to this long speech. When it had ended, she took up her sunshade, and, asking pardon for having stayed so long, went away. I accompanied her to the door.

"Paul," said Amy, when she was bidding me good-by, "I am afraid you'll not get to college. I'll come again, though." Then she whispered me to pray. "Ask God," she said; "if it is his will, in spite of everything, you will get there."

I did pray. Amy came again and again, but I did not get to college.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BEGINNING OF ANOTHER ORDER OF THINGS.

From ten to fifteen the years go slowly. These five years of my life seem to me like a dream. To remember anything of this period I have to close my eyes and absorb myself in thought. Then I see a little boy climbing upon a stool to get a book down from a shelf. I see him seat himself beside a man in an easy-chair, a man with a well-defined profile, handsome face, whose long, taper fingers lie folded in his lap. The boy begins to read aloud, and his voice rings in my ears, a plaintive treble. Sometimes he stops in his reading to gaze dreamily out of the window close by; then he sighs inaudibly and goes on with his book. A thin voice, but quite a good reader. It is odd, but when I look at that little boy I feel very sad. After a time, an elderly woman in fresh white cap and apron comes in to lay a table for dinner. This done, the man and boy take their dinner. Though I listen closely, I do not often hear the man speak to the boy. For how many days, weeks, and months, nay, years, does this scene repeat itself. My father recovered enough of his sight to be able to get about by himself, but never again was he able to dispense with a reader.

It would be leaving a wrong impression did I say aught to make one believe that in these years I found unhappiness. No; but I never found happiness. Had my father lowered himself a little to my level, I might have been happy. No matter how insignificant one may be, there is always something he would wish to confide to another. No life is so quiet as to be altogether without its happenings, though they be known but to one's self. In a still life a new thought is an event that may be productive of tangibilities when communicated to another. A book is an event; yet what is a book but visible thought? I had no one to confide in. It is true that I saw Amy Morrison at times, but too seldom, and for too short a time to be able to submit to her my little confidences.

There was one thing about my life that was good. It made me rely on myself. By the time I had reached my fifteenth birthday I was as self-reliant as a man; much more so than are many men. I did not realize it then that in many things father relied altogether on my judgment. The truth of this was proved to me by the fact that, whereas I had been something worse than a nonentity in my father's house, no one now dreamt of disputing my commands.

Bert was still at college, and as he grew older was constantly getting into difficulties, principally money troubles. He always wrote to me to solve these difficulties for him. Father and he no longer got on well together, and there were times when it was impossible for me to speak to him about Bert. The worst of it was that no sooner was Bert put on his legs than he was down again. He was handsome, generous, a universal favorite, and thoughtless, not wilful, in any wrong-doing.

No longer a cipher at home, my fifteenth birthday found me almost a necessity to father. Not only did I read for him, and write his letters; I was sometimes his counsellor. When there was a question of selling some real estate, a word of mine, hesitatingly uttered, decided father to keep it. Afterwards, when the property came to Bert, that lot sold for three times and more the price offered my father. This is not told for the purpose of making any one believe that mine was an extraordinary judgment. It is evident that, though a bookish boy, I was not visionary. I was fond of building air-castles, but averse to dwelling in them. There was and is a most practical side to me, and this side is the one most visible to the world. I am generally thought to be—perhaps I am—a hard man. Though my father no longer despised me, he looked upon me as a boy without feeling.

He silently taught me one lesson; to worship truth, to follow whithersoever it might lead me.

And this brings me to the telling of the step I took when in my sixteenth year, a step that changed the whole course of my life. This step is commonly called "going over to Rome." Not deeming this the proper place for controversy, my reasons for becoming a Catholic will be but briefly put here.

Attached as I was to what with latent humor I styled the Anglo-Catholic Church, my faith in its divine mission was doomed to be shaken. In common with all mankind—that brilliant novelist, Mr. Froude, the exception—I had a profound contempt for its unholy originator, the bloody Henry VIII. Of course I, as are all members of the Protestant Episcopal body, had been taught to believe that Henry had nothing to do with the origin of the English Establishment. Fortunately I had history and a grain of common sense to teach me otherwise. The question then put itself abruptly to me, Where is the church? Not being a visionary, I did not dream of an infinitely good God leaving man to shift for himself. In a hard and uncompromising way I knew that there was a divinely appointed guide somewhere. My duty was to find that guide, and I set to work practically to find it. I prayed sturdily, demanding of heaven to be shown the truth. That the truth was in "Romanism" I no more believed than that it was in the book of Mormon. Neither did I know how near my beliefs were to those of a Catholic.

Father's sight was now so improved that he no longer kept within the garden's limits. He was fond of music, and every night during the opera season in Philiopolis he and I were in our chairs at the Academy of Music.

It was the last performance of a German troupe, the opera *Faust*, and it was close on to a December midnight, snowing hard, when we got to the cab waiting for us. Whether it was the grand old music surging in my ears, the crisp frosty air, the darkness and muffled stillness after the heat, dazzle, and noise of the opera crush room, I do not at all know, but I was in an exalted mood. Unconsciously I hummed aloud the air of the noble Faust march.

"You seem to be in good humor," said father from his corner of the cab. Having said that I had enjoyed the music very much, father continued, not at all to the point, and as if I had not spoken: "You are getting to be a big fellow; you will soon have a moustache."

There was a good coat of down on my upper lip.

"Now that you are getting to be a man, you will want to leave me. I suppose that I will have to send you to college next year"—my heart was beating very fast—"perhaps you should have gone before, though what more you would have learned than you have from your reading I don't know."

If my experience of college youth is of any worth, I think my father's estimate of my knowledge was a correct one.

When in the train that goes to Allemaine father again spoke of my going to college, now in an annoyed way. He needed me, and because of my love and pity for him I begged him to keep me at home.

He immediately, in a cheery tone, told me not to fret about it, and that he would see about getting a tutor for me.

It is but left for me to acknowledge myself a hypocrite. Longing to go to college, I was about to thank him when an involuntary start I gave dislodged a hand-bill from one of the Bible-racks so common in our American railway coaches.

"What is it?" father asked, as I smoothed out the hand-bill preparatory to reading it.

Then I read aloud, "The Rev. Francis Decker, C.P., will deliver a lecture entitled, 'Is it Honest?' at the Town Hall, Allemaine, December —, 18—, for the benefit of the Catholic parochial schools. Tickets, fifty cents." Then followed a list of places where tickets could be bought.

"'Is it Honest?'" father repeated. "That is a strange title; suppose we go to hear what he has to say."

I assented, though, to tell the truth, I felt no interest in the lecture.

"You can get chairs to-morrow," said father. "When does he lecture?"

Examining the hand-bill, I found that the lecture was to be given the next night but one.

"Do you think there will be many people there, papa?" I asked; not that I cared to know, but for the sake of saying something.

"A jam," answered father. "Romanists always flock to hear their priests talk."

This set me thinking. If "Romanists" flocked to hear their priests, either the matter of their discourses, or their manner of handling them, must be of interest, or people would not be anxious to listen. My curiosity was aroused. I re-read the hand-bill, and then put it in my pocket.

At home in the book-room a brisk fire was burning in the open grate, on a table a livery of cold chicken, ring loaves, and a flagon of wine. After warming ourselves we fell to eating, for we were hungry, and then, as neither of us was sleepy, father proposed my reading Tennyson's "Holy Grail." It had struck two by the great clock on the stairs before I finished reading. As I closed the book father said: "That poem is the apotheosis of purity."

I agreed with him, though I but dimly understood his saying.

CHAPTER X.

I AM DESIRED TO REFUSE A GREAT GIFT.

Friday, the day of the lecture, came, wet and sloppy, the snow of the past days having turned to rain. Father gave up all idea of going to the lecture, but told me to go if I wished. My curiosity had been roused, and at a few minutes before eight in the evening I took my seat in the crowded hall, close to a platform on which were seated a number of clergymen and several laymen.

The face of the lecturer was kindly and grave, lit up at times as he spoke by a sweet, patient smile. His lecture was a gainsaying of untruths told and retold against the Catholic Church, and as I listened stronger and stronger came over me the belief that he spoke the truth, till it quite overcame me, and I felt as if I must have always believed in the old historical church. I was like one whose working of a difficult problem, by the mere giving of a little sign, has been suddenly made clear.

When the applause following the exit of the speaker had subsided, I turned to an old gentleman who sat beside me and asked: "Are you a Catholic?"

He looked very much astonished, as well he might be, and replied that he was.

"Can you tell me the best time to see a priest?" was my next question.

"It depends upon your business," the old gentleman answered. "The priests will be in the confessionals to-morrow from two in the afternoon until late at night."

"I merely wish to talk with a priest," I said.

"If that is the case, the best time would be after Vespers on Sunday. Vespers are at three in the afternoon," he informed me.

I thanked him, and we lost one another in the crowd passing out. As my father had never in any way troubled himself about my beliefs or unbeliefs—indeed, up to that time, I cannot remember that he ever spoke to me on the subject of religion—I did not suppose that he would object to my becoming a Catholic. Again, so marked had been this indifference that, when Sunday came, it did not enter into my head to tell him that I was going to Vespers at the Catholic church.

I was lingering at the church door when the old gentleman to whom I had spoken at the lecture came up and offered me a seat in his pew. I was very glad to accept his offer, still more so when I found that his sitting was near the altar. The service impressed me with the thought that I was for the first time in my life in a house of prayer. Every one present prayed.

Vespers over, my friend pointed out a door which would let me into a passage leading directly to the priests' dwelling. Following his direction I presently found myself on the door-step of the parsonage. And now my heart failed me. What if I should be laughed at? Whom was I to ask for? I knew no one. Had not the door been suddenly opened my hesitation might have led me to go away, but now there stood before me a youthful cleric, who, though pallid, was exceedingly handsome.

"Do you wish to see any one?" he asked.

"I wish to see a priest," I answered, my heart throbbing.

"Whom do you wish to see?" he asked. "There are several priests in the house."

"Any one, if it is no trouble," I replied.

"I am a priest. As I am here, will I do?" he asked.

"You might," was my not flattering answer.

He laughed, and, taking me gently by the arm, led me into a sparely furnished parlor. Placing a chair for me and seating himself, he asked: "Now what can I do for you?"

Unable to think of a better way of putting it, I blurted out, "I believe that I want to be a Catholic."

"Oh!" he gasped in his astonishment.

"Don't people ever become Catholics?" I asked, much hurt by his surprise.

"Thank God, yes!" he answered, reverently. "I myself became one."

"You seemed so surprised?" I said, questioningly.

"You are young, my child," he explained.

"I am almost sixteen," I retorted, with some indignation.

"I would have taken you to be eighteen, at least," said the priest, smiling, and laying his forefinger on his upper lip.

My cheeks became the color of my moustache.

Looking at me for a moment in a thoughtful way, he asked: "What is your name?"

"Paul Ringwood," I told him.

"Are you a son of Arthur Ringwood, of Hill House?" he questioned, a troubled look in his eyes.

"Yes," I replied; "do you know my father?"

"He has been very kind to me, Paul," the priest answered; "I fear he will think it a poor return I make if I encourage you in your wish to become a Catholic."

"Father won't care," I exclaimed; "he lets me do as I please about religion."

"You do not know what a conversion to the Faith means, even in this age. Do you think you are able to bear calumny, hatred, the loss of every friend you have?" asked the priest.

"I wouldn't like it," I answered honestly, adding with much confidence, "but I am sure father would not care in the least."

"What has made you think of this, Paul?" he asked, at the same time looking at a nickel watch he took from an inside pocket of his cassock. "I have half an hour to spare; then I must go see some sick persons."

When I had finished telling him what has already been told here of my wish to be a Catholic the priest said: "Yours is a very old story, Paul; I have heard it many times, but never from one so young. By the bye," he added, a little sharply, "what Catholic has been talking to you of late?"

"I don't understand," I answered, somewhat startled by his abruptness.

"Who has put all this into your head?" he explained.

"I know no Catholics," was my reply; "at least, only some of the servants at home; but they scarcely ever speak to me, and never about religion."

He looked at me long and earnestly. "God bless you, Paul," he said, at last; "if you become a Catholic, take care you be a good one. God is very good to you."

Feeling his words very strongly, my heart swelled and my eyes moistened. When I had calmed myself, he asked: "What doubts have you, Paul—what is there that you find hard to believe?"

Thinking this a strange question, I said: "If I believe the Church is Truth, how can I have any doubts?"

"So you are a thinker, Paul," he said.

"Every one thinks," I answered. In my opinion, if what he had said was meant for a compliment, it did not amount to much.

"If every one thought," said the priest, "there would be fewer persons out of the church." Rising from his chair, he continued: "Now, Paul, my time is up. You are not of age; you must ask your father's consent before taking any further steps; then come and tell me what he says. By the way, you don't know my name." He then wrote on a card, which he gave me, "Clement Weldon."

"I will ask father this evening," I said. "I am coming to Mass to-morrow; can I see you afterwards?"

"Which Mass, Paul? Each priest has his hour for saying Mass; mine is half-past five, but that is too early for you?" he said interrogatively.

I told him it was not, and, impelled by some sudden emotion, I knelt for Father Weldon's blessing.

Very tenderly he said: "God bless you always, my child!" and he signed me with the sign of the cross.

On reaching home, I went straight to the book-room and was immediately greeted by my father with: "You must have had a long sermon; who was it preached?"

"I did not go to St. Bede's; I went to the Catholic church to Vespers," I answered.

"What possessed you to go there? Have you become infatuated with Rome?" Not waiting for an answer, he continued, "I have had dinner; you had better see if anything has been put by for you, and then read for me."

"I'm not hungry, papa," I said; "I'll read now if you wish."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed father, "get your dinner; the world is not coming to an end because, for once, you said your prayers with the 'Black Robes.'"

The book I read that night to father was Ruffini's *Lorenzo Benoni.* I have never seen the book since, but my memory is to be trusted that its tales of the Catholic priesthood must be glaringly untruthful, or I could scarcely have known so well as I did that the author was falsifying. No reading that I have ever made has been as distasteful as was that.

The reading ended, I closed the book and said abruptly: "Papa, may I become a Catholic?"

Father turned quickly in his chair. "Become a what?" he exclaimed, amazed at what I said.

"A Catholic," I faltered, scarcely able to speak for the choking sensation in my throat.

Father burst out laughing. "That is a good joke!" he exclaimed, still laughing; "I thought we at St. Bede's were the Simon Pure Catholics."

As I thought he would, father treated the idea of my becoming a Catholic as a joke.

"Henry VIII.'s church," I said, no longer choked in my utterance.

"Don't bother me about such nonsense," said father; "only be a good boy. What kind of weather is it—clear?"

Not sorry that I so easily obtained what I took to be his consent, I was quite as glad as father seemed to be to change the subject. Drawing aside the window-curtain I saw that it was a bright moonlight night, clear and frosty, freezing hard.

Next morning, so as not to rouse any one, I crept softly downstairs, letting myself quietly out-doors into the bright, frosty starlight. It was a long walk to the church, but, though taken over a frozen pavement, it did not seem lengthy to me; neither did I feel the bitter cold.

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There were but few persons beside myself in the dark church, lit by the two lights on the high altar, and the glow of the sanctuary lamp.

Spoken words, grand ceremonial, the charms of music are impressive. The Low Mass at dawn; the priest, whose every vestment is a wondrous symbol, a shadowy figure before the shadowed altar; an appalling stillness only broken now and then by the tinkle of a bell—all these things impress even one who does not understand. To one who does! A muffled tinkle, and he knows the Lord of heaven and earth has quickly come as lightning cleaves the skies, and even as long ago in Galilee he stood beside the troubled ones, he now stands there upon the altar to console and comfort those who are weary. Heaven alone can present a more wondrous sight, and only heaven, because there the veil is withdrawn.

Shortly after Father Weldon had ended his Mass he came to me where I knelt. For a moment he held my hand in hearty greeting, then led me to the sacristy, where there was a fire in a stove.

"Good news, Paul?" he asked.

When I had told him all that passed between my father and myself he said: "Paul, I cannot instruct or baptize you until you have from your father an explicit yes or no. Talk to him again, tell him what you told me yesterday; if nothing else is gained, he will at least know that this is not a whim of yours."

I hesitated, then said: "It will be very hard to tell him all I told you—you don't know my father."

The priest smiled. "Yes, I do, Paul," he said; "I know it will be hard. But if you are serious this should not frighten you. You had better tell him you have talked with me; he will remember my name."

I promised to do all this, but, in spite of feeling so sure of my father's indifference as to what faith was professed by me, did not like to do it.

Preparing myself after breakfast to speak to him, father asked me, in the cutting tone he had not used for many a day: "Where were you this morning?"

"At Mass, at the Catholic church," I answered.

"What is the meaning of all this?" he demanded, the expression on his face leaving me no room to doubt his anger.

To my surprise I was not afraid of him. I told him in as straightforward a manner as I knew all that I had told Father Weldon. It was only after I had ceased speaking for some minutes that he said: "You went to this priest without asking my permission!"

"I didn't think you would care, papa; you never cared where I went," I said, making this unfortunate speech in a very shaky voice.

"Has Father Weldon already taught you to reproach your father?" he asked, speaking below his breath.

The interpretation he put upon my words hurt me beyond measure. "Papa!" I cried, "Father Weldon says you have been very kind to him; he won't instruct or baptize me without your consent. He says I must have an explicit yes before he does anything."

Very much surprised, he asked: "Did the priest say all that, or are you weaving a tissue of lies?"

It was pride that kept me silent. I had never deceived him, and my self-love was hurt that he should doubt my word.

There was a long silence, then father stretched forth his hand, and said: "Soldier!"

This sudden change in his manner unstrung me. Tears were streaming down my cheeks as I put my hand in his.

"Soldier," he repeated, "I have never asked anything of you; now I ask you to do something for me. I have been a good father to you. Show me that you appreciate my kindness, and put this worse than nonsense out of your head."

Had I never shown any good will to my father?

There were tears in my eyes, but none in my voice, as I said: "Father, I cannot, I cannot; you may stop me from being a Catholic now, but I will be one some day, that is the truth."

He flung my hand from him, and exclaimed: "You insolent puppy! Sit down and write what I tell you."

Going to a desk I took out materials for writing, and waited for father to dictate. Perhaps five minutes had elapsed—my suspense made it seem longer—before he dictated the following note:

> "FATHER WELDON: You have not acted like a priest, inasmuch as you have acted honestly. I give my full consent to your making a Romanist out of Paul Ringwood if you are willing that Paul Ringwood suffer the consequences."

"Bring it to me to sign!" and I brought the paper to him, to which he put his signature, "Arthur Ringwood." When he had done this he said: "You will now take this note to Father Weldon; do not speak to me again on the subject; only, in the event of what you call becoming a Catholic, let me know."

"Papa," I began, "I do thank you very much—"

"Leave the room!" he interrupted, pointing to the door.

HAROLD DIJON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CHAT ABOUT THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

During one of the many journeys by rail which the interests of the Catholic University of America have lately imposed on me, I happened to be placed at a table of the dining-room car *vis à-vis* with two pleasant-looking gentlemen, whom I had noticed as occupants of the same coach with myself. Our proximity led naturally to an exchange of civilities, and our first remarks about the comforts of this novel style of restaurant had soon broadened into a conversation. As we dashed through the vast prairies, over a road-bed so straight and level that our table furnishing was scarcely jarred as we sped along, we talked of the parched look of the country after the long drought, of the shortness of the crops, of the probable effect on our home markets and our foreign exports, and, once our thoughts had crossed the sea, we found as wide a field for an exchange of prognostics in regard to international complications there as we next did in regard to our coming presidential election at home.

Growing more communicative as we went on, they asked and ascertained who I was, and I learned that one of them was Mr. G——, a Catholic from Cincinnati, and the other Mr. L——, a Unitarian from New Haven. After this interchange of confidences, Mr. G—— seemed to think that propriety required an allusion to the Catholic University, and so he began:

"You had a great day, had you not, at the laying of the corner-stone, last May?"

Yes, I replied; it was indeed a memorable day in the history of our undertaking. The elements seemed, indeed, to have conspired against us; but the stormy background only served to bring out the lights of the picture more clearly, and I think all were agreed that it was a grand tribute to the Catholic Church, and an omen that the energy embarked in the cause would surely, with God's blessing, win success from all difficulties.

"You apprehend difficulties, then?" he inquired.

What important undertaking, I answered, has ever been accomplished without them? Every great work of the Church of Christ, especially, has had the cross in it, and we neither hope nor desire that this one should be an exception.

"From what source do you anticipate them?" said he.

Well, it is but reasonable to expect them from both friends and foes. Differences of opinion are very natural in regard to all weighty questions, and even people of the best intentions are apt to be contentious. Then, too, it is not to be wondered at that some evil minds should be found, ready to invent what is false, or to put malicious constructions on what is true. And, doubtless, Satan will know how to raise obstacles in the way of a work on which he can look with no favor. But really we have met nothing thus far to cause us any apprehension or much disquiet. On the contrary, we have been astonished at the smoothness of our course; the success attending our efforts has surpassed our hopes, and the counter-ripples have been just about enough to arouse comment and excite interest.

"If I am not mistaken," timidly ventured Mr. L——, "you are erecting a magnificent structure that will cost some millions."

He saw by the amused look in my face that he *was* mistaken, but I relieved his embarrassment by telling him that it was not the first time I had found that impression entertained.

No, I continued, the building which we are putting up, while suitable in style and proportions for the purposes of a university, will be characterized by the simplicity and modesty becoming the divinity studies to which it is to be devoted, and will cost only a part of Miss Caldwell's gift. We have never forgotten, as one of our critics rather snappishly accused us of doing, that it is not buildings but men that make a university, and the funds which we are now collecting are meant almost exclusively for the men, for the endowment of the professorships, and afterwards for the scholarships and fellowships.

"I notice," put in Mr. G——, "that your critics doubt whether you will be able, for many a year to come, to bring together a body of distinguished professors in America."

Yes, I answered; we are blessed with a few croaking friends, who will not let us lose sight of the difficulties to be overcome. And this is assuredly not a small one, nor has it been overlooked. For a few years, of course, we will have to look abroad for most of our professors, and we find already that there is no dearth of men of learning and renown willing to unite their lives with such a work in our young republic. We will need only eight or ten for our Faculty of Divinity, and there is now no reasonable doubt that we will have our corps sufficiently complete in time for the inauguration of the University in November of next year.

"But do you really mean," said Mr. L——, with a look of bewilderment, "that all these eight or ten professors are to be engaged in teaching theology?"

Anxious to save him from a renewal of embarrassment, I chimed in with him as far as I could. It does indeed, said I, seem at first sight a large number of professors for a special line of study. But consider for a moment, in the first place in regard to the doctrines of religion, which are obviously the primary object of the Faculty of Divinity, that they are not only data of Revelation, which one could learn from a catechism; they are great luminous principles of thought, which have guided the loftiest soarings of the noblest intellects in all ages; they are rules of action, which enter into all the duties of individual conduct and into all the multiform relationships of human society; they are springs of life, whose presence or absence has had very much to do with shaping the good or evil fortunes of all the individuals and all the communities that have ever existed. See what a boundless field is here opened of most interesting and most important study, and of most careful and conscientious and enlightened teaching, on the part of theologians, philosophers, moralists, and historians. Next, reflect upon the numerous lines of study opened up by Scriptural research—studies of ancient languages, of long buried antiquities, of Oriental historic records and sacred lore, of patristic interpretation and the multiform exegesis of the sacred text. Think, too, of the marvellously interesting and important history of the church, the inner history of Christendom, now more than ever, through the voice of Leo XIII., inviting students to its critical perusal. Then, too, the Canon Law or ecclesiastical legislation of that world-wide church, springing as it does from the development of her external organization and the modifications in her relationships with the world in successive epochs—a branch of study whose technical knowledge is indispensable in the administration of ecclesiastical matters, and whose scientific examination is the study of the church's constitutional history. Besides, think of the liturgical studies called for by a priest's sacred ministry, and the studies of literature and eloquence that will fit him for the highest usefulness as a writer and a preacher, and the acquaintance which he needs to make with the true and the false, the certain and the unproved, of the various natural sciences which to-day claim to have a word to say about Divine Revelation: think of all this, and I feel sure you will acknowledge that we have here vast realms of intellectual labor appealing to the noblest ambition of students and calling for the devoted work of numerous professors.

During this enumeration Mr. G—— had forgotten to eat, and listened as if spell-bound. "Surely," said he musingly, "that must stir the heart of any young man of talent who has a spark of intellectual ambition. But do you intend," he inquired, "to have every student study all those branches?"

Oh! no, said I, laughing; that would not be practicable. It is not our aim to make each student "a Jack-of-all-trades," but to make him master of one or of a few. In courses of elementary instruction, scholars are given a bird's-eye view of the whole field of knowledge, or as much of it as possible; but a university course aims at making specialists, who alone can be accurate or profound scholars; and our students will be carefully directed in selecting the special studies which suit their talents or which will be called for by their future field of labor.

"But," said he pensively, "how immense is their field of labor, and how few the laborers! Is it to be hoped that the aspirants to the priesthood in our country can be spared so long from their work as to have time for such studies?"

That is indeed, I replied, a serious question, and one which we have not failed to ponder attentively. It was one of the chief problems examined by the Third Plenary Council. No one could know as well as the Prelates of the Council did what were the needs of the great harvest-field; yet when the question came up whether the term of study preparatory for the priesthood should be prolonged and perfected, their decision was that it must be done, that the condition of the church in our country now made it both possible and necessary. And when, in pursuance of the same inquiry, the question arose as to the establishment of a university course of ecclesiastical studies, that also was decided on as both practicable and necessary in the present condition of things. The strain and hurry which necessarily characterized the church's development and organization half or even a quarter of a century ago, no longer exists to any such degree in large portions of the country, and thus the careful preparation which the church desires for the ministers of the Divine Word becomes more and more practicable; while, at the same time, the intellectual requirements and the intellectual dangers of our people are growing apace, and demand of the exponent of Divine truth far more than was necessary in the simpler conditions of pioneer times. That is the conviction which was voiced in the decision of the Third Plenary Council, and you may rest assured that the bishops who so decided in regard to their ecclesiastical students will see to its realization in their regard. I may say that a plan is being perfected which will make the additional time of study required by the council blend with the advantages which we hope to offer, so that a large number of the best students may be allowed at least one year in the University, of whom a considerable proportion will be sure to stay longer. Besides, we trust that numbers of priests already in the sacred ministry, and practically acquainted with the needs before them, will secure leave to come for a special course of longer or shorter duration. Some such applications we have already received, and they are apt to be numerous. So that there is every likelihood that the difficulty will be, not to procure students, but to accommodate all who will apply.

But, I added, our dinner is over, and there may be other hungry passengers waiting for our table; suppose we adjourn to our coach.

As we reached our seats, we were joined by a gentleman whom we had remarked as evidently interested in what he could overhear of our conversation. He introduced himself as Mr. W——, a Catholic from Philadelphia, and asked the privilege of forming one of our little group, which was unanimously granted with pleasure.

When we were cozily settled in our places, Mr. L—— was the first to recommence. "I have been listening," said he, "with great interest to what you have been saying about studies and students. But do you consider that what you have described will constitute a university?"

Not at all, I answered; it is only one of the faculties of a university. The other faculties will be added as rapidly as circumstances and means will permit, so as to offer to all comers the very highest facilities for education in general scholarship, in the sciences, and in the professions.

"But is there not," he asked, "some ground for the charge, which I have heard urged, that the whole spirit and scope of your studies will be narrowed, and made alien to the notion of a university, by being thus hinged on to dogma?"

Is the universe narrowed, I asked, by having God in it? Or humanity by having Christ in it? Or the mind and heart of mankind by being illumined by the light and expanded and uplifted by the love which he sheds forth? Or the philosophy of the ancients by receiving into it his answers to their puzzled questions? Or the study of the wonders of nature by the knowledge that they are the works of God? Or is the whole field of human thought narrow or cramped by the conviction that there can never be a contradiction between the words of God and the works of God, or between man's duty to creatures and his duty to their Creator?

"Well, no," he replied, "no reasonable being could say that; though I acknowledge that what some people say often sounds very like it. And I must acknowledge that, for those who believe in God and Revelation, it is logical to place him and what concerns our relations to him as the very centre and soul of their intellectual system. But permit me to press my question a little further and to ask, Have not we outsiders some reason for believing that your system will be narrowed by being exclusively Catholic, exclusively denominational? Is not that contrary to the broad universality which the very name university implies? And is it not equally contrary to the broad liberality of our American ideas and institutions?"

Once more allow me, said I, to answer by asking a question. Is it narrowness of mind to seek and choose the certain truth rather than the conflicting multitude of uncertain opinions? Or are we to say that there is no certain truth, but only uncertain opinions in regard to the most important questions that the human mind must ask? And is it a characteristic of a true university to profess such scepticism about those questions? Or is that to be called a university which, professing to embrace the whole field of human thought in its scope, omits altogether this most important of all realms of thought? Or does our American toleration of the opinions of others mean that you are not to hold or profess any absolutely certain convictions of your own?

"Well, really," he replied, laughing, "I must acknowledge myself overwhelmed by such an avalanche of conclusions from my own premises. Candidly, I never looked at things from just that standpoint, and I must admit that, from the standpoint of a church which believes in the certainty of Revelation and the unerringness of its transmission, your views and your course are entirely logical. And I must honestly add that I envy you who have such convictions, and your students, who will be started out in life with certainty instead of scepticism or agnosticism for their stock in trade. But tell me candidly, is there really no foundation for the charge, so often repeated of late, that if you ever get the power you will try to force your convictions on your fellow-citizens who differ with you?"

The two Catholics burst into a hearty laugh, to the evident discomfiture of our good friend. Really, I replied, we often are at a loss whether to be amused or provoked at this charge. It has been laid at the door of Archbishop Ryan, of Archbishop Kenrick, of Archbishop Hughes, of Father Hecker, and each one of them has denounced the imputation as a base lie; and yet would-be respectable authors are found to reproduce the forgeries unblushingly, and gullible readers, no doubt, are found to believe them, though every Catholic knows them to be utterly alien to his convictions and to the spirit of his church. In other times and under other circumstances both Catholics and Protestants have advocated and practised persecution and coercion of conscience; but such are not our times or our circumstances. As we now demand respect for our just rights, and freedom to act out our convictions peacefully, so I declare that, even if all imaginable power were in our hands, we would honorably respect the just rights and the peaceable convictions of our fellow-citizens.

Mr. L—— professing himself entirely satisfied, it seemed as if there would be a lull in the conversation. But Mr. W—— took up the thread.

"May I be allowed to ask," said he, "whether there is any truth in the assertion, which I have heard, that the present plan of the Catholic University goes entirely beyond the idea and intention of the Third Plenary Council?"

Really, I answered, I cannot imagine on what such a notion could be based. The council decreed the establishment of a university course of ecclesiastical studies, around which, it expressly said, the other studies of a true university might be grouped.* That is precisely the plan which we are working out. Only we must say in all thankfulness that the development of facts since the council has given us reason to hope that the entire plan can be realized in far less time than could then have been expected. You may rest assured that the executive committee of archbishops, bishops, priests, and laymen, appointed by the council, and who number sixteen in all, will not be likely to commit so egregious a mistake as to transgress the council's intention.

"But," he ventured, "is it not rumored that the bishops are divided among themselves on the question of the University, and especially in regard to its location at Washington?"

Yes, said I, rumored by adventurous scribblers, who, when they have not, and could not have, knowledge of facts, invent them to order. That there should be absolute unanimity on every point is not expected of any committee entrusted with any question of importance; but a more harmonious committee never managed a great work than that in charge of the University. As to the location, you are doubtless aware that, after carefully weighing the reasons *pro* and *con*, a majority of the board voted for Washington; and when, at the request of our Holy Father the Pope, the bishops of the whole country were asked to express their views on the question, the majority in favor of Washington was so great that there could be no hesitation as to the final decision. And the press, whether Catholic or not, both in America and in Europe, has been almost unanimous in commending the wisdom of the choice.

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* The words of the decree are as follows: "Ita ut, seminario tali semel incepto, haberetur nucleus vel germen quoddam unde, favente Dei gratia, perfecta suo tempore effloresceret studiorum universitas." That is: "So that, this seminary being once begun, there should be a nucleus or germ from which, God favoring, a perfect university should in time develop" (Conc. Plen. III., n. 182).

"But," he urged, "will it not be a sad disadvantage to Georgetown College?"

Can you suppose for a moment, I replied, that the bishops could have been capable of deliberately aiming a blow at dear old Georgetown, or at any other of the institutions that have been hitherto the bulwarks of our Christian education? Assuredly, nothing could have been farther from their intention, nor have they any idea that such will be the result. These institutions take boys at a very tender age, and lead them up to graduation at the age of nineteen or twenty. It is only then that the proposed university is to begin its work with them, and lead them to the highest scholarship, to the fullest learning. Hence, every young man in whose heart the desire is awakened to share in the advantages of the University, will, by the very fact, be led to one or other of our colleges as the way to it, and will have in the thought an incentive to application and success which scarcely anything else could supply. Thus the University, instead of being a disadvantage to Georgetown College or any other, will be a help to them all, as they in their turn, by their affiliation with it, will be its helpers and "feeders." The authorities of the University of Notre Dame, one of the foremost institutions of the country, told me recently that to have such a relationship with the Catholic University of America would be their ambition and their earnest endeavor. Even when we have come as far as the establishment of the professional faculties, all care shall be taken that our schools shall work with theirs in fraternal harmony and mutual aid. Our aim is not to destroy or to injure, but to develop and improve.

"But," he persisted, "might not Georgetown, or some such college, have been chosen as the nucleus of the University? And let me ask in all candor, may not the Jesuits, so long the foremost champions of Christian education, rightly feel aggrieved that the University was not placed under their direction?"

As a matter of course, said I, the executive committee took into careful consideration the claims of the principal colleges already existing, and the great and unquestionable merits of the Jesuits as our chief educators. But their final decision was that the proposed University could not be a development from, nor an addition to, any of our colleges, but must be a new institution entirely, related to them all, but distinct from them all, and above them all. They also decided, as did the Third Plenary Council before them, that the universal and comprehensive character which they wished the new institution to possess, would not permit its being in the hands of any one religious order; that it must be organized on the plan of the church's own organization, under the direction of the bishops of the country, and with room both in its professorial chairs and on its students' benches for every order and every rank and condition, with no distinction save that of individual ability and merit. This decision our Holy Father the Pope has most emphatically not only endorsed, but made his own. And now let me assure you that the Jesuits are not the men to take amiss a decision of the Pope and the bishops of the country. They take a vow of special obedience to the Pope and are loyal in its observance; and they are intimately blended with the church's organization and life throughout the country, and perfectly appreciate the necessity of harmony with the bishops. In fact, some of our most zealous helpers in the work are Jesuit fathers; and only a few weeks ago I received from the late Provincial of the Eastern Province, himself one of the most distinguished men of the order, a letter in which he denounced as a calumny the assertion made by some silly people that the Jesuits have been in opposition to the University, and declared that any possible individual act having such an appearance ought to be explained, or be punished. I am glad to have this opportunity of mentioning this fact, for I am sure it is his desire that it should be as widely known as possible. No, dear friend, you may dismiss all such apprehensions as groundless, and may rest assured that all sensible people now recognize that no matter what notions on the subject individuals may have had—and that those notions should have been very various is quite natural—the only wise thing to do now is to accept heartily the plan to which the Pope and the bishops have committed us irrevocably, and to carry it out with the noble earnestness and the grand success which the whole church and the whole world expect from the Catholics of America. In other countries they might make allowance for possibilities of failure or of only partial success, owing to scarcity of funds or to governmental opposition. But they all know that no such cause for apprehension exists in America, and so they expect from us unmingled success. And surely we have only to work together—as, thanks be to God, we are already doing—and their expectation will not be disappointed.

"Permit me," said Mr. G——, "to offer one other difficulty. Is there not danger that many will regard the University as a Southern institution, because situated south of Mason and Dixon's line?"

Well, really, I answered, that would be a most singular stretch of the spirit of sectionalism. Can the National Capital be considered a Southern city, or the seat of Southern institutions? It was precisely in order to avoid every semblance of any kind of sectionalism that the bishops decided in favor of the National Capital. They did not even advert to its being in the old mother-see of Baltimore; for they desire that it should no more belong to any one see in particular than to any one State or section in particular. Such, too, is the mind of Leo XIII., who earnestly desired that the University should be located in the very Capital of our country, that it may thereby be more thoroughly identified with the life of the whole country. Surely this must be obvious to any reasonable mind, and with unreasonable people, you know, there is no use in arguing.

"By the way," said Mr. L——, "did you see those two articles on the University, claiming to be from a Catholic layman, which recently appeared in the *Independent?*"

Yes, I answered, my attention was called to them, and a fine specimen they were of how unreasonable people can think and write. Candidly, I consider them as so palpably an outpouring of unreasonable spleen, that I wonder how the *Independent* could have published them. However, I am glad that they gave me an opportunity of presenting to the readers of the *Independent* a brief statement of the real facts of the case. That they should be rightly understood is all that we desire, for they carry their own evidence.

"One question more, if you please," said he, "and I am done. Do you really calculate that your University will rival the great institutions of the country, Harvard and Yale, for instance, in excellence and prestige?"

Well, said I, laughingly, while we ask other people to be reasonable with us, of course we too must be reasonable. We know that Harvard and Yale did not become what they are in a day. They have a very long start before us. But we have their experience to guide us, and we mean to profit by it. Our calculation certainly is to give, in each successive faculty and chair that we will add on, quite as high an order of teaching as that in Harvard or Yale or anywhere else, and to give a great deal more besides, which we, from our standpoint of theology and philosophy, can well give, but which they, from theirs, cannot give possibly. And we are content to let this decide the result. Whoever desires for himself, or for his sons, just those advantages for head and heart which the Catholic University of America will supply, will know where to come for them. And if it is not these, but some different advantages, that this one or that one may be in search of, he will doubtless choose accordingly. Our thought is not one of rivalry with others, but of offering to our Catholic people, and to any others who may appreciate them, the very highest and truest educational advantages, with belief in God, love of God, dutifulness toward God and toward one's fellow-men, pervading and animating the whole system. What worldly prestige such a system may have, we care but little; that it will be appreciated by those who think rightly, we confidently hope. And among them we are content to have our field of labor.

A few pleasant comments of a summing-up character, some delightful chit-chat about things in general, and we had reached our destination.

John J. Keane.

OUR LITTLE ENEMIES.

A LITTLE less than fifty years ago, in 1839, Schoenlein found that *Favus*, a skin disease, better known as "crusted ringworm," was caused by a diminutive fungus called Achorion, which, settling on the skin, made a home there, and speedily raised a fine family of little Achorions. Think of a man's being turned into a mushroom garden! Under the lens this audacious and bothersome plant took the form of cylindrical, flexible tubes, enclosing the spores out of which the new growths were developed. Schoenlein's discovery upset the current theory of the disease, and set some men to thinking. Not one of the thinkers could have reasoned out the intimate relations which time and study have shown to exist between our life and plant-life. By degrees we have learned that the air we breathe, the water we drink, our food, the very organs and vessels of our body, are filled with minute living things, many of them so minute as to be barely visible under a powerful microscope. Fortunately for us, all these little organisms are not harmful. If they were, life and death would be synonymous terms.

Bacteria is a general term applied to our little enemies whatever their form or habits. But the different species are distinguished one from another by specific names, which generally suggest the form of the organism. Some of our worst foes have such fine names as *bacillus*, *vibrio*, and *micrococcus*. The bacillus is rod-like, as the name implies; the vibrio, curved or twisted, and the micrococcus, shaped like a grain of seed. Not only are the bacteria the smallest of all known beings, but they are the most elementary and the most simply organized. Some varieties are seemingly motionless; others move in undulatory lines or in circles. Seen under a powerful microscope, certain of the micrococci are no larger than the period at the end of this sentence. It is reasonable to assume that there are bacteria which even the microscope cannot bring within our vision. These little beings reproduce themselves in one of two ways: by spores, whence they develop as a plant from a seed; or by fissiparity, where the being breaks itself into pieces, each piece starting on an independent life, and in time multiplying its kind by cutting itself up into new organisms.

Thanks to the patient, ingenious studies and experiments of Davaine, Pasteur, Koch, Klebs, and the large number of inquirers who have followed in the footsteps of the older men, or cut new paths for themselves, our knowledge of these wonderful pigmies has been rapidly enlarged. Step by step it was proven that when we suffered from certain disorders, certain kinds of bacteria were present in or on our bodies. Were the bacteria the cause of the disease, or merely an accompaniment? The surgeons helped to settle the question. They adopted, under Lister's impulse, methods of treatment based on the notion that bacteria caused disease. The new treatment was successful, and the science and art of surgery were revolutionized. However unwillingly, medical science has been in turn compelled to modify its theory of disease and its methods of treatment. The very latest discoveries suggest that the new theory may before long work as thorough a revolution in medicine as it has already done in surgery.

Let us run over the list of the diseases in which the abnormal growth of special bacteria has been determined. First, there is hydrophobia. The mad dog, biting man or brute, introduces into the body a bacteria that propagates itself along the nervous fibres and in the nerve substances until it reaches the bulb located in the brain. When this point has been touched the peculiar form of madness called hydrophobia appears. The progress of the bacteria may be slower or quicker, depending on conditions not yet clearly understood. There have been cases where the brain was attacked within forty-eight hours, and at least one case is recorded where the venomous little murderer was four years and ten months in working its way to the brain In cases of scarlatina, a special growth called *bacterium punctum* is found in the blood. The connection between the *punctum* and the disease was shown by Doctors Coze and Feltz. They transferred some of the suspicious bacteria into the blood of living rabbits. There the *punctum* grew in numbers, and the poor rabbits had a speedy ending. The small-pox eruption, which we all fear, however plain-faced we may be, is caused by one of these miserable little organisms. Another has letters-patent on chicken-pox. Dr. Felheisen caught the bacteria that give us erysipelas. He inoculated man with them successfully. Cornil found that the bacteria of erysipelas make their home in the lymphatics. Ever on the watch, these hungry parasites get into the body by way of the skin. A slight pin-scratch will make an entrance long and wide enough for them. Septicæmia, or blood-poisoning, is the work of a virulent organism whose power to do evil increases as it passes from one subject to another. The diphtheria, which makes such sad havoc everywhere, is a bacterial disease. Oertel and Letzerich have fixed on the diphtheritic bacillus, and followed it on its way through the body. Having entered by the nostrils or mouth, it settles on the mucous membrane of the throat. Sometimes the bacillus is satisfied with the location, and stays in the throat until the doctor serves a writ of ejectment. But more often this too vigorous pioneer sends out colonies into the tissues, or enters the blood, and thus spreads itself through the whole body. Until experiment had made known these facts, it was not easy to explain the many strange symptoms which frequently accompany this disease. Vernueil discovered the bacillus of tetanus, or lock-jaw, as it is familiarly called. Heretofore the character of a wound was supposed to determine lock-jaw. Now we know that the real cause is the bacillus that lights on the wound. Schütz and Loffler, in Germany, as well as Bouchard and Capitan, in France, have shown that in cases of glanders a particular kind of vibrio is found to have planted itself in the body. Letzerich and Tschamer carefully studied that dear old friend of childhood's happy hours, the whooping-cough. They captured the vile monster-let that made our little stomachs so sore, and cut right into dear mother's heart. All the trouble was caused by a contemptible micrococcus, very like the one ordinarily found on lemons. This petty thing spreads itself over the respiratory passages and the bronchiæ, which, being irritated, in time irritate us. Whereupon sensible youngsters cough themselves blue in the effort to reject the impertinent intruder. The bacteria of typhoid fever, and more lately of pneumonia, have been carefully studied and described. As to tuberculosis, or consumption, Dr. Villemin was the first to prove it a disease that can be transmitted. Koch, as every one knows, found the guilty bacilli. They are so small that a cubic millimeter of tuberculous lung holds millions upon millions of them. Cornil has followed this bacillus on its travels through the body. Entering by the nose and mouth, it halts at the larynx. Thence it sends out exploring parties. When they have made themselves secure in the lungs, they send out new parties to found settlements in other organs. Leprosy, which is so much more common than we have been led to suppose, is due to bacteria. When we have a boil, or a sty, or worse still, a "carbuncle," we may feel sure that a mighty small thing with a mighty big name—a staphylococcus—has, without our leave, been having a fine time at our expense.

How do the bacteriologists—as the scientific men are called who devote themselves to these special studies—determine the bacillus, or micrococcus, which is to be held responsible for a particular disease? They examine the saliva or other excretions, or the blood, of a patient. There they find great numbers of bacteria of all sorts. The observer cannot tell which variety is the more numerous. He must separate them into families. Only then can he take a trustworthy census. The bacteriologist who would do good work must be a very cleanly man. On his hands, in the air, on the different articles in the laboratory, there are bacteria. He does not wish that any of these should get into his experimental drop of blood, or saliva. It has been proven that no bacteria will survive a temperature of three to four hundred degrees Fahrenheit. The bacteriologist keeps a stock of glass plates on hand. These he exposes to a high temperature. When they are sufficiently heated, he calls them "sterilized." He means that they are absolutely free from any living thing. Now he must look to his hands. He washes them in a cleansing solution—anti-septic is his name for it. Or perhaps he uses fresh bread-crumbs. Dr. Von Esmarch has lately proven by experiment that the soft part of fresh bread is better than any of the ordinary anti-septic solutions, not only for removing germs from the hands, but also from the walls of hospitals and sick rooms. With clean hands the operator places the drop of living liquid on a sterilized plate. The plate has been prepared in a way to assure the bacteria's receiving nourishment. Covering the plate securely, he allows the different broods to develop. From time to time he divides the rapidly growing mass, and starts new growths on other "sterilized" plates. After a while he will have the various bacteria that were in the drop of blood or saliva grouped into families according to their kind; and one of these families will be inordinately large compared with the others. Here is my game! says the bacteriologist. These little things caused the chill, or the fever, or the delirium. Putting some specimens under the microscope, he soon determines whether he has to deal with a known variety, or with a species hitherto unobserved. If the latter, he cultivates it, and then experiments with it on some of the lower animals, to see whether he can reproduce in them the disease he has reason to think his new bacteria caused in man.

Bacteria are cultivated in gelatine, or in beef *bouillon.* The gelatine is, in some respects, the more serviceable medium. It admits of freer handling than the bouillon, and so allows the bacteriologist more readily to separate the bacteria as they multiply. Being transparent, the gelatine offers no hindrance to a close study of the motion, forms and process of reproduction of the different organisms. However, it has one disadvantage. It decomposes more quickly than the bouillon. A sterilized bouillon will last an indefinite time. At the "Carnegie Laboratory" Dr. Grauer has a pretty glassful, four years old, and still as transparent as on the day it was bottled.

Though a number of the bacteria are unfriendly to us, we are bound to do them justice. Many are good to look upon; and whatever your prejudice, as you scrutinize the slender rootlet, and fairy mushroom-cap, you feel that you cannot but pardon such a pretty, little thing for trying to preserve its life, even at your expense. The rapidity with which they are propagated is almost incredible. Davaine calculated that were a few germs of certain species introduced into the human body, they would increase at such a rate that within three days there would be sixty thousand millions of them in the blood. What is compound interest to that? or stock in a "Trust"? The "capitalistic monopolist" may gather more dollars in a year than we can in a life-time; but when it comes to bacteria—it looks as if we had an even chance.

Death is all around us. We are rather proud of it—to judge by the pretentiousness of the marble monuments in the cemeteries. And yet the mere thought of disease frightens some people. A knowledge of details scares a still greater number. Some of us are not easily frightened. We have been through a full course of patent-medicine almanacs. In the discoveries of the bacteriologists there is nothing to add to our fears. If the conclusions of these learned men be true, mankind has always been preyed upon by beings of whose existence it did not dream. And harmful as they have been, our ignorance has not hindered us from making a good fight against them. Our pills and potions may not have done us much good; but, few of the bacteria can have grown fat on them—mark my words! New theories do not disturb a Christian. At the age of forty, if he have an active mind, he is busy feeding his own private Theory-Crematory. A new theory of disease alarms him no more than a new theory of evolution, or a new theory about the deluge. If the Christian be calm, why should the infidel, or atheist, or agnostic trouble himself? Question as we may, both Christian and agnostic will fight for their lives—the former reasonably, and the latter not unnaturally. We may contend one with another about words or ideas, but we are knit together like brothers in protecting our lives. Thanks to the men who tracked our bitter, deadly, little enemies, the bacteria, we have already learned how to defend ourselves against their attacks.

The chief worker in our behalf has been a good Christian, M. Pasteur. The method of inoculation devised and practised by him has been followed by other men with considerable success. And yet this method rested on no scientific basis. It was wholly experimental. Pasteur noticed that when he introduced bacteria into the body of an animal, with fatal effect, the introduction of the offspring of these bacteria into another animal of the same species proved still more fatal. In other words, some bacteria grew more virulent as they were transmitted from one subject to another of the same species. Strange to say, when he introduced the same bacteria into some other species of animal, the very contrary happened. The bacteria became less and less poisonous as they passed from one animal to another. Whereupon Pasteur made up his mind to cultivate bacteria—here a batch of savages, and there a batch of tamer constitution. Then he began to experiment. A patient had a fatal disease. Pasteur inoculated him first with worn-out, exhausted bacteria. Then he tried a more vigorous stock. And so he kept on until he had introduced his strongest growth into the body of the sick man. Experience proved that Pasteur's methods were beneficial to man and beast. Why? Pasteur did not know. His method was wholly empirical. He did thus and so, with such and such results; but neither he nor any one else could say why this particular kind of inoculation was effective.

If you observe a gelatine "culture," in which a family of bacteria is growing, you will notice that day by day the gelatine is losing its solid form. In time it liquefies. Remove your bacteria, and you will find that they are lifeless. Why so? Some said that they kept themselves alive on the gelatine, that in time they exhausted it; the gelatine was disintegrated, and the bacteria starved. This was not the true reason. As long ago as 1879 Dr. Chauveau, a professor at the Lyons School of Medicine, maintained that the reason certain bacteria brought disease into the human body was because they secreted a soluble poison. If they secreted a larger quantity of poison than the body could bear, death ensued. Moreover, said Dr. Chauveau, if we are protected from disease by inoculation, we owe it to the poison secreted by the bacteria. In 1880 Dr. Chauveau was able to offer proofs in support of his position; and then and since he has shown that his theory was more than probable. Indeed, it was a fair inference from well-established facts. Living, as we know, means continual waste and reparation. Each minute we are being consumed and renewed. The waste is hurtful to us. We have to get rid of it; and so the skin and the different organs of the body are constantly occupied in relieving us of the things that oppose life. Now, chemistry shows that all these waste substances contain poisons. Why should the bacteria escape the common law? How can they live unless they throw off the waste that accompanies all life? And if they do throw off waste, they secrete poisons. How does this fact serve us, or the bacteriologists? Let us see.

Chauveau's theory and facts were full of suggestion. However there were other men with other notions. An Italian, Dr. Cantani, had been studying the problem, and he argued after this fashion: "When we place bacteria in a 'culture,' we see that some species are stronger than others. Now, we know that in the struggle for life the strong overcome the weak. It is always the old story of the big and little fishes. I shall inoculate as a curative of disease, but not in the way M. Pasteur does. I shall look for the bacteria that is stronger than the one which kills us. Our enemy shall fight with his own enemy. It will be bacteria against bacteria—and the best bacteria will win." The argument was all right. On the face of it, the fight would be more even than it is now. After some experiments with the bacteria of consumption, Dr. Cantani fixed on the good bacteria in which we could safely trust—a bacterial St. George! It proved to be of very common stock, low-bred, the *bacterium termo*, which is found wherever there is putrefaction. Everything being ready, the doctor chose an honored patient, and introduced the *termo*, by thousands, into the respiratory passages. The *termo* must have gone to work with a will; for the patient soon improved, the more painful symptoms were by degrees alleviated, and finally the cough and expectoration ceased. Another Italian, Dr. Salama, of Pisa, took up Cantani's remedy, and found it beneficial. Further experiments have been made in the same direction, but the results have not been methodically reported.

Dr. Peyraud was not satisfied with Pasteur's way of treating hydrophobia. His experiments led him in a wholly new path. The results of his work were reported to the French Academy of Sciences in December, 1887. Some years ago he discovered that animals inoculated with essence of tansy were affected very much as if they had been bitten by a mad dog. From this fact the doctor argued that the chemical composition of the essence of tansy must be similar to that of the poison which causes rabies. Should this be the case, might not hydrophobia be cured by inoculating the patient with the tansy essence? Such was the question that presented itself to Peyraud. He made experiment after experiment. He satisfied himself, and then challenged his peers. The doctor lives at Libourne, some distance from Bordeaux. To Bordeaux he went, and there he put his theories to the test before the faculty of medicine. Taking a number of rabbits, he inoculated one batch with the tansy essence. Then he inoculated them with the virus of rabies. Selecting another batch, he inoculated them with the virus of rabies alone. These poor fellows took hydrophobia, and died of it. The other lot, which had first been inoculated with the essence of tansy, were alive and well when Dr. Peyraud made his report nine months after the public experiment. Certainly the doctor had made a long step in advance. His theory, backed by his successful experiment, had a new value. It suggested a more reasonable and safer treatment than Pasteur's. By Pasteur's method of inoculation a living organism is put into the body. There it multiplies, uncontrolled. Instead of doing good, it may do harm. It may bring disease instead of protection against disease. This uncertain agent Peyraud would replace by a chemical substance which may be definitely controlled. The limits of a dose of essence of tansy may be fixed by experiment. Does not Peyraud's successful treatment of hydrophobia suggest a new line of inquiry? Should we not look among known chemicals for the vaccines which will protect us against the terrible, little bacteria? The bacteriologists, and physicians as well, put on their thinking-caps.

Meantime Pasteur had been trying his best to find a reasonable explanation for his own practice. Here was the problem: How came it that the introduction of weakened bacteria into a living body prevented virulent bacteria from making a fatal lodgment there? As we have seen, there are only two possible answers to this question. Either the bacteria, in the effort to live and develop in the body, consume certain substances that form a part of the body, and are at the same time necessary to the life of the bacteria, or else, in the act of living, the bacteria throw off waste matter, which is poisonous. If we assume the first answer to be the correct one, we have to argue this way: The bacteria that are introduced into our bodies by Pasteur, having eaten up the substances on which this particular kind of bacteria live, all later intruders of the same variety are starved to death. If, on the other hand, we assume the second answer to be the true one, we must argue thus: The poisons which the bacteria secrete in the effort to live kill them in time; and this poison remaining in the body kills any bacteria of the same variety that, later on, enter the body. Pasteur leaned to this latter view. He made experiments, but they did not help him. Then he took up the other theory; was again disappointed, and returned to his first opinion. New experiments promised more definite results; but ill-health compelled him to rest from his labors, and the problem remained unsolved.

Meantime his assistants, Roux and Chamberland, pursued the investigations. When making his famous studies on splenic fever, Pasteur traced the disease to a species of bacteria called the septic vibrio. Roux and Chamberland noticed that when this vibrio was cultivated in a *bouillon*, it was short-lived, seldom producing a second generation. When they added fresh *bouillon* there were new signs of life, but only for a little while. Here, if anywhere, it was fair to assume that the bacteria poisoned themselves. To remove all doubts on this point the two investigators took a quantity of a "culture," and raised it to a high temperature, thus killing every visible living thing within it. If this "sterilized" culture were now infused into a living animal, no harm could follow *unless the vibrio had poisoned the culture while living*. Pasteur's assistants inoculated a number of guinea-pigs with a measured dose of the "sterilized" culture. When a guinea-pig is attacked by septicæmia he invariably dies. But the guinea-pigs which were inoculated showed symptoms of blood-poisoning, and yet quickly recovered. Evidently the new treatment had secured them against a fatal disease. The consequences that logically follow from these experiments point to a total change in the treatment of contagious diseases, and they prove the soundness of Dr. Chauveau's reasoning, and the value of Dr. Peyraud's suggestion. Once for all it is settled, inasmuch as anything experimental can be settled, that bacteria secrete poisons; that these poisons are fatal to the bacteria as well as to us, and that we may protect ourselves from the poisonous bacteria by introducing a dose of their secretions into our bodies. But the discoveries of Roux and Chamberland did not end here. They found that the poison secreted by the bacteria in the *bouillon* was fifty times less poisonous than that secreted in the human body by the same bacteria. Evidently, then, the virulence of the bacterial poison depends on the medium in which the being lives. And therefore, choosing the proper media, the chemist may extract from bacteria remedies of various kinds, just as, nowadays, many of the remedies in use are extracted from vegetable substances. Are we to have a new school of chemists? But the layman who ventures to ask questions about chemistry, or medicine, treads on ground hardly less dangerous than that of theology. The theologian has bowels of compassion, sometimes; but the modern "scientist" is inexorable. With Pasteur in the lead, even the layman may be bold. These are Pasteur's words, spoken before the Academy of Sciences, in March last, when he reported the discoveries of his assistants:

> "It is proven that immunity against a mortal and infectious disease may be secured by the injection of chemical substances, in doses; and that these substances are the result of life in bacteria. This is a fact of capital importance. . . . My joy is great that I have been a witness of this new progress realized in my laboratory."

Steps have already been taken to utilize these discoveries. The well-known bacteriologists Chautemesse and Widal made experiments with the bacillus of typhoid fever. Usually mice give up the ghost when this bacillus attacks them. Chautemesse and Widal sterilized a *bouillon* in which the typhoid bacillus had been cultivated. Mice inoculated with this *bouillon* were not injured by it; and, after inoculation, they were proof against the living bacilli which were introduced into their bodies. If the bacteriologists are right, they have fixed upon the cure, and the preventive, of typhoid fever. All they have to do is to determine the dose suitable to man, and to prepare the vaccine in sufficient quantities for general use.

The cause of contagious diseases has always been a great mystery to mankind. Has not the mystery at last been solved? Better still, have we not good grounds for hoping that the virulence of a long line of diseases—leprosy, consumption, small-pox, hydrophobia, pneumonia, typhoid fever, scarlet fever, diphtheria, croup, and measles—will soon be permanently modified? Within a few weeks Pasteur has announced the discovery of a vaccine against that terrible plague, cholera. Arguing from analogy, the yellow fever is a bacterial disease. Thus far, however, all attempts to detect the true bacteria have failed. Dr. Freire's widely advertised vaccine is useless. In the South our fellow-citizens are just now falling fast before this baleful disease. Heroic sacrifices are daily made to save the sick. Let us hope that our American bacteriologists are at work in the interest of humanity. They ought to be as clever and as philanthropic as the Germans or Frenchmen.

Are we to have a wholly new science of medicine? Whether or not, the outlook promises good things to mankind; and millions will, with Pasteur, exclaim: "Our joy is great!" Greater still must our wonder be, as we reflect on these new, and certainly incomplete, revelations of the mystery of life; a mystery that "science" does not solve. Rather does she help to deepen it. To-day there is a mighty, bawling crowd of men who claim to hold the key to the mystery. Did they wrench it from the hand of the All-Seeing, All-Knowing, Almighty God?

JOHN A. MOONEY.

JOHN VAN ALSTYNE'S FACTORY.

XXXV.—*Continued.*

ZIPPORAH, in fact, was not nearly so well grounded in rebellion as her letters had indicated, nor even as she had been when they were written. Besides taking counsel of her own mind she had talked over the matter with Mary Anne Murray, who inclined strongly to the view that the girl's first duty was obedience to her mother's wishes. Still, she thought the case a hard one, chiefly because her own father's weak health forbade her offering to take Zipporah's place, and neither of them liked the idea of leaving Mr. Van Alstyne alone with only servants to attend to his comfort. His daily visits to the mill used up so much of his strength that when he returned home after them it was often to hours of semi-somnolence. One would have said he was vegetating in the afternoons to pay for the activity of the early hours of the day. The doctor, finding him once or twice in this condition, shook his head and looked sober. He, too, had been taken into Zip's confidence, and was strong in the opinion that she should settle her difficulty entirely by her own lights, and in the way that to him seemed the best one.

"Why," he said testily, "it is absurd to talk of going home under the circumstances. I don't see what your mother can be thinking about. Milton Centre is Milton Centre this week, isn't it, just as much as it was last week? I'll write to Mrs. Colton, sha'n't I, and tell her just how the case stands? You can't have made it plain to her. I know she must be a good woman; I've got evidence of that before me, but the best women I know are as apt, and apter, to be cranky than the worst ones."

Zip smiled an anxious little smile. "Miss Murray thinks I ought to go if mother insists," she said.

"Well, that only proves what I've just been saying. You get a rule fixed up once before the average good woman's eyes, and she is bound to toe the line about it if she breaks her neck. Of course, girls ought to mind their mothers—especially when their mothers and their fathers are of one opinion in all things. Let me catch one of mine doubting on that point!"

The squire laughed, and so did Zip. Bella and Lucy ruled the Cadwallader household, but, as their father sometimes remarked, they were generally very good to him and their mother so long as they behaved themselves.

"You see," he went on, "the case with you is a little different from what it would be if you had not been away from home so long, and been—well, as you may say, thrown on your own resources. I had a little talk with your father, the first day he brought you, about that matter. It seemed to me a thing I wouldn't do myself by one of my girls, unless I were absolutely forced to it by circumstances I couldn't control. That is not his case, I take it?"

Zip blushed. "No, it isn't," she answered after a brief hesitation. "And that is the way I felt and feel about it, too. But I don't know. Mother is very decided, though she don't give me any reasons at all. She never wanted me to come. She thinks exactly as you do about keeping girls at home. But, after all, I am glad father sent me. And I would like to stay. That is just what makes me think I ought to go back—especially as Miss Murray says so too."

"You're a woman all over, an't you?" said the squire. "Nine out of ten of them, I observe, if you don't throw any make-weight in the other scale, are sure to come to the conclusion that the thing they don't want to do is just the one they ought to. I shouldn't wonder if they're right about it, as a general rule, but *you* won't be, now take my word for it. You stay right where you are, my dear. You are cut out for your post, and I call it providential—so would your mother, if she saw just how things stand and you are a chip off of her block, as I think you must be."

"Well, I don't know about that," said Zip. "I guess I am like her in some things, but I know she always thinks I want looking after more than—well, more than my sister does."

"That settles it," returned the squire with an emphatic nod.

"Your sister is a chip off the other block, then, and that one she don't know as well as she knows her own. I see I shall have to write to the old lady myself."

"I don't think she'd like to hear you call her *that!*" said Zip, smiling. "She isn't so very old."

"Well, to the young middle-aged lady, if you think she would prefer that classification. Let me see—this is Friday. I ought to be able to get a fair statement of the good common sense of the subject before her early enough to let her send you a despatch to-morrow afternoon. It'll be all right, you'll see."

The squire's letter, however, like many another good deed that he projected, did not get itself into tangible shape in time to be of any use. And neither her daughter nor any missive from her reaching Mrs. Colton by the noon post on Saturday, she rose up and went in search of her with that curious sort of indeliberate deliberation which was one of her occasional characteristics.

"Mother sometimes flashes at you like lightning out of a clear sky," Mattie said about her once, "and the funny thing is that she is so cool about it. She is hot and cold all in a breath then. You'd think that she had come into the world for the express purpose of doing that one thing, and had been getting ready for it all her life, when after all she probably never once thought about it until that very minute."

It was after dusk when the stage which brought Mrs. Colton from the Corners drew up in front of Mr. Van Alstyne's door, where, by a teasing coincidence, Paul Murray and Zipporah were just then standing. It was in the nature of things that the mutual understanding they had come to should have put them on another footing with each other. There was no love-making, but there had been a good deal of that close talk which either presupposes or foreshadows love between people capable of any feeling which really deserves that name. And one of the best proofs that the girl possessed that capacity was that she had even less idea of yielding her point now than she had ever had. After her feminine fashion of giving some external expression to her feelings, she had that very day scrawled in her largest script and pinned up beneath her mirror, as a text by which to fortify her resolution to be honest with herself, the lines:

"Of love that never found his earthly close,
What sequel? Streaming eyes and breaking hearts?
Or all the same as if he had not been?
Not so."

Her fancy, which busied itself a good deal with the future in those days, had already provided her with several varieties of picturesque single-blessedness among which to choose when once stern reason and unpurchasable conscience should have bidden her turn away for ever from happiness and Paul Murray. As yet they allowed her to dally on the border-land, and as it was a foregone conclusion with her that friendship with him was going to last for ever, under whatever contingency, her reserve was vanishing, and they were getting very close to solid ground.

Paul had walked up from the mill later than usual that afternoon, and was going away earlier. He had declined to give her any advice at all about her movements. "I think you should be able to settle that for yourself," he had said to her the only time she broached the subject—which the girl had found more generous than satisfactory. But just after the early dinner to-day Father Seetin, who had been making a sick-call in the vicinity of the factory, and who now and again stopped to pay a friendly visit to Mr. Van Alstyne, dropped in for that purpose, and, as he passed Zipporah on entering the library, he handed her a scrap of a note in which Paul Murray had offered the suggestion that she might find the priest a more disinterested adviser than he could possibly be. She acted on the hint, and although it was the first time that she had exchanged more than a casual word or two with Father Seetin, she presently found her way to laying her other difficulty in sufficiently plain shape before him. Both naturally and supernaturally he was sympathetic and easily approachable; he had, too, a pretty clear knowledge already of the other side of the case, and what he said had the intended result of planting the girl more firmly than ever on her own ground. That is what she had been telling Paul, as they prolonged their talk, lingering at first on the porch and then going down the gravel-walk together to the gate, where they were still standing when the stage lumbered up and stopped.

"Father Seetin thinks that whether I go back now to please mother, or stay here until some satisfactory substitute for me turns up, is a thing I am capable of deciding for myself," she had begun, "so I am not any wiser on that head than I was before. I told him Squire Cadwallader had written home for me, and then he proposed to me to stop thinking about it for the present and wait for results."

"Did you talk about anything else?"

"A little," hesitated Zip.

"Well?"

"Well, he thinks I ought to go home and make up my mind in as unbiassed a way as I can. He says the only personal consideration that *ought* to enter into that question is that of my own relation to God. And then I told him that the more I think, the more confused my mind grows, so that sometimes I even doubt whether there is any God at all—at least, any God to whom it makes any difference what we do; so that I didn't see why I might not just as well—as well—please you, as hold out about it."

"And then he said?"

"He said, 'But you can't come into the church that way. And if you could, Paul Murray is the last man to wish it. Besides, you are too honest yourself in any case. No, no; stick to your integrity, and pray hard for the illumination of the Holy Spirit. I'll tell you one thing. I am convinced that no one whose intelligence is unclouded and whose heart is simple can persevere long in that road without coming out at the end where you would like to be. That, perhaps, is what sometimes moves me and others to receive those whose motives are not as single as we would like to have them. We are so sure of our remedy that to those who are weak we administer it without prescribing too severe a regimen of intellectual gymnastics by way of preparation. But I counsel it to you. Don't take a decided step until you fairly see your way.'"

"And you are going to follow his advice?"

"Why, of course. What else did you tell me to ask it for? Who is coming here in the stage, I wonder? Goodness! it is my mother!"

The two approached the steps, which the driver was letting down. Mrs. Colton, descending, kissed her daughter and scolded her almost in the same breath.

"Whatever are you thinking about, standing here in this cold with nothing but that flimsy cloud about your head!" were her first words.

"Oh! I'm used to it," said Zip. "I never catch cold. Mother, this is Mr. Murray."

The sudden additional chill in Mrs. Colton's manner would have been perceptible at the North Pole. Somehow it amused both of the young people, and, although they preserved extreme decorum, that must doubtless have been equally evident to a person so impressionable. But as Paul took his leave at once after escorting the mother and daughter to the house, Mrs. Colton made no present allusion to him. Zip took her directly to the dining-room, where supper was waiting and a hot fire burning, and devoted herself to thawing her out with considerable apparent success.

Mrs. Colton watched the girl closely as she moved about, doing the honors of the house as if it were her own, and, as she watched, she became aware of a certain change in her, hardly definable but quite real. Zipporah was fast entering into full possession of herself; if she had not yet consciously assumed entire personal responsibility she was clearly on the way to it. Mrs. Colton had come prepared to command, but she found herself involuntarily slipping back into a position where argument, or, at the most, persuasion, would be the only available weapon at her disposal. She even began to feel that her unexpected arrival needed explanation, as if to an equal, and, feeling so, she declined attempting any for the present. She chatted away instead about family affairs, as if her dropping in at a strange place, twenty miles from home, on a cold winter night, were the most natural and customary of polite attentions.

As for Zip, cool as she looked, her heart had really been in her mouth. But as she began to catch the significance of what was going on—her mother's manner being just a trifle too natural not to be assumed—a sense of the humor of the thing began to tickle her. Looking up once from the urn as she was brewing the tea, she caught a glimpse of both their faces reflected in the glass over the mantel, and could not refrain a smile.

"Poor little mother!" she said to herself. "I do believe she is wondering what she came for. She looks as if she were afraid I am going to scold her. Well, as Lucy tells the squire, I won't if she'll be real good."

XXXVI.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

Supper ended without an allusion on either side to the purport of Mrs. Colton's visit, and afterwards Zipporah went with her mother to Mr. Van Alstyne's room. They found Lant and his wife there with the old man. Having been taken up roundly by Paul Murray on the score of his affidavit, and his gossip about it, Lant had been observing a more rigorous abstinence from whiskey for several days, and as he was really handy, and gentle in his manners when sober, he made a very tolerable attendant. The pair left the room when Mrs. Colton and her daughter entered. It was somewhat late for the girl's evening visit, and Mr. Van Alstyne was already in bed. He seemed, or Zip thought so, rather more fatigued than the night had found him lately, and though he smiled and gave his hand to her mother, he made no effort to speak. It was the girl's habit to read to him at this hour, and with some little nervousness, caused by her mother's presence, she attended to that task as usual. But he soon grew drowsy and they left him.

"Mr. Van Alstyne seems very feeble," Mrs. Colton remarked when they were at last settled down in Zipporah's cozy room. "I thought he was recovering his strength."

"So he was," returned the girl, "but the squire thinks he is overtaxing himself now by going down to the factory every morning and insisting on looking after so many things. Now to-morrow he will keep quiet all day and will be brighter."

"Do you always read the Bible to him nights? Somebody said he was a regular old infidel."

"*Somebody!*" said Zip. "Perhaps it was the very somebody who ran up to Riverside with gossip about my affairs. If somebody were half as good as Mr. Van Alstyne, it might be better for him. Yes; I always read the New Testament to him before he goes to sleep. He used to do it himself until he was taken ill."

"Is that all you do for him?"

"Why, no. I amuse him, I talk to him, and try to keep him cheerful. And I superintend things here in the house a little, now that he begins to go out more. Until last Monday he was more dependent on me than he has been since. He was shut up in a dungeon, you might say, before that. Now he is out, but only on ticket-of-leave, the squire says. Did you get a letter from Squire Cadwallader to-day, mother?"

"What should I get a letter from him for?"

"Because he wrote one, I suppose. He said yesterday that he was going to."

"Why, what could he have to say to me? I don't know the man."

"Well, mother," Zip answered slowly and after a little pause, "he is Mr. Van Alstyne's doctor, and as it seems to him that I am needed here for awhile longer, and I told him I couldn't succeed in persuading you to be of that mind, he undertook to write as much to you. Now that you are here, I suppose you will be able to see it for yourself."

"You don't ask me to believe that there is no one else who has more interest in him than you have? Suppose you hadn't been here at all—then what?"

"Well, I don't know. Suppose I had been born without a nose—then what? I am here, and he is in need of the very greatest care. Only that his daughter-in-law thought he was certainly booked for the grave, and that he would never recover the use of his reason, I think she probably might have remained. But she didn't, and now Mr. Van Alstyne declines to have her come back. She sent him a letter yesterday morning, saying that the good news had reached her, and that she would return almost immediately; but he wrote at once and told her to complete her visit. She said some things in his room, early in his illness, when she took it for granted he was beyond hearing, that she will find it pleasant to remember when she knows she was mistaken. She can't know it yet, or she wouldn't have written as she did."

"Well," Mrs. Colton began after a rather prolonged silence, "all I have to say is that it seems to me very queer that you, a young girl and a stranger, should feel called on to take the place of a man's natural friends."

"Everything is queer, so far as I can see," returned Zip sedately. "But why is it any queerer for me to put my hand to this work, for which nobody else seems to be ready, than it was to come here in the first place, or than it would be for me to go on teaching through the winter? Father said he expected I would do so, and I am sure he would have been quite willing."

"Yes; but you *didn't* keep the school."

"Anybody could do that," said Zip a little scornfully. "I couldn't do this well and do that too. I should have been all worn out. Honest, mother, wouldn't you have done just the very same thing, in my place? You can't imagine how kind Mr. Van Alstyne has been to me. And you can't possibly know what his death would have meant to all the people he has at work here, if it had taken place even a week ago. If you did, you wouldn't wonder at my anxiety to do all I possibly can to help him back to life. If Miss Murray could come and take my place, I would do exactly as you want me to. But she can't be spared from home, and so I truly think it is my plain duty to stay where I am. Girls can't *always* go on doing just as they are told about everything. If it was a little thing, I would—but it is a big thing, and I can't."

"Yes," said her mother, "that's you. I always knew that hitch was in you somewhere, and that if ever you took it into your head that you had found just what you wanted, you would have it, no matter what it cost."

Zip smiled, more with her eyes than her mouth, and came across the hearth to sit down at her mother's side.

"How did you know that?" she asked, looking square into Mrs. Colton's eyes. "Was it because you remembered what a fuss grandmother made when you took off your Quaker bonnet and would insist on marrying father? Aunt Huldah told me about it when I was there last Christmas. Weren't you a naughty little girl, though? Aunt Huldah don't really approve of you to this day."

Mrs. Colton frowned slightly, and bit her lip in a vain effort to keep back an answering smile.

"See here, Zip," she said, presently, taking both of the girl's hands · "if it were nothing but Mr. Van Alstyne, of course I would not only be willing to let you stay, but I should agree that there was nothing else possible under the circumstances. But *is* that all your reason for staying?"

"Why, what other could I have? I shall go back just as soon as ever things can be arranged differently. There is some talk about the Murrays giving up their house and coming here, and of course that would release me at once."

The girl had dropped her eyes from her mother's in answering her last question. Mrs. Colton pressed it further, noting that sign.

"I don't know yet what other reason you could have. You might have several. What were you and that young man, Murray, talking about out in the cold this evening? You must have been *very* interested if you couldn't shut the front door on him when he was ready to go, but must follow him down to the gate."

Zip made an attempt to draw away her hands, but her mother held them fast. The girl's eyes were still cast down, but less in embarrassment now than in thought. Mrs. Colton had expected to see her writhe under her thrust and seek to evade it. But nothing could have shown better the steadying process that had been going on within her of late than her resolution, suddenly acted on but not sudden in itself, to stand up and face the music. Still, she did not speak until her mother had urged her inquiry further.

"Is there anything between you two?" she asked.

"No, mother," Zip said finally, "if you mean by that to ask if we are engaged. But, if I were a Catholic, we should be."

"But you're *not* a Catholic, thank God! and never will be. Why, they are pagans, they are idolaters!" said her mother, drawing back and growing rigid in the energy of her disapproval.

"No," returned her daughter, "I'm not, and it is like enough I never shall be. I'm not anything, not even a Christian."

"Pity!" said her mother. "Weren't you born in a Christian country?"

"So was Mr. Murray," said Zip demurely.

"You know well enough what I mean. When we talk of Christians we don't include image-worshippers."

"See here, mother. Aunt Huldah's chief complaint against you is that you were not content to go and marry out of meeting, but that you have always declared since that neither she nor poor old grandmother are Christians."

"Neither they are—they are Hicksites. If you deny that Christ is God, how can you be a Christian?"

"I don't pretend to judge," said Zip. "I am only very sure that I am not one myself, since you didn't even allow father to have us baptized."

"I don't believe in infant baptism."

"I know," said Zip; "but then father did. I don't see how you can be so sure about anything for which you have nothing but your own notions as a rule. That is the one thing that makes me incline to believe that Catholics may be right in calling their church the only true one. They have a rule and a criterion, and they say they can show that both go back to the very beginning of Christianity. They all believe the same things, their fathers believed them also, and you find their church wherever you go throughout the world. History is full of it, I know. So, if they are not Christians, one thing I am sure of, and that is that there are none anywhere and that Christianity is not true. Tom says it isn't."

"Tom, indeed!" interjected Mrs. Colton. But she said nothing further, and presently Zip went on again.

"If it is on account of Mr. Murray that you are worrying, mother, there isn't any need. The mischief is done, so far as that goes. Now that I see all that it involves I would study his religion in any case. If I can see my way to accepting it with a good conscience—I mean, if I am sure I would become a Catholic whether he were one or not—why then we shall marry each other one of these days. If not, not."

"You are sure of that?" said her mother with a ring of incredulity in her voice.

"Very sure, because it does not depend on me. Mr. Murray would not marry a girl who was not of his religion."

"Zip!" said her mother, "are you not ashamed to own to such a thing! There was no such hitch as *that* between your father and me. I might have remained a Friend if I had chosen, but I wouldn't in any case. A daughter of mine ought to blush at the thought of yielding more to any man than he would be willing to yield to her."

"Yes," said Zip, half smiling, "your daughter did blush at the thought until she once got it into her head that there might be such a thing as real truth in the world, and that if there were, people who knew it *must* hold it fast, and could not yield. Mr. Murray is sure that he has it, and I'm not sure he hasn't. Right or wrong, I don't see what else he could do so long as he is of that mind. If I give in, it will not be to him, but to something greater than either of us, to which I ought to yield in any case."

Mrs. Colton made no reply. She saw so clearly that the only battle she had cared to fight had gone against her, that for the present she threw up the contest. And the next morning, Mr. Van Alstyne being unusually bright and cheery, and Zipporah having left them together for awhile, they opened a rather brisk fire of correspondence on the subject which was common to them. Except to her husband, after her return home, Mrs. Colton was not communicative as to what passed between her and the invalid. But when Squire Cadwallader came in on Sunday afternoon, primed with arguments and persuasions, he found a much readier convert than he had expected. Mrs. Colton even prolonged her visit to the middle of the week, and, having made Paul Murray's acquaintance, was pleased to pronounce him "very much of a gentleman."

"I have no objection to *him*, personally," she remarked to her daughter. "But I must say, I think it is odd that a man of his years and intelligence should go on worshipping images and confessing his sins to a priest. It's against good American human nature."

Zip laughed. "He don't worship images," she objected. "And you ought to know Father Seetin. His great-grandfather came over in the Mayflower, and his grandfather 'fit into the Revolution,' and his father was a colonel in the war of 1812, and he was brought up a Methodist over here in East Milton. How is that for American human nature? I suppose it must be he that Mr. Murray goes to confession to. I was very near doing it myself the other day, without being a Catholic at all."

"Well, you beat me!" returned her mother. "And I suppose you expect me to believe that what you'll do isn't all cut and dried already in your mind?"

Zip sighed. "Yes," she said, "you may believe it, because it is true. If *wishing* would do it, I don't mind owning that it would be done with great speed. I thought I believed a good many things—all the things you and father taught me—until now, and now I see I never have believed any of them. You ought to pray a little for me, mother, if you think that praying is of any use. All or nothing, there they go swinging in the scale, and I never can be certain what it is that makes the All side seem to go down and be the heavier!"

Mrs. Colton looked closely at the girl.

"You *are* in earnest, I do believe!" she said at last.

"Be sure of that, mother," Zip answered. "Just as soon as ever I can, I am going back home to try and fight it out there, by myself."

XXXVII.

COMING TO A DECISION.

Until after the holidays were over, time slipped by at the Centre without bringing any incident worthy of mention. Mr. Van Alstyne's health continued to improve, notwithstanding the daily tax he insisted on putting on it. Possibly he may have been bent on demonstrating how fully he was master of all his faculties excepting speech. That still tripped and faltered, and, in doing so, testified to the continued existence, however attenuated, of the physical cause which had prostrated him at first.

Just after the new year began Mr. Hadleigh made his second appearance. He was less gaunt, and seemed to be in better health than when he went away. To Squire Cadwallader's inquiries on that subject he replied that he had remained only a short time in New York after going down in the fall, and had then started for Florida, where he found the climate more propitious. He added that having learned on his return how nearly complete had been the recovery of Mr. Van Alstyne, he had run up for a flying visit of congratulation before setting off again.

"You are going back to England?" asked the squire.

"Perhaps—perhaps to the North Pole or to the Transvaal. I haven't decided."

"Better take your rheumatism for a counsellor and keep out of the polar regions," said the doctor, with a little laugh. To himself he added the reflection that there was frost enough in the man's inside to fit him for an equatorial climate.

Mr. Hadleigh's visit lasted rather more than a week. His afternoons he spent chiefly with his cousin in the library; in the mornings, when Mr. Van Alstyne was always driven down to the factory, he prowled about the neighborhood in an apparently aimless sort of way. Once or twice the squire found him in his private office, chatting with Dr. Sawyer, or, in the latter's absence, deep in one volume or another taken from the well-lined shelves which covered one end of the room. Sometimes, too, he made his appearance at the factory, and fell into his old ways of superficial intimacy with Paul Murray, who explained to him something of the plans projected for extending and perfecting Mr. Van Alstyne's works.

"We shall have an industrial community here in course of time," Murray said one day, "and carry on a good many kinds of manufacturing. One thing Mr. Van Alstyne spoke about lately is setting out a lot of mulberry-trees in the spring and afterwards bringing over a number of families from Capri to teach silk-making. We've got one such family now, and perhaps that may have suggested it. We shall have to erect special buildings for that."

"Making industrial communities is very pretty work to amuse one's mind with," said Mr. Hadleigh, "especially a mind that illness has enfeebled. You don't take much stock in that sort of thing yourself, do you? Communism isn't exactly in your line, I should think."

"Well, perhaps I expressed myself badly. I meant to use the word in a general sense—not *a* community, but the whole community here at Milton Centre will, we hope, in course of time be greatly enlarged and correspondingly improved by what Mr. Van Alstyne is bent on making a try for. He means, for one thing, to give every man or woman he employs a chance to acquire a home of his own, not a mere hired tenement. That shows as well as anything how far his mind is from communistic schemes. Probably they won't all do it, but the fault will not be on his side. And as to varieties of occupation, he wants to make the place as far as possible independent and self-supporting. It goes without saying that the agricultural community outside must be extended to meet the increased wants of a larger population, but that is a matter sure to regulate itself. The railroad also may be left to find its own way here, and doubtless won't be long in doing it."

"And the principle of all that?"

Paul reflected. "I'm not sure I know just how to put it," he said at last. "As it stands in Mr. Van Alstyne's mind, where, of course, it is shaped by his peculiar opportunities as well as by his disposition, I don't know why it might not be described as a sort of centralized communism, if you can get at what I mean by that. In his present condition, where all our intercourse has to be carried on by writing—at least his part of it—we naturally get along with less of it than would otherwise be the case. I can perceive by what he does jot down that he has been brooding over his schemes a good deal during these months when it often seemed more than doubtful that his mind was unimpaired. And it is from such brief notes, also, that I have got the idea which I just now expressed by the phrase 'centralized communism.' For instance: 'I am not a spring of living water,' he wrote me the other day, 'I'm nothing but a canal.' And again: 'Get it out of your head that I am owner—I am only steward and distributer.' Here's another one of them," taking a scrap of wrapping-paper from his pocket-book. Mr. Van Alstyne had written on it: "I only focus the rays, so as to start the burning."

Mr. Hadleigh took it and looked at it.

"Very pretty," he said with a faint sneer; "very poetical. How does he propose to keep that thing up after his present use as a burning-glass is over, do you know?"

"He has made a will, I know," returned Paul, "but, naturally, I have not been invited to read it." Then he turned away to answer a call already more than once repeated, and Mr. Hadleigh sauntered off up the road. A day or two after he left the village, and again those who had seen most of him breathed the freer for his departure.

One bright day early in February Zipporah Colton drove herself over to the Corners. She was alone in the cutter, and, lapped deep in robes, and closely furred and hooded, she would have looked as bright and cheery as the day itself but for the unwontedly serious expression of her eyes. She had two errands in view, and one of them being the return of some books she had borrowed from Father Seetin, her hour had been chosen with reference to that one when he was most likely to be found at home, shortly after his early dinner.

The old priest was standing at his window when she drew up before his gate, and seeing her, he came out himself to greet her.

"You are coming in to warm yourself, I hope," he said, seeing that she hesitated after giving him the package.

"If I may," she answered, a slight hesitation in her manner; "if you are sure it won't bother you to talk to me a little."

"This is Liberty Hall," he said, smiling; "or, rather, it is, in that respect at least, like what one of my favorite saints says of Paradise: 'He who wills may enter.' It couldn't bother me in the least either to talk to or to listen to you."

"So you are through with Nicolas, are you? How do you like him?" he asked after they had entered, and the girl, throwing back her wraps, but observing a sort of constrained silence, was warming herself beside the fire. She had applied to him for books directly after Mrs. Colton's departure, and, looking over his shelves in search of something adapted to such difficulties as she had mentioned to him, and knowing that she read French, he had finally settled upon the admirable *Étude Philosophique sur le Christianisme* as likely to meet them all.

"It is the work of a layman," he had written in sending her the volumes, "and is perhaps a little antiquated in view of some of the newer objections to the old truths. But I incline to think that none of these are in your way at present, and I would be at a loss to put my hand on anything in English which would be so well adapted as this is to all the wants of a sincere, intelligent, and open-minded inquirer. When I was younger and had more leisure I sometimes thought of translating it, but those days are over."

"I have read him a good deal," the girl replied, looking up at Father Seetin; "all through to begin with, and some parts two or three times over. I like him."

"I thought you would," he answered in his cheerful way; "I often pick him up, just for the pleasure I find in his style. Somehow one's own old thoughts strike one as novel and brilliant when one gets them in another tongue, don't you think?"

"Perhaps that is it," acquiesced the girl. "I have often wondered why it is that the French seems so much crisper and more expressive, somehow, than the closest translation of it sounds. It is just the novelty of it, maybe, or else the little strangeness that is always in a language people are not born to."

"Well, did he take you through the woods?" asked the priest, seeing that she paused. To him, experienced in the ways of many people, it was tolerably plain that she had things to say, and had come resolved to say them, and yet needed some persuasion to get them into shape. The readiness with which she had dropped into criticism, as if she were catching at a straw to save her from deep waters, amused him just a trifle.

"Through them?" she answered, hesitating. "Yes, in one way."

"Not in all ways, then? What is the difficulty?"

"I am not *sure* that there is any. But, if there is, it comes before one begins to go into the woods at all," she said, going on with his figure. "I mean that I have no trouble in seeing that the history of all peoples, what they have believed and done, goes to confirm the truth of the Bible. And I see, too, that the whole Bible leads up to Christianity, and that Christianity is what is taught by your church. I haven't any doubt about that in my mind—perhaps I had not very much before I began reading this book, but, if I had, it is all gone."

"And yet you have a doubt still? What about?"

"About God himself," she answered, speaking very low. "I see that men have always believed in one, and that false religions show that as plainly as the true one—if any is true. And I see that if he exists, such as the Bible shows him, that there is only one thing for me to do. But oh!" she said, with a certain vehemence, but not looking at the priest, "if you could know how big that 'if' seems to me! I go up to it and think I am going to pass it as easily as all the rest, and at once it grows up into a wall. I can't get by it."

"What did you mean, then, when you said you saw that all other history tended to confirm the truth of the Bible?"

"I don't know whether I can answer you. Suppose I see that the history of the world, so far as it is recorded there, is a true history, and that the Jews did and suffered whatever is written there in consequence of their belief that they really were a chosen people. Does that prove that their belief *itself* was true?"

"I see," returned Father Seetin. "Your difficulty is fundamental and individual." He pondered for a little. "Suppose," he said at last, "I suggest to you a fundamental and individual solution for it. Just consider yourself for a moment. Your life, what does it consist in? How do you maintain it?"

"By eating and drinking and breathing?" asked Zip. "Is that what you mean?"

"Partly; that to begin with, at all events. It is the broadest ground, for, as you know, there is no sort of living creature, plant or animal, that does not stand upon it. Food is the first essential. Now, do you see what that means?"

"I don't believe so."

"Well, it means that physical life is composed of two factors, the self and the not-self, the subject and the object, and a continued relation between them. When that relation is severed, life ends. You see that?"

"Yes."

"And you see that both terms implied in that relation must be real? You can't feed anything on nothing. You can't shut up a plant in a vacuum, though you should write 'air' all over it, and succeed in deceiving it with a word. I see you get at what I mean. Very well; that answers for the lower forms of life, and for your own so far as that is merely animal. But now, when you have got air enough, and food and drink and shelter, are you supplied with all you need?"

"No, I am not."

"And the race you belong to, the race of rational mankind, never has been. Their history shows that, for it is the history of their religions. And religion is the relation of man to God. As you say, even the false religions bear witness to the true one. Man's intellect, always the same in kind, bears witness to the Supreme Intellect which is its law, and its guarantee of sanity, and the condition of its being. His language, which is noun and noun and the connecting verb, that is, subject and object and their relation in its last analysis, bears witness to it. The axioms of geometry show it. They show, that is, that truth is one, universal, and immutable, and so they prove God to demonstration. That is for the intelligence; it gives you the first article of man's natural creed: I believe in one God, the Creator of all things. He exists, for we exist, and in his intellectual image. You see that?"

"I don't suppose I ever doubted it," returned the girl. "But that is not precisely what I mean—or, at least, not all I mean."

"I know it isn't. You want the proof of a God who shall sustain some personal relation to you which is not intellectual merely. So you ought, since you are not an exception to your race by being purely intellectual yourself. Like the rest of us you have a heart as well as a head—an emotional nature, that is, which wants its food, its satisfaction, as your body does, and your mind. But you have already told me that you do not doubt the existence of God the Creator, that you believe the Bible to be historically true, and that you see that it points directly to that only church which claims to have been founded by Jesus Christ. That states your case so far, doesn't it?"

"Yes, completely."

"Now then, Christianity, in its final analysis, as it applies to the individual soul, is also the history of a real relation—that is, a relation both of whose terms are real—a relation between man, whose intellectual and emotional nature demands a perfect satisfaction, and a personal, loving God who shall fulfil his expectation. In its exterior aspect, as a church, with a creed and a history, it professes to supply that want through the medium of prayer and the sacraments. Here, it says, are the channels of grace; in other words, the storehouse of man's only true food. Only one of them, prayer, was left open to fallen humanity. Use it sincerely, simply, and see if it does not show you the way to God the Eternal Lover of the soul, God Incarnate in Jesus Christ. You pray?"

Zipporah bowed gravely.

"And prayer has led you to just that point, beyond which you cannot go?"

"Yes."

"Well now, see here. If you were hungry and I told you there was an excellent loaf in my cupboard, to which you were welcome, I couldn't really do any more than that for you, could I? Even if I held it to your lips I couldn't make you swallow it. Now, what I want to bring home to you is that, to use a vulgarism that exactly expresses what I mean, 'the proof of the pudding is in the eating.' The last act which makes you a Christian is a voluntary one—a blind one, if you like to call it so, though I don't see that myself—an act of faith. It is not more blind than the baby's is when it suckles its mother; not more blind than mine is when I take the dose my doctor tells me is good for my indigestion. I tell you, and not only I but the living church, the only organization which has kept health and strength throughout the ages, tells you that in her is the seed of the new life, and its satisfying food. Your craving tells you, you have never found it yet. Go to her and she will give it you."

The girl's head had been drooping lower and lower. When she lifted it after a silence that had lasted several minutes the tears were standing in her eyes, and presently they came tumbling down her cheeks.

"You won't give it to me!" she said with a sob. "You told me I must go home first."

Father Seetin smiled, though his own emotion was not slight.

"Poor little girl!" he said, "you are hungrier than I thought you were when we talked the other day. And then, how could I know that I was going to be unexpectedly 'taken up into a chariot' and led to 'a certain water'? Nothing that I know of hinders my baptizing you if you 'believe with all your heart' what I have been trying to expound to you. Ah! it is the essential thing that, the believing with the *heart*. It is hardly belief so far as the head goes. If one has *got* a head, he must see God the Creator, and if he doesn't stultify himself, he ought to be able to see God the Redeemer in history. But believing with the heart is another thing—it is the will there that takes the final step. However, I don't want to preach any more. Would you like me to baptize you to-day?"

"If you will," said Zip with great meekness. And so it happened that with one old woman, who was saying her beads in the church, for sole witness, Zipporah Colton was made a Christian, "and went on her way rejoicing."

XXXVIII.

CONCLUSION.

On her way back home Zipporah stopped at the doctor's office. She was in no mood to see the girls and indulge in any chat, and declined the proposition of Dr. Sawyer, whom she found alone there, to go into the house. Squire Cadwallader, with whom she had an errand, had not been over to the Centre for several days, being laid up, as the young doctor told her, with a feverish cold which at present confined him to his room.

"I think, then, that perhaps you would better drive back with me," the girl said after a moment's perplexity. "Mr. Van Alstyne has not seemed quite so well lately, and it begins to trouble me. At first I did not like to send over for the squire, because he was complaining the last time he came, and I knew there must be something serious to keep him."

"Any special trouble with the old gentleman?" asked the doctor, putting on his overcoat at once, "or is it just the gradual breaking-down that might have been expected?"

"I don't know what it is. I have been hoping to see him entirely regain his strength, he has been improving so steadily up to within the last week or two."

"You are all optimists over your way, I know," answered

Dr. Sawyer as he got into the cutter after her. "What seems to be the trouble? Is it his mind or his body that attracts your notice?"

"Both, I think—and yet I am not quite sure. I have fancied that he seems to take notions more. And then his eyes don't look quite natural."

"I have been told," said the doctor, "that his afternoons are always a succession of naps, varied by futile talk."

"Mr. Hadleigh said so, perhaps," returned the girl. "You see he was never much with Mr. Van Alstyne in the mornings, when he is at his best. He tires himself out then, and rests in the afternoon, and afterwards has a good evening. At least, that is how it has been until within ten days or so. He keeps awake more nowadays, and yet don't seem quite right. I hear he takes whims occasionally down at the factory, and I have fancied that he acted as if he were suspicious of something or other. He is different in some way, I am sure, and yet I can't certainly say how."

"Well," said the doctor, "all those symptoms are natural enough, and just what I should have looked for. Such an apparent improvement as he has been showing for some time past is often characteristic of his trouble. It was sure to pass, and chronic weakness and gradually deepening imbecility to set in, unless death outstrips it."

"The squire didn't say so," returned Zipporah, "and besides, it is irritability that I notice. He is not imbecile."

"I suppose you know what the squire is," said the doctor. "He is hopeful and kindhearted. And he took a sort of a grudge against Lamson—they are going out of partnership, you know?—and he has just painted things sky-blue and scarlet to suit his own taste in landscape. That's what *I* think, anyhow."

But the report which Dr. Sawyer carried back to the squire concerning Mr. Van Alstyne's physical condition was of such a nature that the elder physician shook off his own indisposition as well as he was able, and drove over the next day. It was an hour or two past noon when he came, and, as usual, Mr. Van Alstyne was dozing in the library. The squire sat looking at him, and questioning Zipporah closely for some time, not wishing to disturb him until he should wake naturally. His study of him then was long and careful, and when it was ended he signed to Zipporah to follow him into the dining-room.

"Do you know what I think?" he said, closing the door carefully, and looking about the room. "Anybody within hearing? It is an unpleasant thing to say, but it looks to me as if Mr. Van Alstyne's life and reason are being tampered with."

"Not really?" said Zip, horrified.

"Just that. No natural cause would dilate his pupils that way. Why, he is half blind. He wouldn't have known me but by my voice. And his heart is weaker than it should be—a great deal weaker than when I saw him last. In fact, his pulse then was better than my own. Now, see here. You said to Sawyer that he seemed to take odd notions. Notions about what? Whom did they concern?"

"Mr. Murray has spoken of those. Within a few days he has once or twice fancied that there was something following him about, when he is down at the mill. Once it was a black cat—he said he felt it rub against him, and saw it—but there wasn't any there. Here, all I have noticed is that he seems to take dislikes."

"To whom?"

"Lant, chiefly. Perhaps for Mrs. Lant too, but that I don't feel sure of. They are usually there together, when I have noticed it. I have been thinking whether I ought not to keep Lant out of the way, but there isn't anybody else so handy, and I could hardly send him off and yet keep her."

"Humph!" grunted the squire. "Lant takes him his meals?"

"Now that he has begun eating them in the library or his own room again, he does. Until shortly after this new trouble began he has been coming to the table with me."

"You send his meals in from the table?"

"I carry them in myself. But I seldom stay while he eats. Noons and evenings Lant is generally there, but in the morning I am afraid he sleeps too late. Mrs. Lant waits on him then. But what motive could *he* have for such a horrible crime? As for her, I'm sure she has nothing to do with it. And there is no one else. I give him all his medicines myself, and he takes nothing at all between meals. That I am certain of."

"The last day I was here he complained of a bitter taste in his mouth. I gave him something for his digestion. Has he made that complaint again?"

"Sometimes. You know he don't write much lately- his sight has been weaker."

"Well now, I tell you there is something wrong. Lant's motives, if he has any hand in it, don't count for much. I know him of old, and the stock he comes from. Every male critter of the lot goes to the devil by way of the gin-mill. But I never knew one of them take in the gallows or the jail as a last station, and if the fellow has been tampering with Van Alstyne in any way, I don't believe he has had murder in view. They are a chicken-livered crowd, the whole of 'em, men and women, and I guess I can squeeze the truth out of him. There's nothing I'd like better." The squire looked grim, but jubilant also, which struck Zipporah as a curious combination under the circumstances.

"But Mr. Van Alstyne?" she asked.

"You mean, what damage has been done to him? None, I hope, that can't be repaired if my suspicion is well grounded. I haven't got here any too soon, though. I'll drive off now and make some calls hereabouts, and come back to supper."

Possibly the squire's essay as an amateur detective that evening may not have been his first one. It was simple enough. He had formed a theory, aided in doing so not only by the physical signs presented, but by his recollection of a morning during Mr. Hadleigh's recent visit, when he had happened on him in his private office, so immersed in a treatise on medical jurisprudence that he had had time to run down half a page with him before the reader turned. The case in which he had been engrossed was one in which a will had been successfully contested on the ground that both before and after its execution weakness of mind and aphasia, succeeded by unmistakable softening, were shown to have existed. Mr. Hadleigh, looking up unembarrassed, began talking on that and on kindred subjects in his usual impersonal manner. "I am a barrister, as you know," he ended, "and for a man whose briefs have been few and far between, there has been a curious number of them which turned on points like these. I had one murder case, by the way. It was a singular one, too, for I suppose no one concerned really doubted the motive, and the crime was accomplished. But the *modus operandi* was so simple that I got the woman off. All she did was to open the window and let a draught in on an inconvenient husband with pneumonia. She might have felt very warm, you know, and been of a heedless turn of mind. She was a grateful creature. I pocketed a rousing fee from her just before I started for South America"

Then he sauntered off, leaving the book where it lay, and when the squire put it back on the shelf, he also found it necessary to replace the fullest work he had on the action of drugs in the system. To-day he mentally brought them both forth again, and collating them with what he had observed in his patient, he jumped to a conclusion which he was not slow in verifying. Mr.

Van Alstyne's food was being medicated with a drug whose action has until very recently been credited with being cumulative; not fatally poisonous until enough of it has been stored up in the system. Lant, terrified into an admission when confronted with the result of an analysis made by the squire, was able to affirm truthfully that he had consented to give the doses at all only when he had been convinced by seeing Mr. Hadleigh swallow them, and even by taking them once or twice himself, that they did not threaten life. So the squire let him off, having secured his affidavit on the subject, and holding it over his head to secure his silence.

Nor did any one attempt for the present to learn Mr. Hadleigh's whereabouts. What had been attempted was frustrated, and, as the squire said, the stone he had now in his pocket could lie there safely for seven years and then be all the deadlier in the flinging. As a matter of fact it came into play within the year, Mr. Van Alstyne, near the close of it, having a second stroke, which was almost immediately fatal. Mr. Hadleigh, who was still on this side of the Atlantic when the event took place, began taking steps to contest the will, whose contents, far more favorable to him than they might have been had any of those about John Van Alstyne ever had the heart to tell him what had been planned against his life, were yet not sufficiently so to satisfy him. Then the squire confronted him both with Lant and Lant's affidavit, and enforced inaction.

And so the chronicle of John Van Alstyne's Factory might properly end. Yet, looking back upon it, and considering sundry little touches of human nature observed by the chronicler when in Milton Centre some months back, another picture presents itself. For the first notable result of the frustrated plot was the unpremeditatedly hasty marriage of Paul Murray and Zipporah Colton, and their settling down at once to housekeeping with Mr. Van Alstyne. That, however, might be taken for granted. There were no obstacles, and the advantages of such a step were evident to everybody.

One might almost say there was not any courtship, properly speaking, so short was the interval between Lant's ejection and the nuptial Mass, but for a brief passage which took place two or three days after Zipporah's baptism. She had seen and talked very much as usual with Paul Murray during the interval, but it was not until Father Seetin happened to congratulate him that he learned what she had done.

"I don't understand," he said to her with great gravity the next time they met, "just what sort of a conscience you suppose yourself to have. Truth for its own sake don't seem to be one of the virtues you cherish in it, does it?"

"I don't know," she answered, looking out of the window near which they stood. "What makes you think I am given to fibbing?"

"Didn't you promise me, once, that when you made up your mind to lay down your arms and surrender, you would let me know?"

"No," said she, "I never did."

"That's just what I expected," he answered, turning her round to face him. "You certainly are the most unconscionable concocter of whoppers that I ever met. Why didn't you tell me you had been to Father Seetin?"

"Because—because," said Zip, "because I—just couldn't."

LEWIS R. DORSAY.

[THE END.]

THE HERMITAGE.

To fleshly eyes no spot 's more desolate
Than my poor cave so illy dressed, so bare
Of even needful things. Than mine no fare
More mean and couch less soft day's close await.
Nor doth the view before me compensate
For sufferings in the body borne, for there
The bird wings not her flight, nor beast makes lair:
Wastes dreary stretch beyond my grotto's gate.
And yet for me this solitude hath charms,
The spirit's wealth the body's want supplies.
I do but lack, O happy need! what harms
The soul in upward course—retards her rise—
To that safe region where no more alarms
Nor strifes are known, and where reigns Christ the prize.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

When a man has crossed the divide and is going down the decline of life, and has twelve times taken part in presidential elections, he may indeed claim to be a sovereign citizen; and he may also claim ability to interpret the lessons of the presidential year.

Some years ago I made a journey to the Northwest to visit a relative; it was the last time I left Old Virginia. While waiting at a railroad station in a little city of the State of Wisconsin I saw a placard printed in six different languages: English, French, German, Scandinavian, Polish, and Flemish. Did it bid us keep the peace with each other? Was it the governor's proclamation forbidding us to carry arms? The Constitution of the United States guarantees the carrying of arms to every man in the country. It was a notice addressed to the people of all those different races, warning them to "Beware of Pickpockets!" And, as a matter of fact, thieves and lawbreakers generally are the only enemies of the American citizen. He does not fear his neighbor of a different race and tongue. Ethnic problems we have, but their solution is not to be written in blood. When the men of Europe are freed by the ocean transit from the dynasties and statesmen who rule their destinies, they live at peace except with pickpockets. The race hatred, the greed of warlike renown, the ambition of dynastic rule, the thirst for vengeance—all are left behind when the emigrant bids adieu to his European home.

The theory of this government is, that men, if left to themselves, will love peace and follow its paths; that intelligence and liberty conduce to peace, but not to torpidity. Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war—aye, a thousand times more renowned. It is a trait of the highest civilization that the victories of truth over error should be gained by the weapons of persuasion. In a proper state of things the great men of a nation are not those who advance a good cause by putting its enemies to death, but rather those who save its enemies by convincing them of the truth. It is trite, it may sound school-boyish, but it is true of the proper state of public life, that the pen is mightier than the sword; that the voice which summons men to the hustings is more sacred than that which bids the cannoneer to his post.

The spectacular glories of the autumn manœuvres of their great armies and navies engage the attention of the nations of Europe. Look at me, says France to Germany: with my Lebel rifle and my military telephone and my phœnix army. I am ready to batter you to pieces.

Look at me, says Italy: look at my navy; I am taking my place as a first-class power on the sea.

Look at me, says Russia: the Orient and Ind are mine or soon shall be; and my million of armed men makes my autocrat the heir-presumptive of Europe's sick man.

Look at me, says Bismarck: I hold in leash the young war-dog of the world, and I rule a nation of soldiers.

Look at me, says Britain: I hold beneath my heel the warlike and fiery Celt; I have done it for seven centuries, and will do it till he writhes no more.

Great spectacles these, truly; but is it credible that we speak of Christendom? Is it not awful that there are four millions of men under arms eager for war in Christian Europe? Is it not sad that, after all, the supreme quality of Christian civilization is still the same as that of savagery? But, thank God! Europe is no longer the whole of Christendom. God has raised up in the Western hemisphere a new nation, vast, powerful, rich, but above all peaceful. Our autumn manœuvres are the gathering of the whole people to the discussion of the principles of good government and the choice of competent men to carry it on—the elections.

There is no spectacular exhibition of warlike power in the Old World so creditable to its peoples as the peaceful solution of the difficult problems of government reached by colonies of those same nations, not only in the great West, but everywhere in America. Here have come into the forests and upon the wild prairies of a new world immense numbers of men, total strangers to each other, their blood poisoned with generations of race hatred against their new neighbors; men with little education in the ways of liberty, to whom citizenship has meant but the tax-gatherer and the conscription officer, poor men in rivalry for the riches of a fruitful land—here they have come and here they live in peace; they found municipalities without bloodshed, establish systems of education, open great channels of commerce, and though polyglot in tongue and diverse in race, they are one in the love of true liberty, intelligent and reliable in their submission to legitimate authority, quick and vigorous to repress anarchism. Perhaps some of my readers may be surprised at these broad assertions, for the elements of social disturbance among us are mostly foreign. But go to the new States and see, as I have seen, the great cities, and especially the vast and fruitful areas of farm-land, made happy and prosperous by nationalities whose whole history in the Old World is the story of attempts to destroy each other; see them there, dwelling together in harmony, and ask the reason why. There is but one answer. The institutions of this country are so near the guileless, natural man's ideal of what is just and true in the civil order that it needs but the salt of a small proportion of the native American stock to set them forth in securing the ends of good government.

It is to maintain a knowledge and a love of these institutions among all the people that the providence of God has brought about the frequency of our elections. It is during the political canvass that the people are invited, and in a manner forced, to study the fundamental principles which inform their public life. The business of all the political parties is persuasion, and they will not leave untried any of its methods, or leave unsolicited a single voter in the land. We have much to object against partisan organizations, and what I have here to say in their praise does not apply to ward politics in cities. But taken everywhere, a great party succeeds because it has persuaded more men than its opponent; persuasion has gained its victory. It may have dark and crooked ways, but in the long run it must succeed by other ways, by appealing to the virtue and intelligence of the people. If it is triumphant it is because it has reached more men with stronger arguments; that is why it has gained the election. It is seldom that the defeated party does not blame itself more than its rival the day after election.

By the end of October there will not be a sluggard citizen in America. The very Seven Sleepers will get up and prepare to vote. Every man will hear a number of good speeches and read acres of excellent argument touching the principles of government, critical of the qualities of the public men asking for office. The very children will scream for parties and for men, while their fathers shout and their mothers pray. And when all is over and the honest count has seated the victor in the highest place of the nation, the people will pass from the honest labor of public life to the honest labor of private bread-winning with good-humored submission to defeat on the one hand, and good-natured acceptance of triumph on the other.

When I look at Europe I see an entirely different state of things, even in those countries in which the electoral system has been introduced. How different it is with poor Italy! Hear what men say of her—men not right, yet not wholly wrong. She struggles, they say, with the advancing torpor of death. Every city is an old curiosity shop, and every man trades with the foreigner, trades off the old clothes of bygone greatness, and with the profits buys the ill-fitting tinsel of modern life, appearing like an effete dotard arrayed in the habiliments of a long-departed youth. It is a nation in which whole kingdoms were exploited by a handful of adventurers under Garibaldi; it is alive with priests and infested with atheists; has the brightest natural genius of the human race, and is filled with the most grossly ignorant people in Europe; has the memorial of a martyr at every crossroads and a Christianity which allows the Apostolic See and its occupant to be pelted with filth, and thinks its duty done with novenas of reparation. One is tempted to say that it is a land of summer's sun and icy hearts; a nation which, at this distance, seems without faith or hope or love, political, civil, or religious.

But wait till the Italians who have come to us have assimilated the spirit of our institutions, they and their children, and we shall see their race, which has held the primacy of the modern world in religion, in philosophy, in art, in literature, setting a pattern for the reconstruction of the political system of their native country, that land which has the charm of natural beauty and the consecration of heroic memories. In this connection it is pertinent to ask, What has made the present outlook in Ireland so hopeful? Has it not been the growth of political character attained by Irishmen and their sons in America? So shall the incessant study and practice of free politics by Italians in America, through our frequent elections, enable them to assist in the solution of their great problem at home. American-bred freedom is the direst enemy that atheistic politics can encounter.

In our eagerness to prevent pauper immigration let us not forget how much of the life-blood of our nation now runs in the veins of a foreign-born population. Do you see how they spring to their work these election times? Are you narrow enough to say that as a class they are venal voters? There is not a Mayflower blossom in all New England promising fairer fruit for our country's future than the exotic flowers from Germany and Ireland now waving in the battle breezes of the presidential year. These men are fresh from the desecrated shrines of Erin and the armed barracks of Fatherland, but they are men, and the American republic needs but honest men to make good citizens.

The proudest day of my life and the happiest was when, as a stripling, I made my long journey on horseback to the little church on the bank of the Potomac, and for the first time received my Redeemer in Communion—proud and happy as a Christian. But there was another day when I was very proud and happy; it was the day I cast my first vote. It is now many years ago, and in those days men were not bullied by mill-owners nor bribed by political bosses, or tricked or scared by anybody. It was Virginia's good old way of voting; it was in the old-fashioned *viva voce* manner, by word of mouth, in the presence of God and my neighbors. So at the coming election my heart will thrill with pride to see the new voters boastfully casting their first ballots. Just twenty-one! Full of the vigor and uprightness of youth, the strength of new manhood, proudly stepping to the ballot-box; the very age when the flower of Europe's noblest stock slouches along unwillingly to the barracks to be cursed and cudgelled by brutal drill sergeants, to be butchered to glut the lust for dynastic power or the thirst for race vengeance.

Among the fathers of the Republic the value of elections frequently held and hotly contested was admitted, though not with entire unanimity. Jefferson knew their value, and highly approved the custom of annual elections still in vogue in the New England States. Writing to Samuel Adams February 26, 1800, he says:

> "A letter from you, my respectable friend, after three-and-twenty years of separation, has given me a pleasure I cannot express. It recalls to my mind the anxious days we then passed in struggling for the cause of mankind. Your principles have been tested in the crucible of time and have come out pure. You have proved that it was monarchy, not merely British monarchy, you opposed. A government by representatives, elected by the people at *short* periods, was our object, and our maxim at that day was, 'Where annual election ends, tyranny begins'; nor have our departures from it been sanctioned by the happiness of their effects."

A little more than twelve months after he thus wrote to John Dickinson:

> "A just and solid republican government maintained here will be a standing monument and example for the aim and imitation of other countries; and I join with you in the hope and belief that they will see from our example that a free government is of all others the most energetic; that the inquiry which has been excited among the mass of mankind by

our Revolution and its consequences will ameliorate the condition of man over a great portion of the globe. What a satisfaction have we in the contemplation of the benevolent effects of our efforts, compared with those of the leaders on the other side, who have discountenanced all advances in science as dangerous innovations, have endeavored to render philosophy and republicanism terms of reproach, to persuade us that man cannot be governed but by the rod, etc. I shall have the happiness of living and dying in the contrary hope."

It will be a hundred years next March since Jefferson wrote from France of our newly-adopted Constitution:

"The operations which have taken place in America lately fill me with pleasure. In the first place, they realize the confidence I had that whenever our affairs go obviously wrong the good sense of the people will interpose and set them to rights. The example of changing a constitution by assembling the wise men of the State instead of assembling armies will be worth as much to the world as former examples we had given them. The Constitution, too, which was the result of our deliberations, is unquestionably the wisest ever yet presented to men."

So did the fathers who are gone to their account shout and vaunt their champions, and vote; so for a hundred years and more have the whole American people done, and only on one dread question was the fateful appeal taken from the ballot to the bullet.

The farmer and the artisan will contend for their respective interests; the toiler and the capitalist will come nearer to a fair accommodation; the rich and the poor will learn each other's faults and be compelled to own each other's virtues; especially will the rich be taught what is the poor man's life and learn to respect his hope. The election, from the standpoint of all the parties, means, Let every farmer reap his own field; let the artisan call no man master; let the very tramp have hope; let the rich man have his own and not a dollar more, and let the poor man claim his right and get it sure. Let the rich no longer wonder who the poor are:

"As some rich woman, on a winter's morn,
Eyes through her silken curtains the poor drudge
Who with numb, blackened fingers makes her fire
At cock-crow, on a starlit winter's morn,
When the frost flowers the whitened window-panes,
And wonders how she lives and what the thoughts
Of that poor drudge may be."

By the time our chill November gives us one of his shortening days to be consecrated to thanksgiving to God for his favors to the nation, we shall all thank him first for a season of fruitful study of our government, and then for peace; every man shall have wrestled with his neighbor, a bloodless victory been won and yet no man been vanquished. We could never thank God for a better guerdon of continued peace than what his providence has granted us in the hot battle of the presidential year. And when at last the victorious brow is crowned at the city named after him who had patriotism without passion and loved his country for the sake of all mankind, the whole nation will say, Well done! One side gains the victory and the other tastes the bitterness of defeat, but it is a victory which is no man's conquest and a defeat which entails no man's wrong.

Mercer's Ferry, Va. THOMAS JEFFERSON MERCER.

TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

IN *Remember the Alamo* (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.) Mrs. Amelia E. Barr has made an interesting and prettily written story, having for its historical basis the events immediately preceding and accompanying the establishment of Texan independence in 1836. The historical part of it is in the main sound, though there are what seem to be trifling blunders—such, for example, as making a general of him who was only Colonel Sherman at the battle of San Jacinto. The time was full of stirring incidents—so full that Mrs. Barr, in dealing with the real men who figure in her tale, has not often gone outside the written record of either their words or their deeds. She knows how to be interesting in narration, but her story, had it been less disfigured in its imaginative portions by a wholly unnecessary and irrelevant spirit of religious bigotry, would have been more thoroughly agreeable reading.

The McVeys (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is a very good novel. Mr. Joseph Kirkland has a keen eye for human nature, and a clever hand for its delineation. His present story is evidently a sort of sequel to one with which the present writer has no acquaintance: *Zury: the Meanest Man in Spring County.* But *The McVeys* stands sufficiently well on its own feet to prevent one's ignorance of its predecessor from being an irreparable misfortune. Possibly, if the mistiness surrounding Zury's relationship to Anne and her twins were cleared away more fully than it is by the allusions to her editing a Fourierite newspaper in her youth, and the not very explicit hints by which she evades Dr. Strafford's amusing importunities, it would be less pleasant reading. As it stands, it may be recommended safely. It is full of wholesome lessons on a good many diverse points, and they have the merit of being given without the least touch of didacticism. The talk, let the speakers be who they may, is uniformly interesting and characteristic, and almost always amusing into the bargain. Here is a specimen of it, taken from the chapter entitled "The Circuit Court of Spring County," in which Abe Lincoln, Stephen A. Douglas, and David Davis figure, all of them "circuit riders" at the time :

"All his late fellow-travellers greeted Zury kindly—the circuit judge even volunteering unanswerable reasons why he should not offer his seat. Lincoln said :

"'Friend Prouder, I hear that they are talking of running you for the legislature.'

"'Wal—ya-as—some has be'n tryin' t' put up some sech a joke on me ; from which I jedge th't they 'llaow to be beat in the race. I notice th't when the' 'xpect t' win the' don't hunt 'raound fer aoutsiders t' share th' stakes ; but when the' 'xpect t' lose, the' 're awful lib'ral.'

"'Aha ! Probably they think some of the stock on the Prouder farm —live-stock or other—will help them pull the load up the hill.'

"'No ! To do 'em justice, I guess the' don't expect no campaign-fund-contributions from the me-anest man in Spring County ! The' don't fool themselves with no sech crazy dreams as that, no more 'n the' fool me with talkin' abaout my gittin' thar.'

"'Oh ! well—let them try, and you jest try and help 'em a leetle. You don't know where lightning might strike. I may be in the House myself, and whether I am or not, we want jest such men as you there—men that won't steal, and that are too smart to be stole from.'

"Next day, at the opening of court, Zury had a small case—foreclosure on Hobbs' farm—and was compelled (not for the first time) to hear himself publicly denounced in court as a hard-hearted creditor ; an oppressor of the poor debtor ; a capitalist who ground the faces of his fellow-citizens. Zury got up to reply to the offensive, and to some extent unjust, tirade, but the judge cut him off, saying that as the decree must go in his favor, there was no occasion to take the time of the court in hearing his side of the case. When the court adjourned and they all met at dinner, he had a chance to relieve his mind.

"'Sech fellers is glad enough t' git my money—it's only payin' it back th't the' object to. I've heer'd too much o' jest sech talk t' take much stock in it. Th' feller's poor—wal, what then ? Dew these laoud-maouth galoots perpose t' git up a subscription t' help him ? Ef the' dew, mebbe I mought give as much as anybody else. But that an't what the' 're after. Not much ! What the' want is fer me t' give between five 'n' six hundred dollars 'n' nobody else t' give a blame cent ! Their idee o' charity is fer A.

t' tell B. haow much C.'d orter give t' D. Smith 'n' Jones may quar'l pootty lively in school boards 'n' church meetin's 'n' one thing another; but the's one thing the' 're sure t' 'gree on; 'n' that is what somebody else 'd orter dew—'spesh'ly what Zury Praouder 'd orter give Burr Hobbs.' "

Mr. Kirkland shows a very even vein of portraiture; we recall none of his characters as merely typical; each is distinctively individual. The girls and women, too, are not less well drawn than the men, and his knowledge of the sex, as brought out in one of Dr. Strafford's talks with Phil, throws a reflex light upon himself which is agreeable.

Miss Agnes Repplier has brought together, under the title *Books and Men* (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), seven essays which have already appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly.* They are extremely pleasant reading. Miss Repplier has a charmingly well-bred style, and of books, at all events, she shows a wide and discriminating knowledge. As for men, the men in these pages are, after all, the men of books, who sometimes differ from the men one meets in broadcloth or in tweed, awaiting their apotheosis into calf-skin and gilt lettering. Once between the covers, as Miss Repplier found out long before she made her pleasant sketch of Claverhouse, the man is a compound of some one or other side of himself and the particular friend or enemy who has taken him in hand. Still, that is generally true of him even while he still walks in the flesh. The papers on children in this volume are particularly good reading, even in a book which does not contain a single dull or uninstructive page. The essay on "Some Aspects of Pessimism" pleases us less, however, than any of the others. It is hardly fair, is it, to St. Teresa, for example, to put her among the pessimists, especially when it is done by a misquotation? She does not say: "It is given us either to die or to suffer," but she prays for either death or suffering, so testifying in the most unmistakable way to her present possession of a joy superior to all transitory pains, and her intense realization of its abiding and eternal quality. And is it really true, that "As a matter of fact, the abstract question of whether our present existence be enjoyable or otherwise, is one which *creeds do not materially modify*"? Pessimism is the natural note of a humanity which has been cast out of Eden and has no hope of Paradise. The wolf at the door, either of body, mind, or soul, is an unanswerable argument to those who cannot meet it with at least "one ray of that divine ecstasy that sent Christian maidens smiling to the lions." Nowadays the lions roar at our young people—and our old ones, for that matter—in a different arena, literary, social, what-not. They are dangerous only when too much is made of their ferocity. They tear nobody who does not fear them. Such Christians as Mrs. Humphrey Ward's Catherine, indeed, taking their tinge from their progenitor, are bound to be gloomy, sad, and fearful. But it is as true now to the experience of any one who chooses to put it really to the test as it was to St. Thomas, that "it is chiefly that we might enjoy him that the Son of God has been given us." We should have been glad to find Miss Repplier pounding at least a trifle harder on that string. Why should the Christian of the nineteenth century leave the sceptic and the pessimist on one side, and the "Hallelujah lass" and the "Christian scientist" on the other, to monopolize the courage which belongs to conviction? It should be his, as it was that of the Christian of the catacombs. There is no occasion for vehemence or display about it. No doubt St. Agnes never ran about the streets proclaiming her celestial betrothal, and her contempt of mundane joys. But when she did enter the arena her attitude was as unmistakable as her courage was serene.

Miss Repplier, who strikes us as too respectful in her treatment of Mr. Saltus, seems, on the other hand, somewhat insensitive to the charm of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson. To couple him with the lugubrious author of *John Inglesant* is as droll in its way—a very similar way, for that matter—as Pet Marjorie's collocation of "Tom Jones and Grey's Elegy" as "both excellent and much spoke of by both sex." Or do we take her amiss when we credit her with laying off on the supposititious shoulders of "Mr. Millais and Sir Frederick Leighton" her personal share of that "decay of sentiment" with which she is charging the rest of us who read? Mr. Stevenson, at least, not only wields the magician's wand himself, but shows pretty plainly how he does so in that collection of delightful essays which he calls *Memories and Portraits* (London: Chatto & Windus). Truth to tell, Mr. Stevenson is enjoyable more for what he is and feels, and for the way in which he lets one know just how and what that is, than for his critical appreciation of other and contemporary writers. Perhaps that is why he has so much stronger hold than most of his contemporary essayists and story-tellers on the emotions of his constantly increasing public. Even the horrifying White-chapel murders are laid upon the shoulders of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Perhaps, too, it is the chief reason why his critical remarks when they are entirely impersonal, in the air so to say, and not pinned to the breast-pockets of his friendly rivals for popular favor, are generally extremely worthy of consideration. Consider these, for instance, which occur in the paper entitled "A Gossip on Romance":

> "No art produces illusion; in the theatre we never forget that we are in the theatre; and while we read a story we sit wavering between two minds, now merely clapping our hands at the merit of the performance, now condescending to take an active part in fancy with the characters. This last is the triumph of romantic story-telling; when the reader consciously plays at being the hero, the scene is a good scene. Now, in character-studies the pleasure that we take is critical; we watch, we approve, we smile at incongruities, we are moved to sudden heats of sympathy with courage, suffering, or virtue. But the characters are still themselves, they are not us; the more clearly they are depicted, the more widely do they stand away from us, the more imperiously do they thrust us back into our place as a spectator. I cannot identify myself with Rawdon Crawley or with Eugène de Rastignac, for I have scarce a hope or fear in common with them. It is not character but incident that woos us out of our reserve. Something happens as we desire to have it happen to ourselves; some situation that we have long dallied with in fancy, is realized in the story with enticing and appropriate details. Then we forget the characters; then we push the hero aside; then we plunge into the tale in our own person and bathe in fresh experience; and then, and then only, do we say we have been reading a romance."

Three or four of Mr. Frank R. Stockton's recent stories have been put into book form and given the name of the only one of them which has any appreciable share of their author's peculiar quality, *Amos Kilbright* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons). The idea of this one and its working out are particularly Stocktonian. Amos Kilbright is a materialized spirit, called up at a séance by his grandson, "old Mr. Scott," and presenting himself as a young man of twenty-five, at which age he "disappeared from this earth one hundred and two years ago." The spiritualists were disappointed when they saw him, having "conceived the idea that the grandfather of old Mr. Scott ought, in the ordinary nature of things, to be a very venerable personage." "They, therefore, set me aside, as it were," says Amos, in telling his story, "and occupied themselves with other matters. Old Mr. Scott went away unsatisfied and strengthened in his disbelief in the powers of the spiritualists," and in "the temporary confusion . . . I was left exposed to the influence of the materializing agencies for a much longer time than had been intended."

What is funny in the story—and Mr. Stockton's stories when they are not funny in his own vein are nothing—is, as usual, the remarks made by Mrs. Colesworthy, the person who persistently takes the prosaic, common-sense view of a state of affairs which common sense gets a view of only because it flies so obviously in its face. Some of these are cheery in the extreme. Mrs. Colesworthy has no love for spiritualists and no belief in spirits, but having been reluctantly convinced by her husband, who is a member of the London Psychical Society, that Amos has really been clothed upon with flesh, and exceedingly dreads being dematerialized again by the German "psychic scientist" about to be imported for that purpose, she pleads pathetically with "old Mr. Scott" to be good to his progenitor.

> "O Mr. Scott!' she cried, leaning so far forward in her chair that it seemed as if she were about to go down on her knees before the old man, 'this gentleman is your grandfather! Yes, he is, indeed. Oh! don't discard him, for it was you who were the cause of his being here. Don't you remember when you went to the spiritualist meeting, and asked to see the spirit of your grandfather? That spirit came, but you didn't know it. The people who materialized him were surprised when they saw this young man; and they thought he couldn't be your grandfather, and so they didn't say anything about it; *and they left him right in the middle of whatever they use,* and he kept on materializing without their thinking of him until he became just what you see him now. And if he now wore old-fashioned clothes with a queue, he would be the exact image of that portrait of him which you have, only a little bit older-looking and fuller in the face. But the spiritualists made him cut off his long hair, because they said that wouldn't do in these days, and dressed him in those common clothes just like any other person. And oh! dear Mr. Scott, you must see for yourself that he is truly your grandfather!"

And again when Amos falls in love and wants to marry, and the Colesworthys discuss whether Lilian ought to be told the true state of affairs.

> "If things go on, she must be told, and what will happen then, I would like to know? . . . It would be a queer case, any way,' Mrs. Colesworthy continued. 'Mr. Kilbright has had a wife, but he never was a widower. Now, having been married, and never having been a widower, it would seem as if he ought not to marry again. But his first wife is dead now, there can be no doubt about that."

Scribner's Sons also reprint from an English edition a new book* by the author of *How to be Happy though Married.* This anonymous and self-appointed mentor to the weaker sex turns out, as might have been expected, to be an Anglican clergyman. His new venture is entitled, *The Five Talents of Woman,* and one cannot avoid feeling that it has been most appropriately dedicated to "John Ruskin . . . and My Wife." "*Madame, je vous félicite,*" will, we take it, be the instinctive homage of every well-regulated female reader of this volume to the lady in question. It must be so consoling, one feels, to occupy the favored place at the feet of a counsellor so wise, so amiable, so tender, as it were, and then to rise up and put all, or almost all, of his advice in instant practice for his special behoof. Almost all, for though he lays it down plainly on his second page that the "five talents" are, "1. To please people; 2. To feed them in dainty ways; 3. To clothe them; 4. To keep them orderly; 5. To teach them," it is obvious that the last two would need to be carefully wrapped in a napkin where he personally is concerned. Still, that is not to say or to imply that there are not wise and useful counsels in this volume. It is full of them. Whether the ordinary woman would buy it up in large editions for her special delectation is doubtful; but the ordinary man, and the pedagogue of both sexes, will be sure to do it for her. Its manifest destiny is to be ordered in quantities for Christmas presents and premiums in young ladies' academies. Why not? Somebody must teach girls what they were intended for, and who so capable as a pupil of Ruskin, who is at the same time the masculine half of a pair settled in the snug, cosy, delightful connubiality of an English rectory? There is a fitness in that which can hardly escape even that blindest of all blind men, him who won't see.

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE STORY OF MY CONVERSION

includes the conversion of five others, and was the result of faithful, unceasing prayer.

I was singularly blessed in my parents and home. That home was all that wealth and refinement could make it. My father, a prominent business man, was a model of many virtues. But, born and educated a Catholic, he apostatized, and married the loveliest daughter of a prominent Episcopal family. In fact, many of the relatives on both my parents' sides were either priests, ministers, or bishops.

We children were brought up very strictly in the Episcopal faith, father always accompanying us to church. My youngest sister in some way fell in with Catholic relatives, and, being a girl of strong character and thinking mind, she finally became a convert; and to her beauty of character, her saintly life and prayers, is due the fact that in course of time five of us followed her step, mother, sister, and a nephew being the first. All this seemed to make me more stubborn in my hatred for everything Catholic. While in this state of mind I received a stroke of facial paralysis, and for a long time was under the doctor's care, and gave no sign of recovery.

One day a "Mother," accompanied by a Sister of Mercy, called to see us, and among other things said: "If I have a novena said for you, will you not study the Catholic religion and become a Catholic?" I gave her my promise. One morning, while washing my face, the muscles worked violently, and my maid, fearful of some new misfortune to me, sent at once for the doctor. His first words were: "Thank God! you will recover." Later in the day the same dear "Mother" and Sister of Mercy called, and said that their novena had ended that morning. My recovery, which had been doubtful up to that time, was very rapid. The dear "Sisters" continued to pray for the conversion of my father and myself, but I seemed to grow only more bitter in my dislike of everything Catholic. Soon after dear "Mother" M—— A—— died.

Being an actress, I travelled much throughout the States and Canada—thinking no more of my promise. Four years ago, on one of my tours, while in Macon, Georgia, I was prostrated with "Dengue fever," and was so dangerously ill that I had to close my season and send my company North. While ill there I had a strange experience. One night I saw, or seemed to see, by my bedside the kind, noble face of Mother M—— A——, who had been dead ten years or more, and heard her gentle voice as she said: "I cannot help you now as I did once, for you did not keep your promise to me; but I will pray for you, that before it is too late you may take the right path to your blessed Lord." The impression was so vivid as I regained consciousness that I could scarcely believe the attendant at my bedside that no visitor had been present. The good Sisters of Mercy at the convent heard of my dream and came to see me, showing me every kindness and offering me their prayers and Masses. I recovered, and *still I hardened my heart.* And still dear, faithful Sisters in all parts of the country were praying for father and me, and a merciful God was directing our footsteps to bring us both in his own good time into the true fold.

Mother having gone to her rest in communion with the Catholic Church, my father was alone and our home broken up. Finding his health failing, and desiring to be well taken care of, he went to a Catholic hospital and engaged board, stipulating, however, that religion should never be spoken of to him. He had a large, lovely room, filled with his books, papers, pictures, and other reminders of home. Nearly four years he was there and made no sign of relenting. Five months before his death I went to that city and remained his constant attendant and nurse until his death, the dear Sisters letting me remain with him all day until he went to sleep at night. The Sisters kept their promise. Not a word of religion was said to him, but prayers were going up on high for both of us. I saw the time drawing near when my father would no longer need my care, and I grieved to see one who had been such a moral man die without other consolations of religion than my reading the Testament to him. I could see that something was on his mind; he was unhappy and ill at ease, fretful, and almost impossible to please.

One day, while leaning on my arm, he gently guided me towards the chapel of the hospital. We entered, and he sat there as long as his strength would permit. As I glanced furtively at him, I saw his great, soulful eyes were full of tears. My prayer was: "O God! soften his heart; even this religion is better than none."

One morning, when I came as usual to pass the day with him, I met the priest leaving his room as I entered, and I knew as soon as I looked in my father's face that he had returned to the true faith and the faith of his fathers. His face shone with a new, strange light, and I knew the peace of God, which passeth understanding, had fallen on him. I never think of his peaceful face, from which every worldly thought had fallen away, that I do not with a heart full of gratitude say, Thank God for his unspeakable gift of the Sacrament of Penance!—a little taste of heaven to us poor mortals.

I was thankful that he had found peace, but felt more than ever alone. Still I never let him see the pain in my heart, but tried to enter into his happiness. I could see how his religion was aiding his footsteps to the grave and envied him his tranquillity. One day, a few weeks before his death, he asked me to promise to go to Mass every day I could for three months after his death in order to say the prayers for the dead for him. I promised, and told him if it would make him happier I would become a Catholic. The promise seemed to relieve his mind, and soon after he received the last rites that faithful Mother Church bestows on her children. And as gently as a child would fall asleep God called his spirit home.

I returned at once to my profession, and did not forget my promise. I got several good religious works—*Faith of our Fathers*, the *True Religion*, and a prayer-book—and tried all alone to prepare myself for my new step. And to my surprise I saw the church in a new light, and recognized the truth and beauty of her teachings. From a girl I had noticed inconsistencies in the Protestant faith that forcibly struck me. While professing to take the Testament for a guide, I saw plainly they only believed as much of it as they individually pleased to accept. Our Saviour forbade divorced persons to marry, and it was a constant practice with us to ignore that command. We accused him of not meaning what he said when he spoke the words, "This is my body." He said: "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." The Protestant says: "That is too humiliating; he don't mean it that way and we won't do it. We prefer an easier road to heaven." In the creed which the

Episcopalians use they say, "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church," when they know they are using borrowed words. And that their church, divided as it is, is far from being universal. We pretended to believe in the Communion of Saints while we ridiculed the church that actually did. Study, fear, and perplexity followed and passed away. At last on Friday morning, the 22d of September, 1886, I started out all alone to become a Catholic. My guardian angel must have directed me, for I went to a church only a few doors from where part of my childhood had been passed. I saw people coming out of the lower church, and walked timidly down. No one noticed me; every one was intent on his own devotions. I waited for a time, and saw some people coming from one of the confessionals. So commanding all my courage, I entered. The priest asked me several questions, which I did not answer. Finally, my poor tongue, that had seemed paralyzed, managed to say in a very awkward manner, Father, I want to be a Catholic and I don't know how. The dear, good father said: "God bless you, my child! Go to the pastoral residence and ask for one of the fathers." I went at once, and there met for the first time the kind priest who made all so easy for me, and who for the two happy years I have been a Catholic has been my spiritual director. He baptized me. So I became by the grace of God a Catholic. I kept my word to my beloved father, and not only for three months, but for two years, I have daily heard Mass for the beloved dead, and the living. My daily prayer is that God's richest blessings may rest on the good fathers of that church, and the many Sisters in the different convents throughout the country whose prayers were the means of bringing so many of a family to the true church.

STORY OF A CONVERSION.

If any one had predicted to me fifteen years ago that I would some day become a Catholic I would have scouted the idea as the most unlikely thing that could possibly happen. So it appeared to me then, and yet it is now nearly ten years since I made my abjuration of Protestantism and became a happy member of the One, Catholic, and Apostolic Church. Truly, the change wrought in me was a miracle of grace.

I had been strictly brought up by good and pious parents, who were old-fashioned Episcopalians and knew nothing of Catholicism except that our servants mostly professed that faith, and that it was considered a good religion for them and other uneducated people, whom I pitied for their blindness to the "pure light of the Gospel." The only time that I can remember entering a Catholic Church I was persuaded by a friend to go to Vespers at St. Stephen's. The music was considered very fine, and it was rather the fashion for young people to go to hear it on Sunday afternoons. With my ignorant prejudices against the church I felt all the time as if I were doing something very wicked. I felt great pity for the poor "idolaters," as I thought them, who bowed to the altar, and my only devotion while in the church was a fervent act of thanksgiving for Luther and the glorious Reformation! Furthermore, I felt it my duty to go to my own church in the evening to atone for my sin in taking part in a *Romish* service!

As we grew older, some members of my family and some intimate friends became "Anglo-Catholics," and, though I despised their ritualism and endless talk of lights, vestments, altars, etc., I was induced to read some of the books written by "advanced" English clergymen (almost all of whom, by the way, have since become Catholics), and insensibly I came to believe in the apostolic succession, the Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament, non-communicating attendance during the communion service, etc. Later, some friends persuaded me to go to confession to a prominent Ritualistic clergyman, and never shall I forget the anguish of mind I suffered while *reading* to that gentleman my general confession covering more than thirty years. As it was done in good faith I verily believe it earned for me the grace of conversion.

Shortly after my brother told me one day that he feared he would have to become a Catholic. I was struck dumb with grief and horror, while he proceeded to quote to me the numerous texts in the Gospels proving the supremacy of St. Peter and the unity of the church; how to St. Peter alone were given the keys of heaven; how, in mentioning the apostles, he almost always comes first, and it is generally "Peter and the other apostles"; how our Lord paid the tribute-money only for himself and St. Peter; how he said, "I will pray for *thee* that *thy* faith fail not, and when *thou* art converted strengthen *thy* brethren."

A light seemed to break in upon me, and I felt from that moment that if our Lord did, indeed, found a church, that church was the one I had always despised as only fit for the poor and ignorant. It was a most unwelcome conviction, for it is a hard trial to turn one's back on all the traditions and teachings of the past, and to wound the hearts of relations and friends who felt deeply the slight put upon their own form of worship. But the inner voice could not be stifled, and I had one great blessing to be thankful for, in addition to the grace of conversion: my husband felt as I did. In vain we tried to believe in the "branch theory." Everything we read in history, now that our eyes were once opened to the truth, confirmed us in the belief that there is but one church, and that that one was founded on a Rock. So, after a delay of eighteen months, in order to be quite assured of our convictions, we had the unspeakable blessing of being received together into the fold of that dear Mother Church, and never can we sufficiently thank Almighty God for his great gift of faith.

A PAGE IN MY LIFE'S HISTORY.—BY A SCHOOL-GIRL.

My early life passed without pain or trial, with the exception of one great blow which I thought then small and trivial, but which I now look back upon as my greatest cross.

Once a sudden and strange idea seized me. I had heard and read a great deal about boarding-schools, and happening one day to mention my desire to a dear friend, she concluded she would like nothing better herself, and we both accordingly agreed to ask our parents' consent. So we parted full of expectation and hope. But very different were the results. She was refused, while my father consented to let me go the following September.

Imagine my surprise and chagrin, for I was a Protestant, when I learned that my father had chosen a convent, instead of the fashionable boarding-school I expected him to select. I had read many startling things concerning such places, and had the most absurd ideas of priests and nuns; but as my father was inflexible in his choice, I resolved to face the inevitable, and a few months later found me enclosed in convent walls.

I soon found that the Sisters were very different from what I had imagined.

My foolish notions of them were dispelled, but still I remained very distant, and spoke to them only when necessary.

I had never learned much of their religion, but to me it appeared like base superstition, and I firmly resolved to close my heart and mind against all that was passing around me.

Two years passed away uneventfully, and I was perfectly happy and contented among my new friends.

Few changes occurred outwardly, but in my heart strange things were happening. I could not shut my eyes to the exemplary lives of the Sisters and my companions. I could not prevent myself from feeling the influence of their gentle, joyful, and tranquil mien, as I contrasted their contentment with the disquietude of my own heart. The familiarity of the youngest of my companions with the great truths of which I had, up to that time, heard so little, astonished me. All this interfered sadly with my peace and happiness. Oh! the struggle that was going on within me. Finally, the grace of God prevailed, the victory was won, and I had made up my mind to become a Catholic, in spite of the pain it would cause my parents and the sacrifice I knew it would cost me.

Having conquered myself, God made the rest easy, and my first resolve was to make known my intentions to one of the Sisters.

She bade me consider seriously the step I was going to take, and to commend myself to God and seek his aid by prayer. I received instructions first from a Sister, and they were completed by the father who conducted our retreat in 1886. In December I received the most holy Sacrament of Baptism. God had wonderfully favored me, for I had never been baptized, and now, as the purifying waters were poured over me, I spiritually felt the veil of sin rise, which left me as pure and spotless as an infant when first crowned with its baptismal innocence. To complete my joy, the next morning I received the most holy Eucharist. I cannot remember how I first came to believe this wonderful mystery; however, it was owing to no exertion on my part, for whenever I entered the chapel a strange sensation came over me, and I found myself involuntarily adoring my God and Saviour in the tabernacle.

Two years have almost passed since then, and I have never ceased to thank God for leading me to this source of unbounded happiness. If by my prayers and example I can induce my parents and sisters to follow my path, my happiness will be complete.

I cannot bring my "page" to a close until I have expressed my gratitude to my parents for their generosity and kindness, not only in sending me to a convent, but also in giving their consent to my becoming a Catholic so willingly; I feel confident that God will not allow their generosity to pass without reward.

E. D. M.

THE PAN-CORVAN SYNOD.

Once upon a time there was a beautiful black crow. He lived in the north country, which had formerly belonged to the robin-redbreast family. But being so large he and his tribe had dispossessed the robins, and finding their little habitations too small, had pulled them down, and built their own nests of unsightly sticks on the ruins. In the course of years these crows became quite powerful, and when they found a robin they would pick out his eyes and kill him, and invite the neighboring crows to the banquet.

But it came to pass in the course of time that the crows grew tired of robins and found carrion much more to their taste, and so they took a sort of pitying care over the robins and allowed them to live if they did not increase too much. But tyrants have their day, and so the crows. For there came in one of the great parliaments of the crows a division; and one party of the crows said: "Even though we are crows, yet we are a branch of the robin family." Now, one of them had a red feather very cleverly sewed in his breast by a milliner, and when he had shown it to his fellows they wished to be the same. For you must know that the crows secretly admired the robins, though it was not policy to confess it.

The red-feather party began to increase among the crows, much to the disturbance of the old squawkers, and it was made a penal offence to wear the red feather. But the daws and the jays and the magpies said, "Let them wear their red feathers; no one will ever take them for robins."

The red-feather party were nicknamed robinettes by some wag, and they rejoiced greatly in the name. Some of them went so far as to paint their breasts red, and a great emporium was opened in Corvusdale for the sale of red feathers. But no one ever mistook the crows for the robins.

The robinettes then held a council and sent a long memorial to their governors and the authorities, in which they attempted to prove that they were all robins originally. "We are the true robins," they said. "In primitive times the robin was large like us, with two red feathers. But as he grew old and corrupt in his ways he grew red-breasted and small like the present robins, who are no robins at all. Come then, you are the children, with us, of those who left the corrupt nest of the robin-redbreast, and who built again the true nest of the large primitive black robin. One thing remains to make that work complete which our ancestors began. Put in two red feathers and all will be well, and we shall be known for the only true and primitive race of robins in the world, and all the other birds will wish to be adopted into our tribe."

But those old black robins said: "No; our fathers were wise, the primitive robins had no red feathers. If you will be true crows you must not be mock-robins. We know we are the descendants of the primitive robins, but we will call ourselves crows, because the robins have our name, and we might be mistaken for them if we adopted it. Moreover, would it not be well for you to be adopted into the robin tribe?"

After this the crows and the robinettes agreed to disagree and form a broad and comprehensive family.

So there joined the crows the cockatoo who screeches so sweetly, and the rook and the raven, the blue jay came also, and the sea-gull, and the chirping sparrow also claimed to be a crow. And these all held a synod called the Pan-Corvan Synod. And there were present the peacock, the crows, the daws, the magpies, the wagtails, the buzzards, the larks, the parrots, the wrens, thrushes, sparrows. But the robins were not there. Some red-breasted thrushes came from over the sea, and the robinettes wanted to admire them, but they dared not for these thrushes were not proud of their dirty red breasts and would gladly have painted themselves all black, like their mothers, the crows. So they all began to caw, and screech, whistle, sing, and call one another at once. And when they were through an old crow of dignity arose and read the report. And it was this: "We, the members of the Pan-Corvan Synod, agree to disagree, and agree not to insist on our disagreements."

Then all the birds flew away, and each, in his own nest and country, ridiculed the crows and their synod.

After this there arose a "school of thought" among some of the robinettes, and they said that to be a real robinette one must be painted brown and red, and be small. So they purchased near-sighted glasses of great power, which they always used, and thus became small in their own eyes. They even wrote great volumes to prove that they were real robinettes.

Then arose another school of thought, and these said they were robins and that the old robins were their brothers, long-lost. But the old robins would not recognize them as brothers, and the crows disowned them. And at last many of them died with their glasses on, and a few became real robins by starving themselves small, and being washed by the authorities among the old robins.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ARISTOTLE AND THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH. An Essay. By Brother Azarias (of the Brothers of the Christian Schools). New York: William H. Sadlier.

This is a scholarly essay. It evidences a wide erudition and a skilful and judicious use of this erudition. Its one hundred and forty pages might have been extended to ten times the space by a writer with a tendency to amplification, but Brother Azarias is terse and strong, he condenses rather than amplifies; from one of his paragraphs a chapter might be made. Hence, for busy and thoughtful men his essays make agreeable and suggestive reading. One has not to read much to find a little, but on the contrary even by reading a little he may find much. The author does not write merely for the sake of writing. He has something to say and he says it in masterly manner. He writes on learned questions with the exactness of a philosopher and with the beautiful expression of a poet. With him brevity and precision do not become dulness or obscurity. His style is clearness itself, and to our mind quite a model in its way.

This essay on *Aristotle and the Christian Church* was prepared by request of the Concord School of Philosophy, as a contribution to its summer session of 1887. It was published at the beginning of the present year by Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., of London. The American edition is a reprint and almost a fac-simile of the English. It is well printed on good paper, and has an exhaustive index.

The essay was received abroad with marked approbation. Cardinal Manning wrote of it as "a book which will be very useful in recalling students to the world-wide philosophy of the Catholic Church." The learned editor of *L'Instruction Publique*—the organ of the Paris University—translated several chapters into French and issued them in the current numbers of this important journal.

The author proposes to establish two points: "The true record of the attitude of the church towards the Aristotelian philosophy, from its condemnation by the Council of Paris in 1209 to its full recognition by the legates of Urban V., in 1366." Brother Azarias writes clearly on this vexed question and has cleverly utilized documents which have been recently discovered. The second point the essay proposes to establish is that Scholastic philosophy is "as distinct from that of the Lyceum as St. Peter's is from the Parthenon." The task proposed is thoroughly done. There is no rehash of old thoughts on trite subjects. Whenever some old ground is gone over, the manner in which the author writes reminds one of the line of Pope:

> "What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed."

This is especially shown in the admirable chapter on the "Limitations of Thought," which we would wish to quote entire, but rather leave it to our readers to seek out for themselves.

The learning evidenced is vast and varied, but it is not obtruded. It is always confirmatory of bold statements or of exact premises. To the studious and learned priesthood and laity this essay ought to be very welcome. We heartily commend it to their attention.

A TREATISE ON PLAIN TRIGONOMETRY. By John Casey, LL.D., F.R.S., F.R.U.I., Professor of Higher Mathematics in the Catholic University of Ireland.

This work is worthy of the high reputation of the writer. It has been before the public for some time, and this verdict has been pronounced upon it without reserve by many high authorities. If one might venture to dissent from this chorus of approval it would be in this, that it is difficult to decide for what period in education it is intended. It deals with a subject usually classed amongst the elementary parts of a student's mathematical career, and yet even a very able mathematician would find it a tough job to master it wholly. However, the principal difficulties lie in the examples, more especially in those which are contained in the last parts of the work. Many of these are very interesting, and are on various subjects still occupying the attention of the mathematical world. These are due, many to Dr. Casey himself and many to Neuberg, M'Cay, Crofton, and other distinguished contributors. The modern geometry of the triangle, due to Brocard, Neuberg, Lemoine, M'Cay, and the author himself, is not left without notice, and we find a short proof of Malfatti's theorem (Lechmütz's), and expressions for the radii of Malfatti's circles, obtained by a process simplified from one due to Hymer. The formula of Breitschneider and Dostor, connecting the lengths of the sides and diagonals of a quadrilateral with its area, is obtained as a theorem immediately deduced from another theorem.

Although much new matter is introduced, not found in the text-books in the English language, the book is not larger, apparently, to the eye than Todhunter's, as compensation has been made for the additions by improvements in style and method of arrangement. One may see, by comparing the cumbersome operations of early arithmeticians in such matters as multiplication and division with the simple methods of modern times, that a science like trigonometry must be at once simplified and extended by every man of ability who writes a new treatise on it.

The method which has always been made use of by the writers of previous text-books to show that sin θ, cos θ, etc., are each the product of an infinite number of factors of a certain type, and of no others, involves certain assumptions which the writers of previous text-books have laboriously endeavored to prove. Dr. Casey gives a proof on new principles, which, as far as we can see, seems to be quite satisfactory, and is certainly elegant and short.

There is a section of Imaginary Angles, with their sines and cosines, which are, of course, functions of complex functions. There is another on Hyperbolic Functions, which in the equilateral hyperbola correspond to sines and cosines in the circle. These last we find, from a note in French taken from Mansion, to have been invented by Le P. Vincenti de Ricatti, S.J., in the last century. Both these branches of analysis are now of the greatest importance, being found in all higher works on mathematics and physics. We venture to think that this is the first work on trigonometry in which they have been included which has been produced in the English language.

It may be interesting, or rather it must be interesting, to all friends of Erin and of Dr. Casey to hear that his *Elements of Euclid* has been adopted as the text-book of geometry to be used in the schools of Hindustan. This, we believe, will secure for it an immense circulation. His *Treatise on Conic Sections* is being translated into Spanish, and may possibly succeed to the European fame of Dr. Salmon's celebrated work on conics, which has been recognized by all the universities of Europe as the classical work on that subject during the last quarter of a century. R. C.

RUDIMENTS OF THE HEBREW GRAMMAR. Translated from the seventh Latin edition of Vosen-Kaulen's *Rudimenta.* By H. Gabriels, Rector of St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N. Y. St. Louis : B. Herder.

This small duodecimo of one hundred and twenty-eight pages is the briefest and simplest manual for a short course in the rudiments of Hebrew we have ever seen, while yet it is complete and sufficient. The grammar of Tregelles, in English, is very similar to it, and there are one or two other small manuals of the kind. They are all substantially alike, containing what is most essential in the larger grammars, of which there are several, all very excellent. It is much better to use a small rudimentary manual for that short course which is all that can be given as a part of the obligatory seminary curriculum than to spend time on a large grammar. A long and thorough course of Hebrew can only be given to a small and select class of students who engage in it from choice, or to post-graduates in the University. For such, the grammars of Gesenius, Nordheimer, and Harper are amply sufficient, and some one of them, or some other similar manual, is necessary. For ordinary, practical use in our seminaries, nothing better can be desired than the little grammar now edited by Dr. Gabriels. At the end there are some exercises in reading, and a vocabulary of the words contained in them. The volume contains, therefore, all that a student who has two or three classes a week for one year can need or use with any practical benefit. It is to be hoped that some, after acquiring the rudiments of Hebrew, will prosecute their studies further in a more thorough course.

THREE KINGDOMS. A Hand-Book of the Agassiz Association. By Harlan H. Ballard, President of the Association. Seventh thousand. New York : The Writers' Publishing Co.

It can scarcely be too often repeated that a knowledge of any branch of natural history adds an enduring charm to country life, or even to occasional rambles through wood and field. By a keener, because more intelligent, appreciation of the manifold beauties of nature we are the more easily led to recognize God in his works, to see in the mirror of nature some image of his power, his providence, and his love. The enthusiasm which can be evoked by such study is illustrated by the success of the Agassiz Association, the record of whose aims, history, and results is contained in the volume before us.

This association was the outgrowth of the author's life-long love of nature and his belief that "education was incomplete unless it include some practical knowledge of the common objects around us." It was founded in 1875 in connection with the school which Mr. Ballard was then teaching in Lenox, Mass. The work met with such signal success that in 1880 a general invitation was given to school-children throughout the land to organize branches under a very simple general constitution. The response was gratifying beyond expectation, and came from adults as well as children. Within seven years more than fifteen thousand students have been aided, and over twelve hundred local scientific societies or chapters have been established; some of these are composed wholly of adults. Where these chapters have been impracticable, individuals have joined as corresponding members. The aim is to study some branch of natural history, not so much from books as from personal observation. A cardinal principle of the association is that "nothing can take the place of personal contact with nature." And so the members make excursions into the country, gathering specimens from the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdoms. These they classify, study, and arrange in cabinets. Papers embodying the results of this observation and study are written, read, and discussed in the meetings of the chapters. The work has the aid of the foremost scientific men of the day, and some fifty specialists in various branches of natural history have volunteered to solve whatever difficulties may perplex the young naturalist.

This hand-book is filled with valuable information for members of such an organization. There is so much that is practical in its pages—plans for making simple cabinets, hints for the preservation of specimens, even an outline of parliamentary rules for use in the meetings. There is a valuable list of the most useful books in the various departments embraced under natural history. The great charm of the book is in the spirit in which it is written. It is alive with the enthusiasm of a devoted and reverent lover of nature, and as such it cannot fail to beget in those who use it the same devoted love; its influence upon the young especially must be beneficent—to lead them, as the author seeks, little by little into "a wise and loving study of the works of God."

MEXICO PICTURESQUE, POLITICAL, PROGRESSIVE. By Mary Elizabeth Blake, author of *On the Wing*, *Poems*, etc., and Margaret F. Sullivan, author of *Ireland of To-day*. Boston: Lee & Shepard; New York: Charles T. Dillingham.

We venture to say that two better representatives of the best type of American women could not have visited Mexico than the ladies who wrote this book. They are charming writers, full of fancy's best adornments of truth—poets they both are, indeed—full of sympathy with the whole world's struggling and aspiring people, and truth-tellers of a high order. Of course we must add that, being American-bred women, they are full of courage and sufficiently emancipated from the tyranny of conventionality to reap and glean the traveller's harvest to the entire satisfaction of the reader. The first part of the book describes the country and nation as seen by the artist and the poet; the second part deals with the material and political condition of the people.

These two ladies made a journey together into Mexico, enjoying the hurried leisure of the people of our busy North. They have keen eyes, much taste, brilliant pens, and kindly feelings. They love the antique and they do not despise the conservative; but withal, they appreciate that the essential of all true life is progress. And so they put together these twelve chapters of observation, making a really delightful book. What, to tell the truth, pleases us most is the tone of sympathy throughout; they love the people and palliate their defects and emphasize their virtues. They are not mere travellers, they are Christians, and so they note every elevating trait of character and use every defect perceived as a suggestion of self-examination of their own American consciences.

Picturesque Mexico is the name given to the group of eight chapters forming the first part of this handsome book; and no land and people in the two hemispheres better deserve the name picturesque. The mountain chains are wide and high, and are of wonderful variety, abounding in volcanic peaks, and hiding in their remote and almost inaccessible valleys communities which may be called eremitical. Nearly half of the population is still of pure Aztec blood, or of that of the races subjugated by the Aztecs in prehistoric times; and the remainder of the people are of every variety of tint and temperament which can be formed by all degrees of infusion of the old Spanish-Moresco blood into that of the native Indian. The entire nation seems to live a dreamy, contemplative life. Those vital forces which north of the Rio Grande and in Europe are torrents of mighty power seem south of that river so slow in trade and in literature as to appear to a visitor at an utter standstill, all the more strangely when seen by a traveller alighting from that most anti-eremetical of appliances, an American railroad train. The effect of all this upon the faculties of two observant literary women is delightfully reproduced in this book—as observed among the classes and the masses, in speech and in dress, in town and country, in religion (to a very limited extent), and in politics and in commerce, with a rosy-hued forecast of the future. There is no pretence of a complete study; but Mexico has been searched through with two magnets of much attractive power, namely, the sympathetic interest of these writers; and the result is a valuable collection of bright particles whose inspection under a literary microscope the reader finds of surpassing interest.

Most of these chapters have appeared in our pages, and were at the time a welcome tonic to our literary organs, taken before Mr. Charles E. Hodson's Mexican articles, which appeared soon after. These last are hard facts, told hard, told by a business man, vouched for by years of residence in the country, and, what is more, after years of residence in many countries. The two points of view. that of this book and that of Mr. Hodson, are the sympathetic and the economical. They are both true, being taken faithfully of the same objects but through different mediums: and any human medium through which men and things are viewed, however truthful it may be in itself, is not universal.

The fact is that Mexico is becoming one of the several fields which the world contains of the conflict between the Oriental and the Occidental. Business viewed here as *it is really*, with its own ends in view and none other, is just the same as if done in the bazaars of the East; it is fair enough, profitable enough, active enough; so this book shows it in picturesque glimpses under Moresco arches, about orange-shaded plazas. Business in Mexico, studied by an Anglo-Saxon from the point of view of percentages in New York and London, is a miserable business indeed. So with politics. To be ruled by a military caste whose leaders are natives of the soil and love the country, is excellent liberty if you look for an arabesque pattern. And what if the suffrage be an illusion there? What if voting by proxy, and the blood-curdling spectacle of only one ticket in the field, and the high-flown pronunciamiento and the volcanic revolution—what if all this holds place instead of conventions and platforms? Well, what would you have among a race of olive cheeks and diamond-flashing eyes, to say nothing of the four millions of Aztecs but partly Christianized and less civilized? Therefore we patiently hear complaints from one who seeks investment for capital, or who puts mines and haciendas upon the Anglo-Saxon market.

EMMANUEL, THE SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD. Vol. III. of a Popular Defence of Christian Doctrine. By Rev. John Gmeiner, Professor in St. Thomas' Seminary, St. Paul, Minn. Milwaukee: Hoffman Bros.

Since the time of His coming the prophecy has been verified that Christ is a "sign which shall be contradicted." "What think you of Christ? Whose Son is he?" is just as much a question of to-day as it was when the Word Incarnate dwelt among men. And the vindication of his divinity has ever been the subject of the most profound Christian study, of the most carefully guarded definition by the great councils of the church. It is, however, a commentary on the state of religious belief in these days that such a defence should be a popular need; that scepticism concerning so fundamental a truth of Christianity should be so general as to require it. This is almost wholly the result of the disintegrating principles of Protestantism. The downfall of Arianism and its cognate errors was the defeat of all *popular* rejection of the Divinity of Christ, but when Protestantism broke the unity and coherency of Christian belief, it prepared the way for a renewal of this general scepticism; the rejection of the Church of Christ led to the rejection of Christ as the Son of God, just as the principle of the right of private judgment in the interpretation of Holy Scripture led first to its mutilation and finally to the present general rejection, or at least doubt, of its divine inspiration. An unlicensed critical spirit has been destructive of the historical veracity of Gospel and tradition alike concerning Christ. The teaching of Buddha, Mohammed, and other founders of religious systems has been made popular, and is made suggestive of such comparison with Christ and his teaching as to weaken or destroy faith in his divinity. This is obviously the fruit of the rejection of the church as the criterion of truth, the basic error of Protestantism, and this is why the spectacle of a Colenso or a Stanley in a professedly Christian pulpit is not an anomaly.

Father Gmeiner's little treatise is, therefore, a valuable addition to his other volumes of a Popular Defence of Christian Doctrine. It is an admirable epitome of Catholic teaching, its arguments are clearly and cogently put before the reader, and the numerous references show the author's wide research in all subjects kindred to his theme. It is a convincing though condensed refutation of all, even the most recent, errors of those who reject Christ, the Son of the living God.

IL MEDAGLIERE DI LEONE XIII. Versi di Geremia Brunelli, Professor di Letteratura nel Seminario di Perugia. Con versioni poetiche in lingua Latina, Francese, Spagnola, Tedesca, Inglese. Tournai (Belgique): Società San Giovanni Desclée, Lefebvre e Ci.; New York: Caryl Coleman, Eccl. Dept. Gorham Manufacturing Co.

The Jubilee of our Holy Father, Leo XIII., has called forth a most wonderful exhibition of the devotion of the entire Catholic world to the See of Peter, an unparalleled manifestation of love toward its present occupant by his faithful children, and many a mark of respect from non-Catholics. Among the vast number of gifts sent to the Pontiff there is none to be admired so much as those that are the brain-work of the givers. The medals of Leo XIII., by Jeremiah Brunelli, professor of literature in the Seminary of Perugia, is such a work. The author, a warm personal friend of the Holy Father, has taken for his theme the various medals issued by the Pope, and in twelve short but very beautiful Italian poems praises most deservedly the many virtues and works of the Pontiff. His reason for this form of gift, he tells us, is because the Holy Father delights in song, and because he became a poet through the fostering care of the Pope. His words are rendered in English by Francis A. Cunningham, of the American College, Rome.

The poet was not satisfied to embody his thoughts in Italian alone, so he asked several of his fellow-poets to translate his verses into Latin, French, Spanish, German, and English. And we must congratulate him on the successful manner they have been turned into the several languages, more particularly the English version by the young American Levite above named. In order to present his poems and the translations in a form worthy of acceptance by the Holy Father, and at the same time honorable to himself, Professor Brunelli called to his aid the celebrated liturgical printers of Tournay, Belgium, Desclée, Lefebvre & Co., and they have returned him a quarto volume of great beauty, a marvel of typographical art; embellished by fac-similes of the medals; strong, well-formed initial letters; and a most artistic portrait of his Holiness, printed in silvery gray tones upon a very delicate blue-and-gold background. The latter part of the volume is taken up with a well-written account of the literary life of Leo XIII., and illustrated by pictures of his birth-place, residences, etc. We cannot resist giving our readers the English version of the professor's poem on the "Medal of the Future":

"In broader and more beauteous field of gold,
Come, sculptor, carve what I suggest to thee.
Amidst the purple choir let us behold
Great Leo's figure clothed in majesty;

"The five great sisters, bowing reverently
Before their Father, tell what love his fold
In all the world still bear him; their free
And willing hands extending gifts untold;

"And emulating them, before the throne
Of our great Levite, kneel the Arts, to bear
Whate'er of fair or grand the world has known.

"If in this chosen band I could appear
With humble gift, methinks I should have flown
From earth, and touched Heaven's lowest sphere."

THE HISTORY OF CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION, and the Progress of the Catholic Church in the British Isles (chiefly in England) from 1771 to 1820. By W. J. Amherst, S.J. Two volumes. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. [For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.]

The emancipation of Catholics in Great Britain, while it more immediately and directly affected the position of Catholics in the British Isles, was also a matter of great importance to the offshoots of the mother-country in all parts of the world; for it was in part the effect and in part the cause of the now generally recognized right of Catholics to that equality in civil and religious matters with their Protestant fellow-citizens which they at present so fully enjoy. Father Amherst was for eleven years gathering together the materials on which his book is based; and as it is the only work in which a systematic account of the events which preceded emancipation is given, the student of the ecclesiastical history of Great Britain will find it indispensable. A powerful motive of Father Amherst in writing and publishing is his desire to stir up the Catholic young men of our own days to greater zeal in the service of religion and of the church, by bringing before them the exertions made by their fathers in battling for those privileges of which they are now enjoying the possession. No one who has given a thought to the subject can deny that this is a matter of grave importance. Is the Catholic layman unable to further the cause of the church in our own times? Is there no service which he can render? Are business and pleasure to be his only pursuits? Is he to be left to become just as worldly as Protestants? No one who is acquainted with Catholic principles of conduct and action can look with satisfaction upon the present state of things, and every one must feel, with Father Amherst, that there is something wanting. To make this want felt has been one object of the author of this work.

The Introduction is mainly devoted to the refutation of Mr. Gladstone's still unretracted assertion that Catholics cannot be loyal to their country. Then follows the history of the events which between the years 1771 and 1820 led up to the final struggle which resulted in the great act of 1829. The account of the struggle itself is not given, as it is easily to be found elsewhere. The period in question embraces many topics of great interest, such as, *e.g.*, the Veto question, the action of the Catholic Committee and of Bishop Milner, the opposition encountered by Milner, and the efforts made to discredit him at Rome. Of the time which it embraces the account is full and accurate, and the work will form a valuable and indeed indispensable addition to that English Catholic literature which is doing so much to dispel the clouds of misrepresentation which have collected in the past. There is a very full index.

JACK IN THE BUSH; or, A Summer on a Salmon River. By Robert Grant. Boston: Jordan, Marsh & Co.

Jack is an American boy who gets a great deal of fun and healthy outdoor recreation on a Canadian river, quite unmindful of the laws relating to fishing expeditions within her Majesty's Dominion. The delights of camping-out are vividly described. In one of the trips made by Jack and his companion, Max, they are startled by a blood-curdling growl, which came from a monster bear. With no small difficulty the bear is killed. Boys will devour this book. It is a fine specimen of the printer's art, and is adorned with choice illustrations.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mention of books in this place does not preclude extended notice in subsequent numbers.

BRIAN: A Tragedy. By Paul MacSwiney. New York: Beith Luis Nion Fraternity.

THE SERMON BIBLE: Genesis to II. Samuel. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

LITURGY FOR THE LAITY; or, An Explanation of Sacred Objects connected with Divine Worship. By Rev. James H. O'Donnell. New York: P. O'Shea.

THE PRACTICE OF HUMILITY: A Treatise composed by our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII. Translated from the Italian by Dom Joseph Jerome Vaughan, O.S.B. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

LITTLE ANTHOLOGY: A Collection of Fables, Descriptions, Epigrams, and Maxims containing the Roots of the Greek Language. By Very Rev. Canon Maunoury, formerly Professor in the Seminary of Seez. Translated from the Twenty-fourth French Edition. St. Louis: B. Herder.

THE BACON-SHAKSPERE QUESTION. By C. Stopes. London: T. G. Johnson; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

NOTES ON PARKMAN'S "CONSPIRACY OF PONTIAC." By Oscar W. Collet.

MEDITATIONS ON THE LIFE AND VIRTUES OF ST. IGNATIUS OF LOYOLA. Translated from the French by M. A. W. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

LE CENTENAIRE DU POËTE HOLLANDAIS VONDEL. Par M. l'Abbé Brouwers, Curé de Bovenkerk-lez-Amsterdam, Chevalier de la Couronne de Chêne, etc. Lille: Imprimerie Victor Ducoulombier.

LIBRARY OF ST. FRANCIS DE SALES: Works of this Doctor of the Church translated into English. By Rev. Henry Benedict Mackey, O.S.B. Vol. IV. Letters to Persons in Religion. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

THE CATHOLIC DOGMA: "Extra Ecclesiam Nullus omnino Salvatur." By Michael Müller, C.SS.R. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH: From its First Establishment to Our Own Times. By Rev. J. A. Birkhæuser, formerly Professor of Church History and Canon Law in the Provincial Seminary of St. Francis de Sales, Milwaukee, Wis. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

AN EXPOSITION OF THE EPISTLES OF ST. PAUL. By Bernardine à Piconio. Translated and edited from the original Latin by A. H. Prichard, B.A. Merton College, Oxford. Epistle to the Romans, and the First Epistle to the Corinthians. London: John Hodges. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

THE ROSARY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN. By Fr. Wilfrid Lescher, O.P. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

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